

Perspectives
1981

To David
One of our
favorite pizza
flowers & much
happiness & good
luck to a great person
Gypsy Gloria Lattuca (Pisa)
Lorraine K

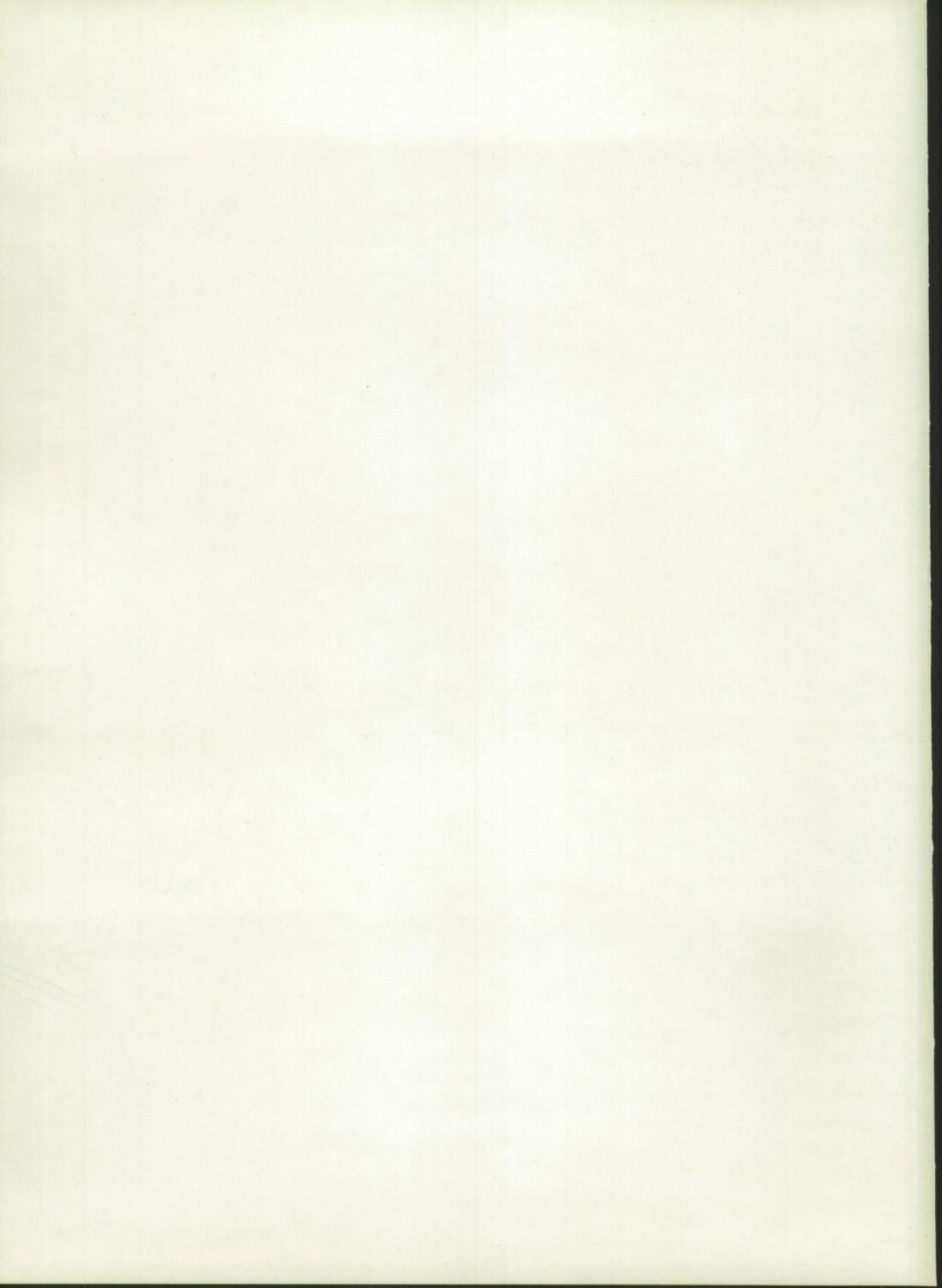
To David
Hope you had
the knowledge you
learned in these
past years

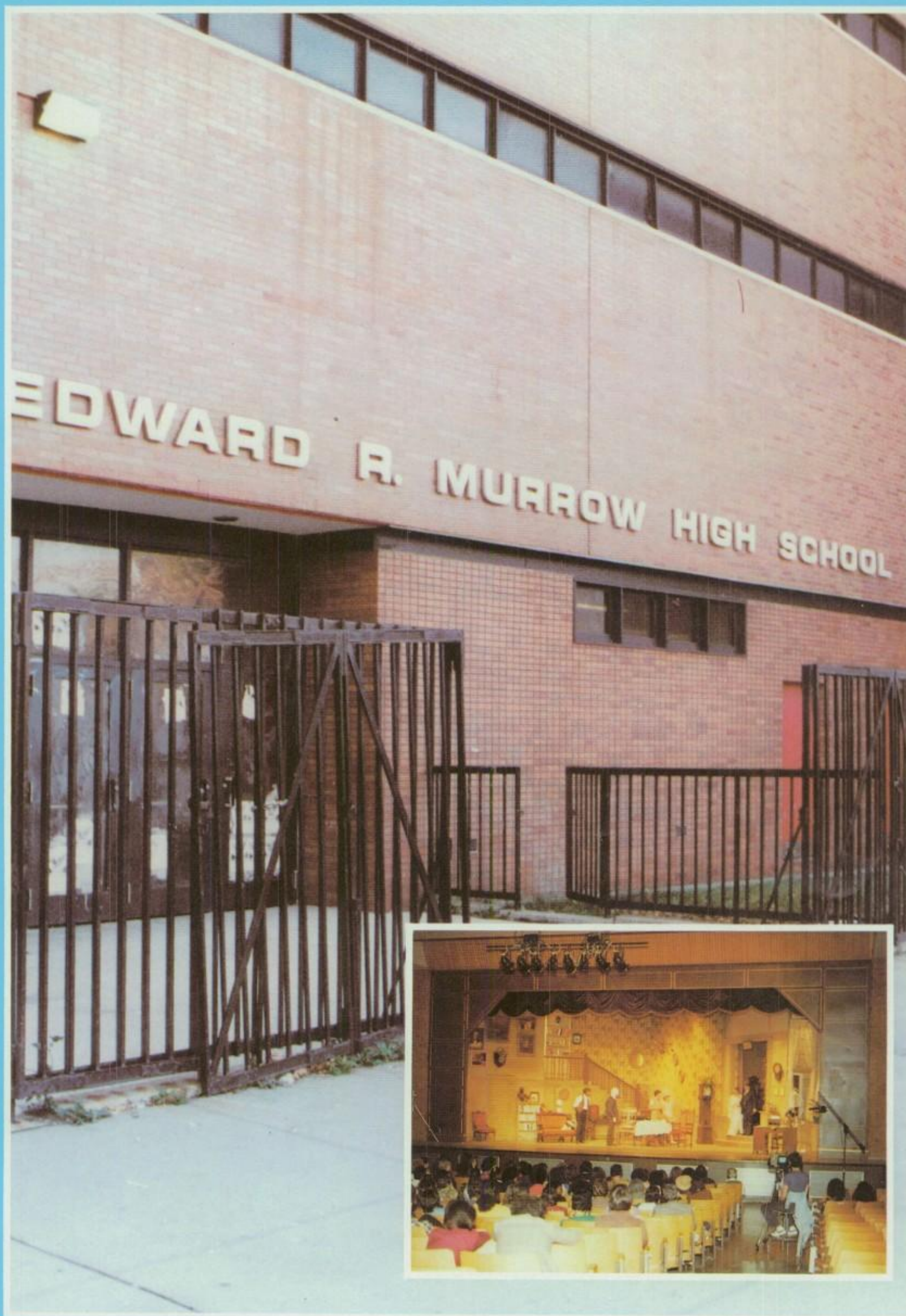
your good
friend
Gypsy
Gloria

To David:

It took a long
time but you finally
did it! Just don't
have a higher bowling
average than I do.

Ronnie



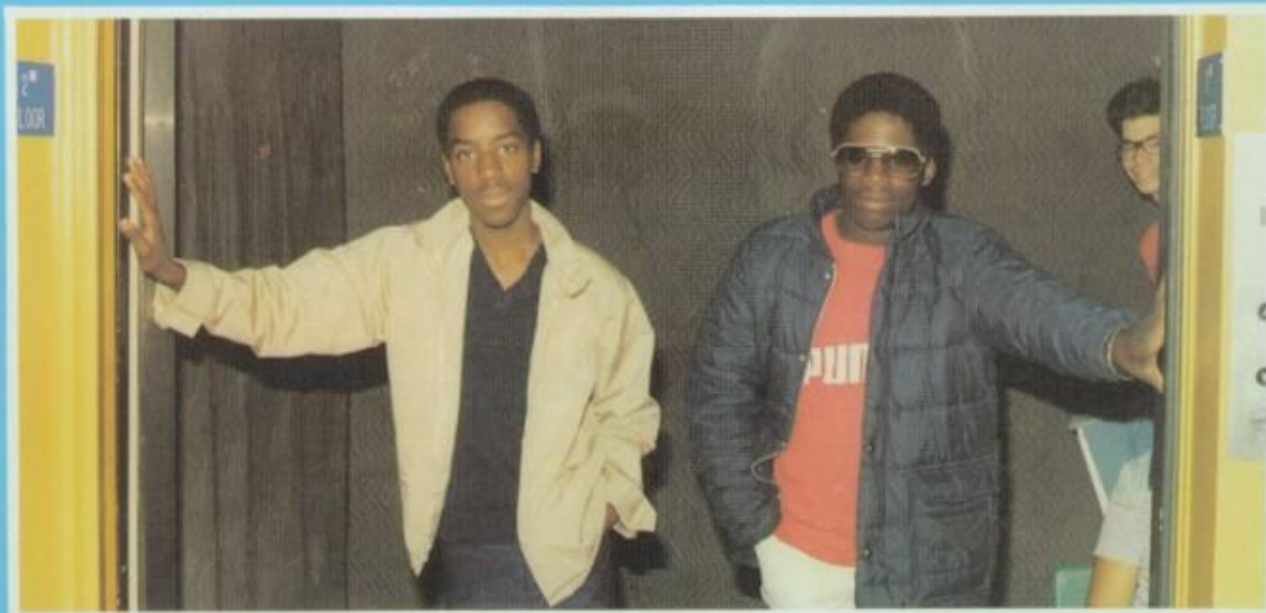


ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

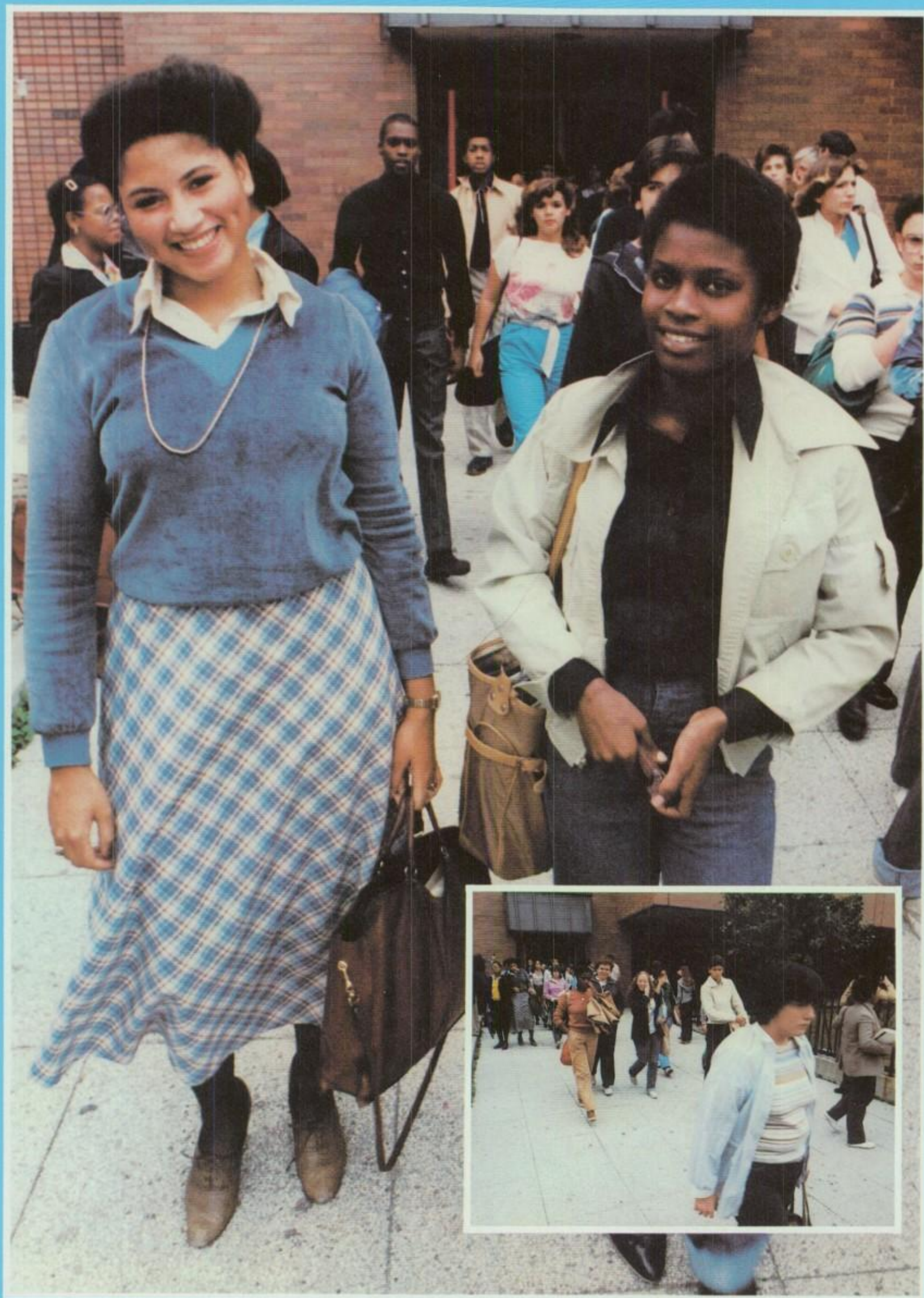


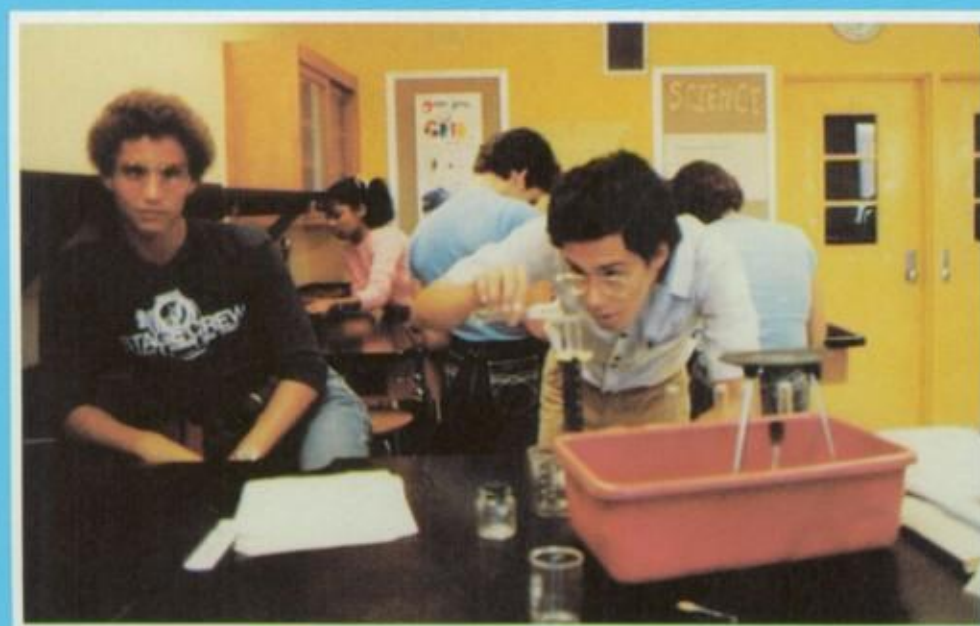
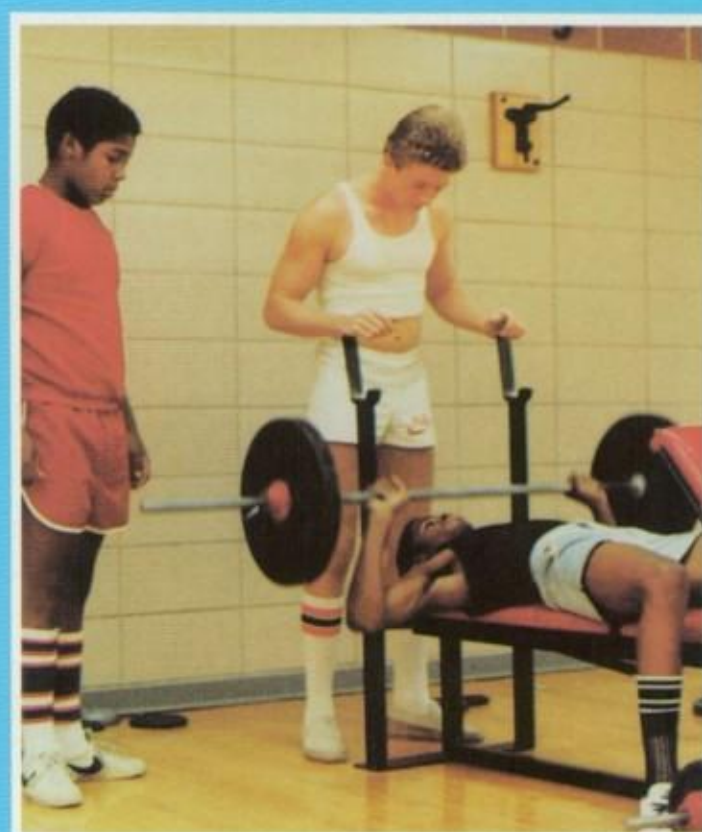
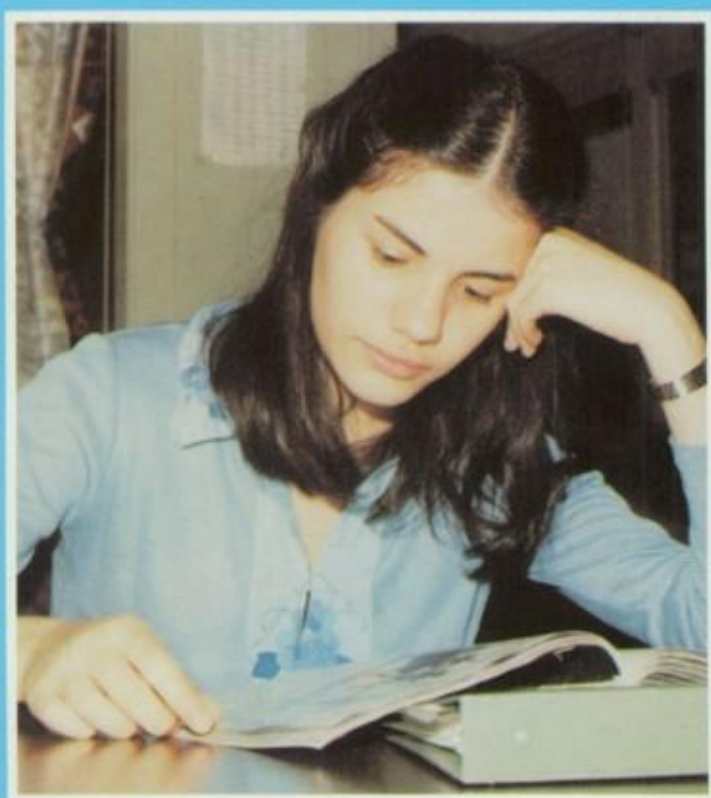
AND ALL THE MEN AND WOMEN MERELY PLAYERS...



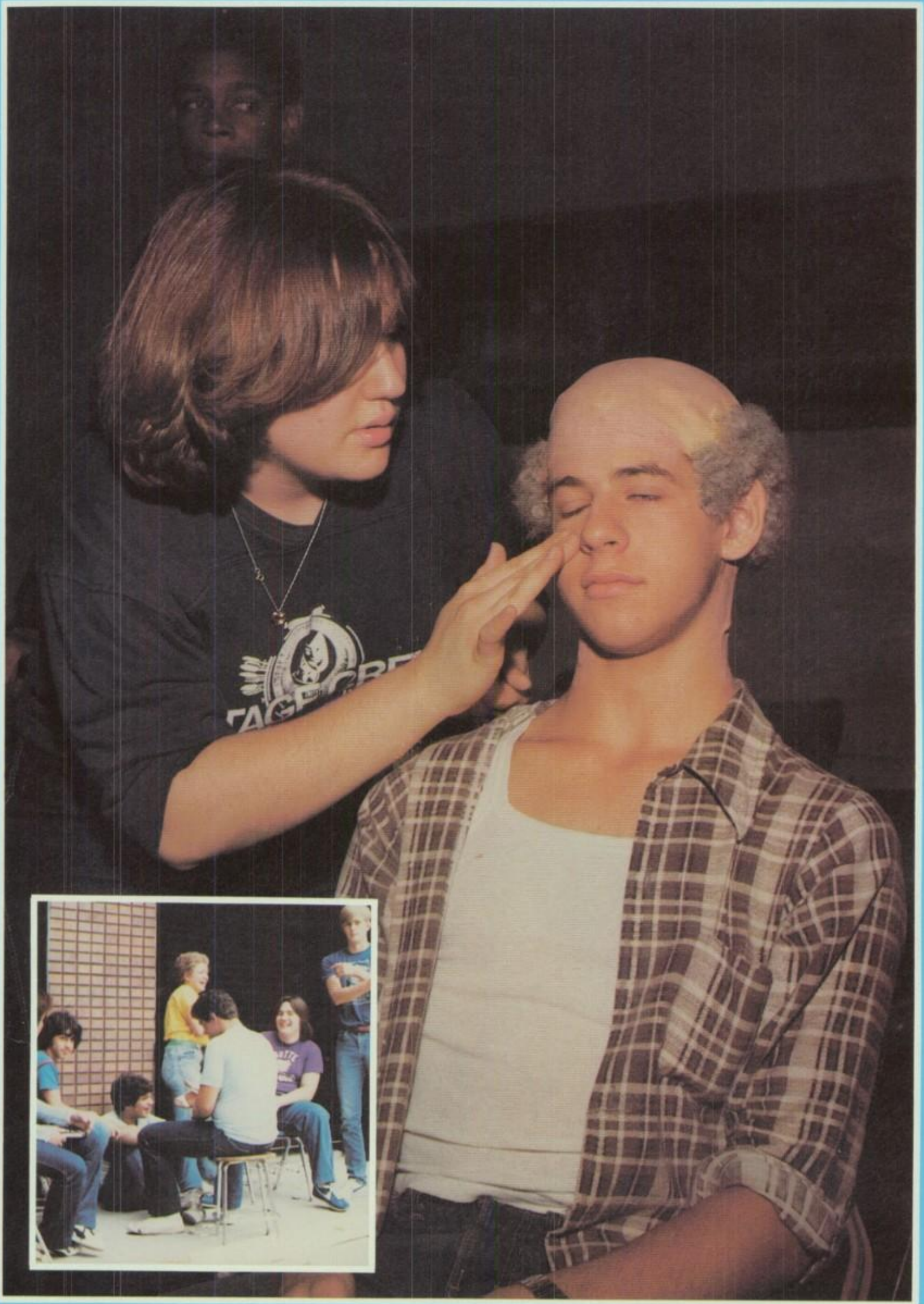


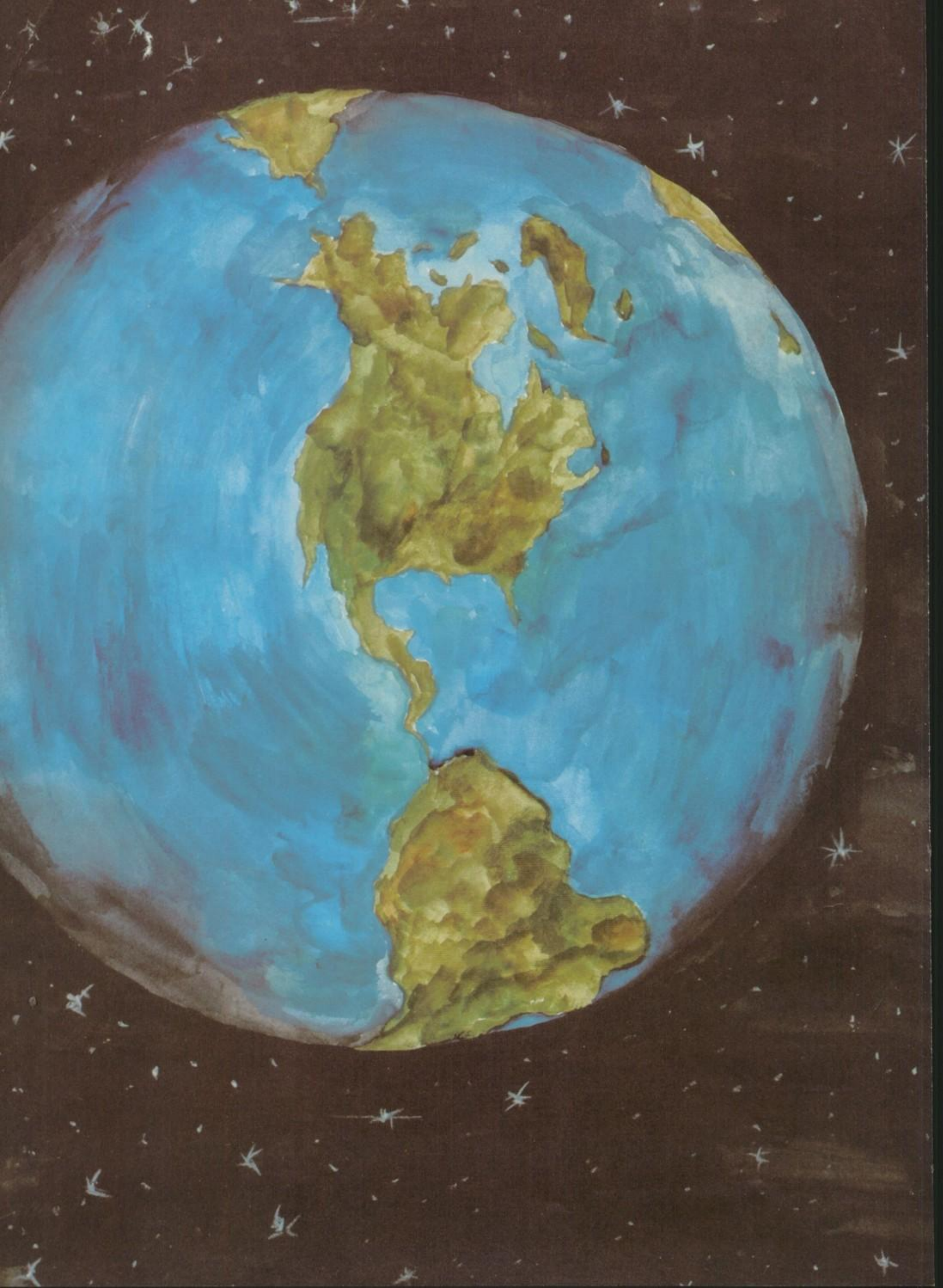
THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES ...





AND ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.





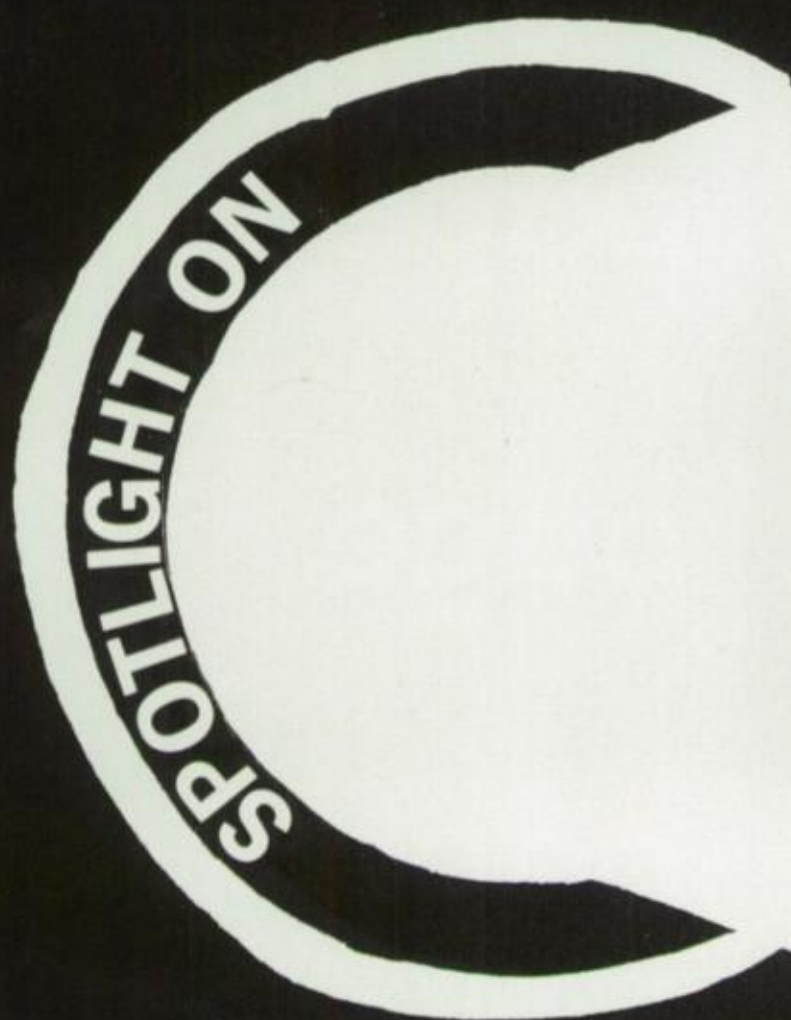
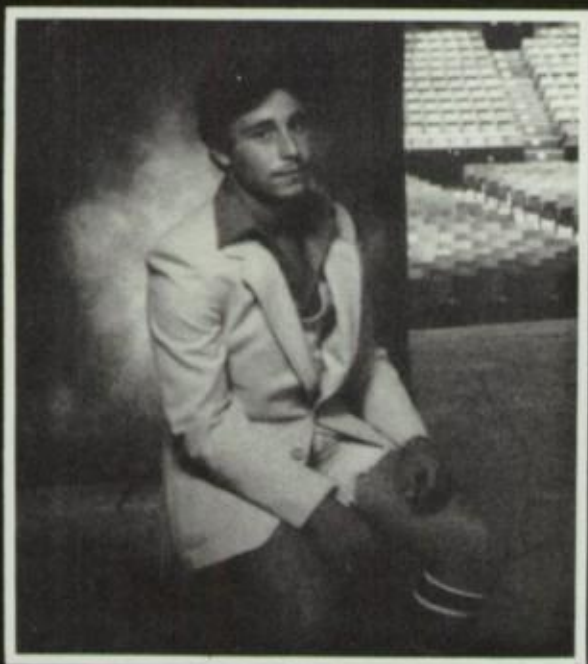
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WIPK



ATHENA
ABADIOTAKIS



DONNA ABATE



MICHAEL ABATE



ROSEMARIE ABATE



JOSEPH ABBAMONTE



KEVIN ABIKOFF



JUDY ABOL



DONNA ACCARDO



EVELYN ACCIARELLO





CELIA ACKERMAN



SIEGFRIED ACOSTA



ERIC ADAMOUSKY



FLORENCE ADAMS



ROBIN ADAMS



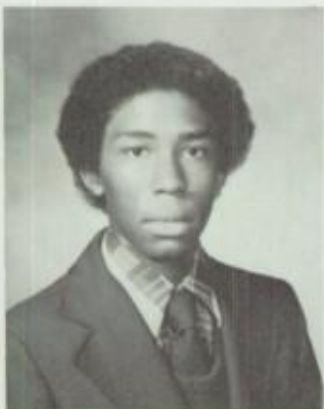
TAMARA ADAMS



ROBERT ALBRIGHT



JANICE ALDRIDGE



ALEJANDRO ALEGRIA



FERN ALEXANDER



BRENDALEE ALLEYNE



EZEKIEL ALLEYNE





KATHRYN ALTIERI



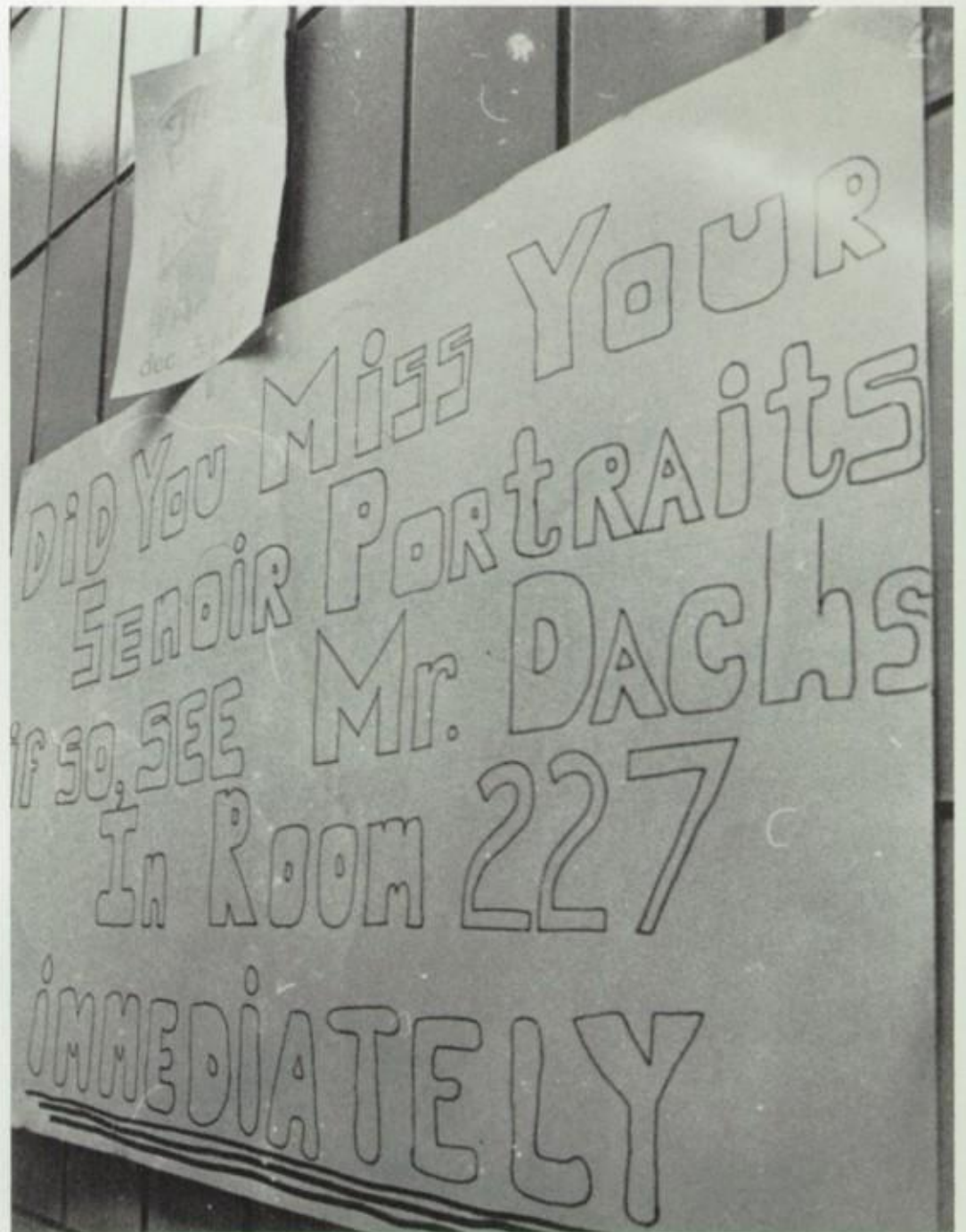
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JOHN AMATO



STEPHANIE
AMMONDS



JANICE ANDERSON



ELICIA ANDRE



KENNETH ANDRY



VICTOR APONTE



LE ANN ARABIA



BOLIVIA ARCENTALES



SHAWN ARRINGTON



SOFIA ARTEAGA



MUNIR ASAD



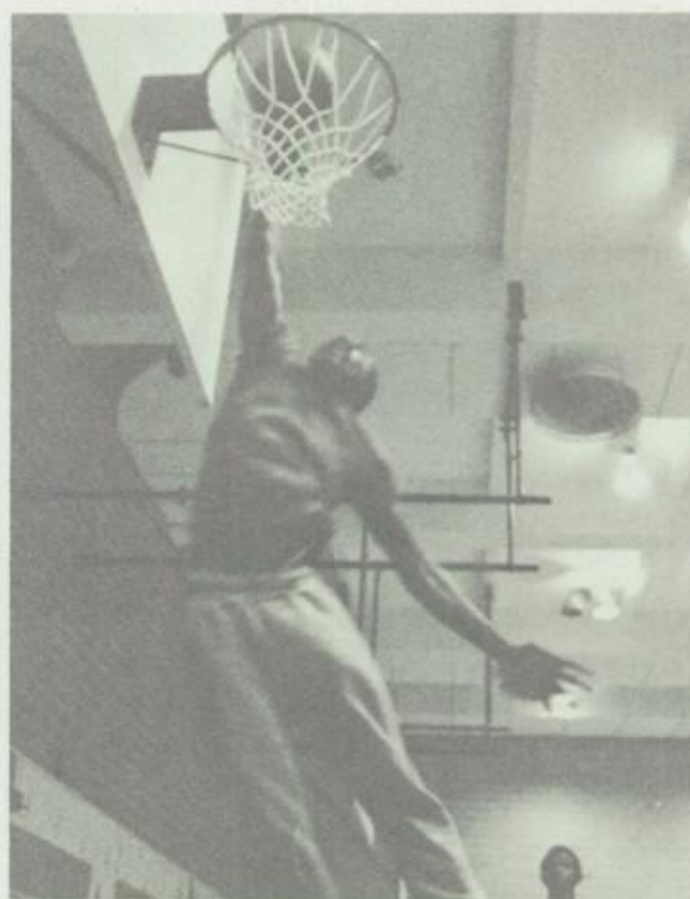
BEVERLY ATKINS



DESIREE AVINGER



GILBERT BAKER



ADAM BALZANO



CHRISTINE BANKS



LILLIAN BARBOSA



DONAVAN BARHAM



GARY BARREIRA



MARK BARROW



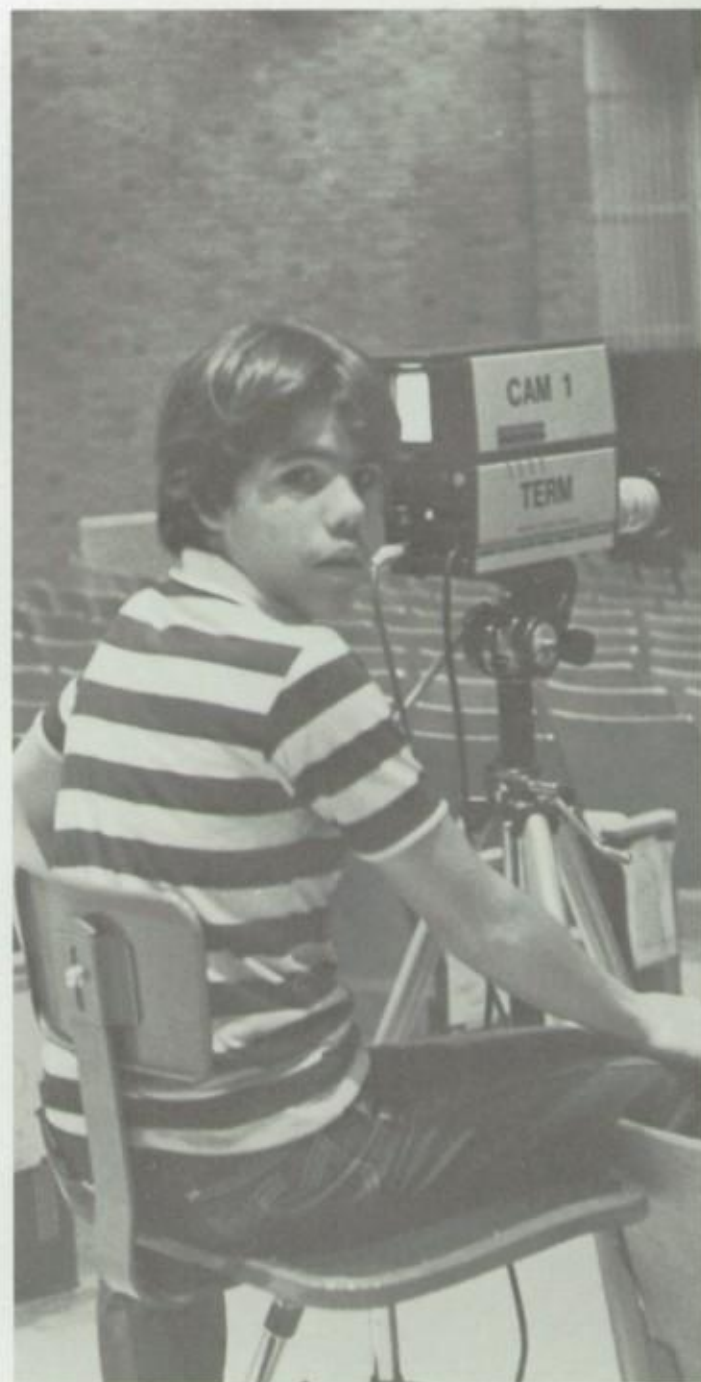
IVAN BART



PAMELA BARTON



JEAN BASSOLINO



PAUL BAUDO



STACY BAYER



JANET BECKER



LAWRENCE BECKER



JUNE BECKFORD



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DONNA BELLAMY



ILSA BELTRAN



ROBERT N.
BENEMOWITZ



PATRICIA BENNETT



WAYNE BENNETT



BRANDI BERGER



HELEN BERGIN



SUSAN M. BERKOWITZ



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ERNESTINE BERRY



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KEITH BOERNER



ANDREA BONASERA



FELECIA VERONICA
BOND



JOHN BONFIGLIO



CLAIRE BONJEAN



ERIC BOORSTYN



BEVERLY BORDEN



KELLY BOYD



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MARY BRENNAN



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BARRI J. BRODER



ABE I. BRONNER



GILLIAN BROWN



OLIVETTE BROWN



ROBIN BROWN



SALLY BROWN



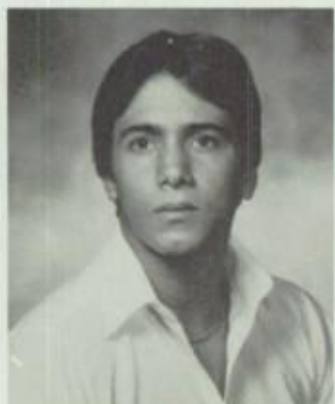
VANESSA BROWN



ANGELA BRUCE



RAUL BRUNET



WILLIAM BRUSCA



JIMMY BUONANNO



DENISE BURCHETT



CHERYL BUSH



JOANNE BUSH



GARY BYOWITZ



JAMES BYRNES



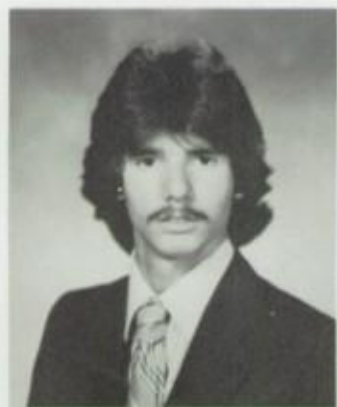
MARYELLEN CACICI



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CARL M. CALISE



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CARDONE



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ELIZABETH CARLINO



CYNTHIA CARR



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CAVANAUGH



RUSSELL CELESTIN



ALAN CHAN



BIK CHAN



DEBIE CHAN



CYNTHIA Y. CHANCE



DONNA M. CHANG



LAURVICER CHAPMAN



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MICHAEL CHERRY



LUIS CHEVEREZ



ANNE CHIARANTANO



JULI CHIN



PHILIP CHIN



TAK CHIN



THOMAS E. CHIN



WHITE JADE CHIN



LAUREN CHIUSANO



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HEATHER CORMAN



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FERN DANTO



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PAUL DEANGELIS



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KATHY DERBYSHIRE



MARC DEROSE



LOUIS J. DEROSSİ



PHILIP H. DEROSSİ



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ROBIN DERSHOWITZ



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DILDY



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NOELA DOCIL



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ANTHONY DOMINGUEZ



JOANNE DONLON



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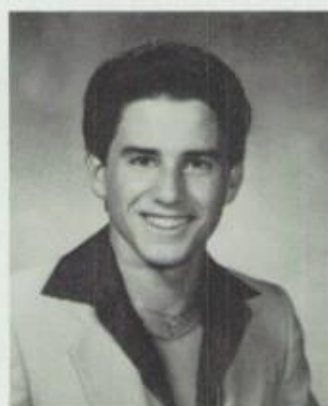
JEANETTE DONOHUE



BRIAN DONOVAN



DONALD DOUGHERTY



JOSEPH DUFFY



CATHERINE DUGAN



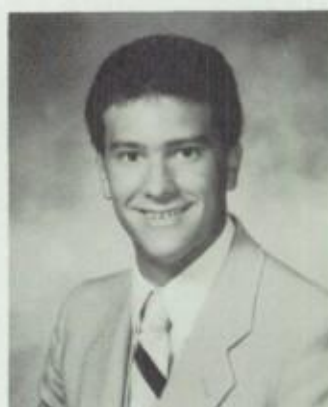
MICHELE DURANT



GRACE DURANTE



DAWN EDWARDS



ROBERT EISEN



GAIL EISENBERG



WARREN EISENSTADT



MARIA ANNE ELIA



MARK ELLIS



NORMAN ELLIS



MAY ENG



BARBARA EPPOLITO



MICHELLE EPSTEIN



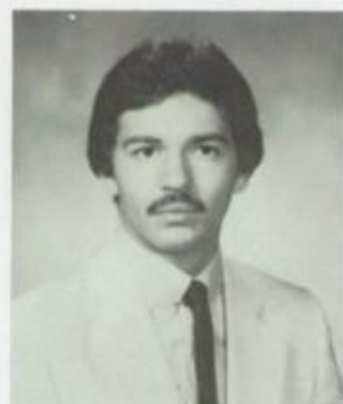
ELIZABETH ERAZO



BARBARA ESPINOSA



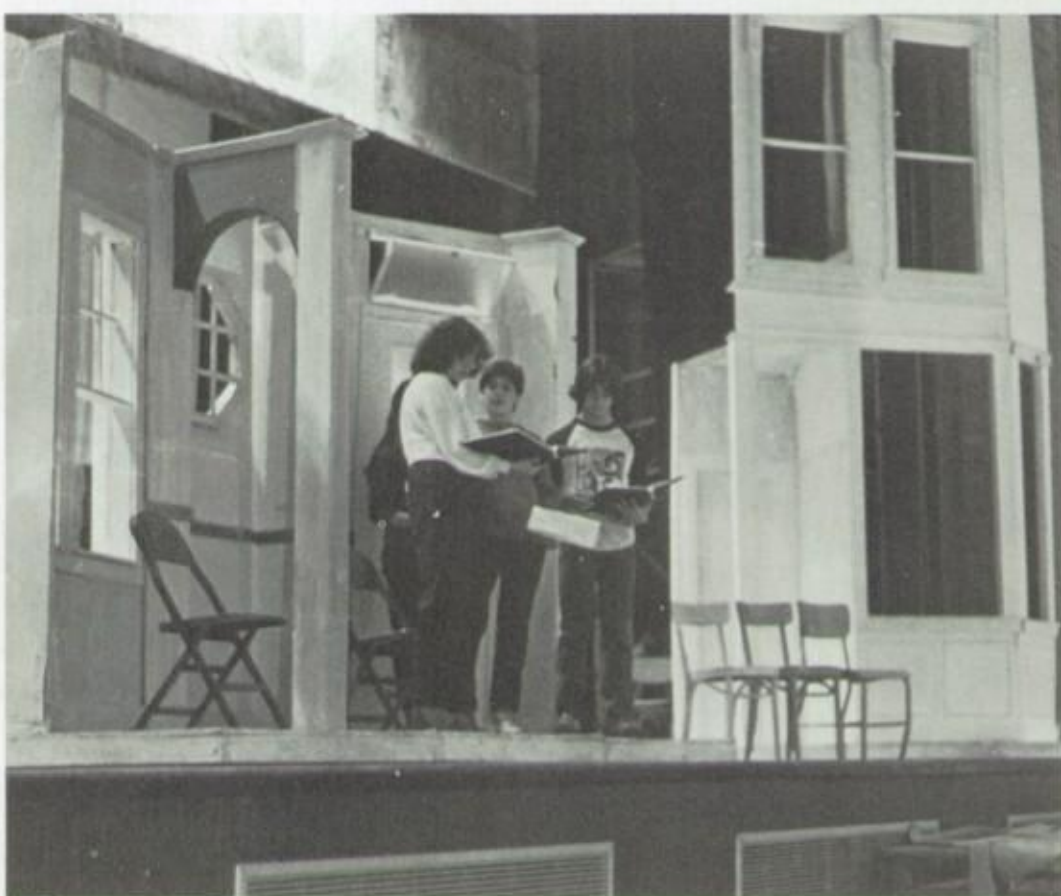
GLADYS ESPINOZA



ELADIO ESTRADA



NEYLA ESTRADA



GRACE EVANS



SHARON EVANS



TAMARA EVANS



JACKIE FARBMAN



MARY-JANE FEDAK



BARBARA FEIN



SHERYL ANN
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SHERYL FELDINGER



NANCY FELDMAN



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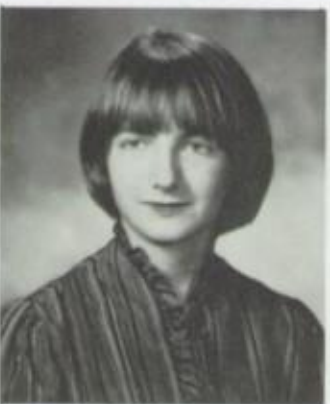
SCOTT FULLMAN



CRAIG GADDY



KATE GAFFIN



CARLA GAHR



JAMES GALLAGHER



ROSEMARY T.
GALLAGHER



ROBIN GALLANT





LISA GALLO



MIGDALIA GARCIA



LYNETTE GARNER



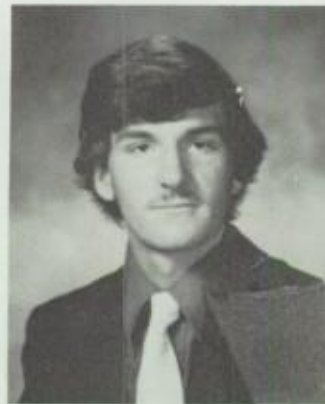
DEBORAH
GENOVERSA



DONNA LEA
GENOVERSA



MARY-ELLEN GIGANTE



BILLY GILLEN



JEAN GILLES



ROSEMARIE GINGOLA



ROBERT GLENN



JODI GLICKMAN



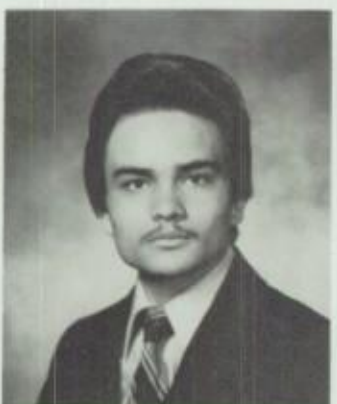
MARISOL GOICO



SCOTT GOLDSTEIN



DOLORES GOLSON



CHARLIE GOMEZ



EDWIN GOMEZ



SORAYA GOMEZ



LAJEUNE GONSALVES



CESAR GONZÁLEZ



BARBARA GONZÁLEZ



GEORGE GONZÁLEZ



SYLVIA GONZÁLEZ



NATALIE GOODIN



LINDA GOTAY



JANE L. GOTTLIEB



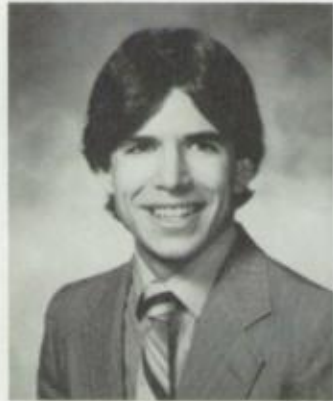
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ELLEN GRAFF



ARTHUR CHARLES
GREEN



DAVID GREEN



PAMELA GREEN



ANDREA GREENBAUM



STEVEN M.
GREENBAUM



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LISA A. GRIFFIN



DEBBIE GRILLOS





SUSAN ROXY
GRINBERG



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ANDREW G.
GROSSMAN



MARYBETH GUERIN



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DAWN R. HABERSHAM



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LESTER HALLIWELL



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ISAAC HAMOWY



LORRAINE HAMRA



CHRISTINE ELAINE
HANTZOPULOS



ROBIN A. HARRIS



LISA HAWKINS



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LORETTA HENRY



WILLIAM HEWLETT



ROBIN HIGHSMITH



JOHN F. HILLIAN



DOREEN HILLMAN



LORETTA HINTZE



SETH HOFFER



JENNIE HOM



THOMAS JOHN
HOWARD



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CAROL ANN HOYNES



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HRABCHAK



KIM SANJA HUBBARD



ELAINE LESLEE
HURLEY



TECLA HURLEY



DAVID HWA



JEFFREY A. HYMOWITZ



PAUL IANNIZZOTTO



ANTHONY IANNO



LISA M. IANNONE



JASON ILORI



SUZANNAH INDIG



DANA ING



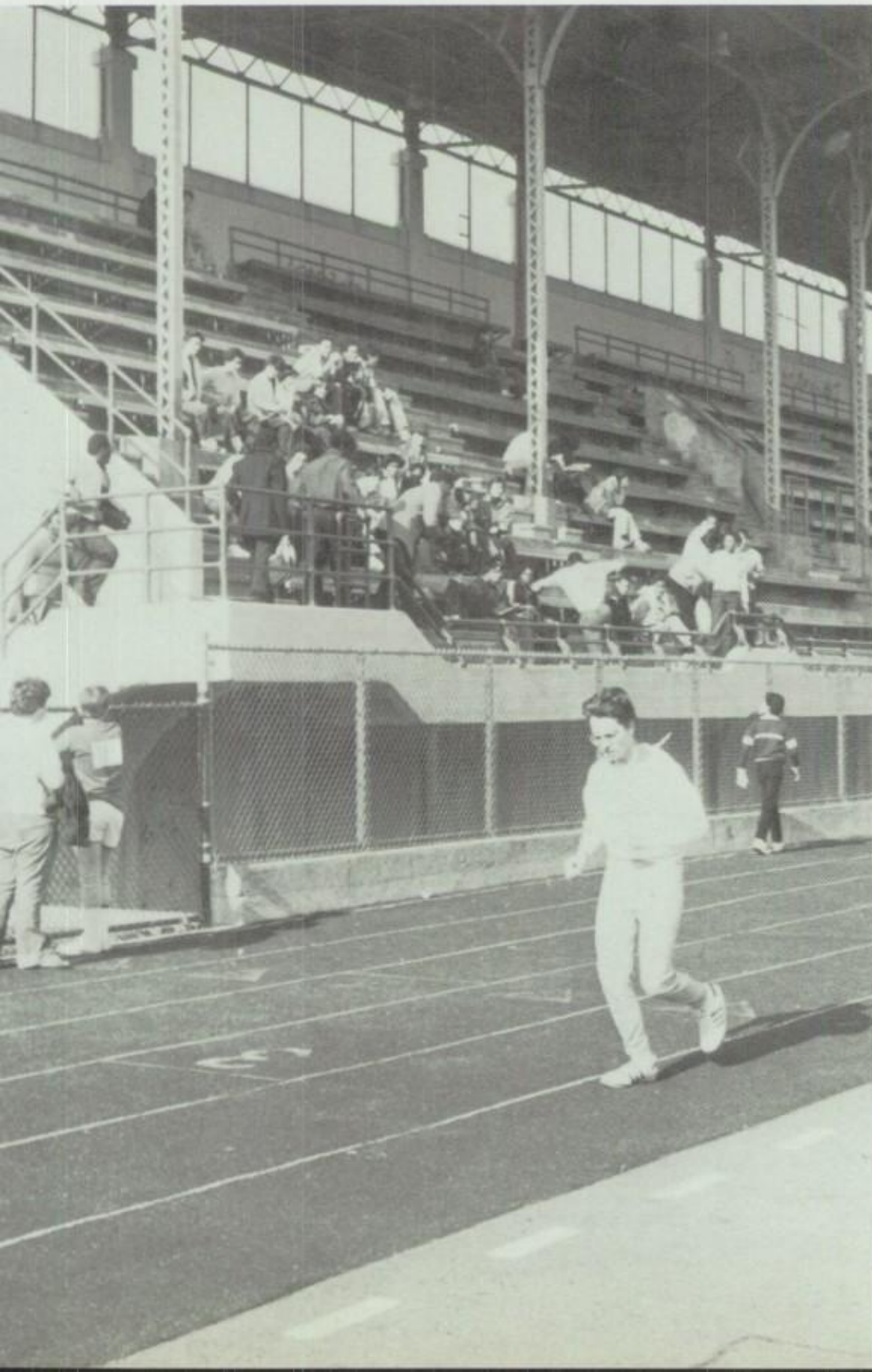
MARGARET IRVING



ELLEN ISAKSEN



MARK JABLIN



JERRY JACK



KATHIE JACKSON



ROBERT JACKSON



ROBYN JACOBS



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ARMADINE JACOTIN



ADRIENNE JAMES



DEIRDRE JAMISON



WOODROW JARRETT



ANNE-MARIE JIMENEZ



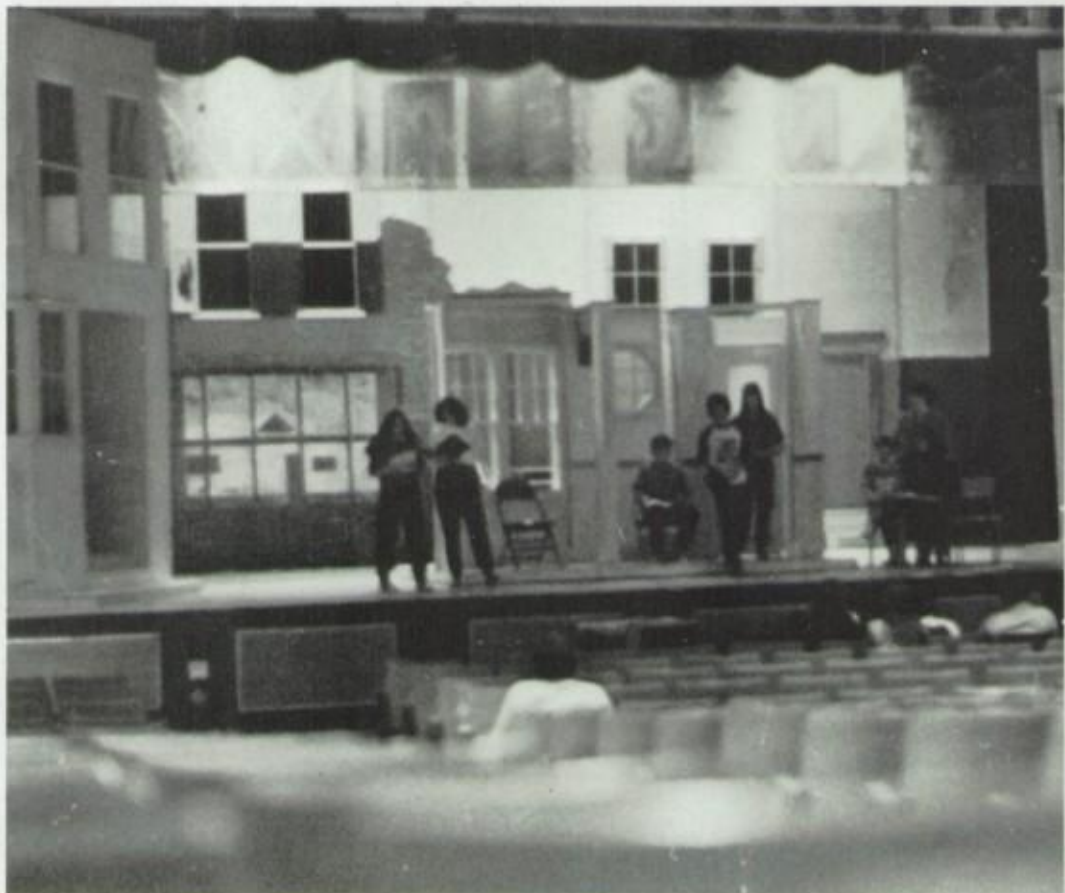
MONIQUE JN-MARIE



JEFFREY A. JODICE



CAROLYN JOHNSON



DWAYNE JOHNSON



GERRY JOHNSON



CARLA B. JONES



CLAUDEEN JONES



DARIS JONES



DONNA JONES



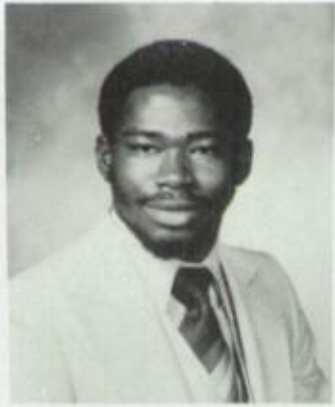
LISA JONES



STEPHANIE JONES



NOELA JORDAN



RONALD JOSEPH



JAMES JOYNER



VALERIE JURIK



SALLY JO KAHR



CINDY L. KAPLAN



FATIMA KARGBO



SHARON KART



BETH KAUFMAN



STACEY KAYE



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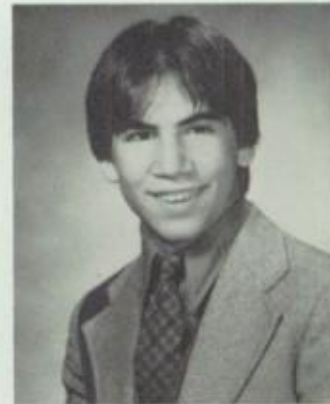
DONNA KEMP



JENNIFER KEN



REGINE KERSAINT



BARRY A. KESNER



SHARI KESSLER



BECKY YOLANDA
KINARD



SIMEON MARK
KINARD



VICTORIA KINARD



GARNOLD M. KING III



PHILIP W. KING



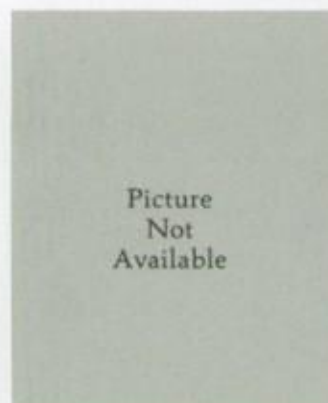
TRACY K. KING



CHARLES
KLINGHOFFER



AMBER KNOX



LORENZO KOONCE



SARA ANNE KOSMAN



MATTHEW KRASNICK



IRA KRAUS



CAROLYN KRINSKY



NATALIE KULBERG



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MARIA L. LARUFFA



LINDA LAU



MARY LAU



GRACEANNE LAURA



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LINETTE LEAPHART



RICHARD LECOUR



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ELAINE P. LEVINE



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JONATHAN S.
LE WINTER



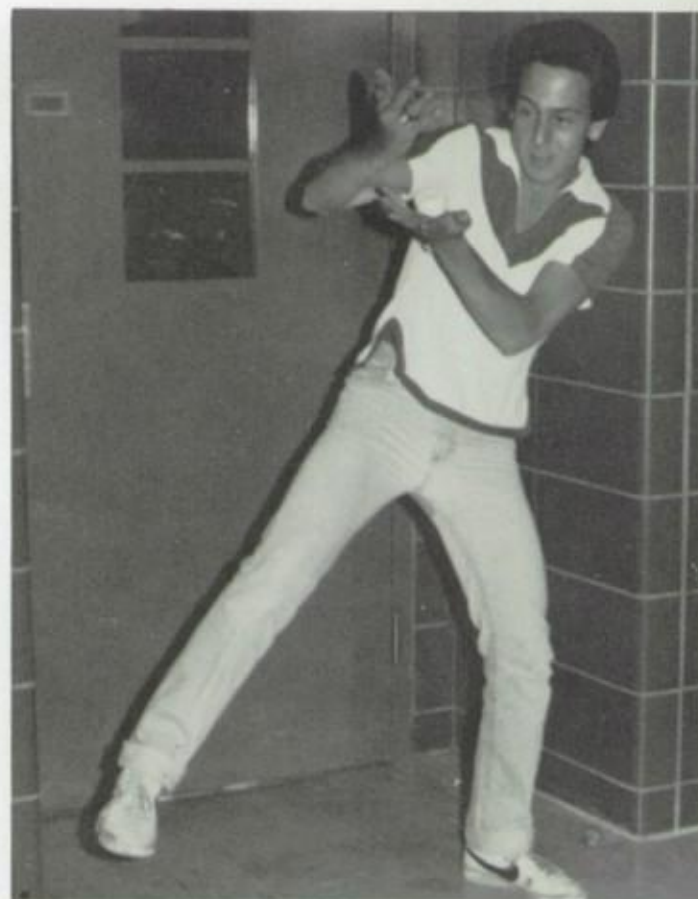
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FELICE LUFTSCHEIN



MICHAEL LUNDY



ALEX LYSLOFF



CINDY MA



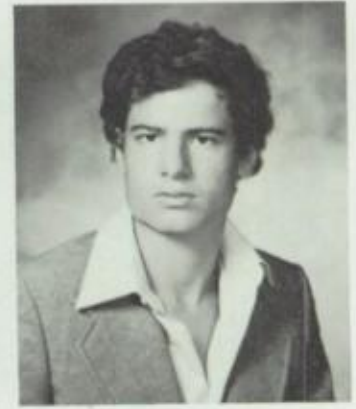
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SPIRO MACHERAS



MICHELE MACKIE



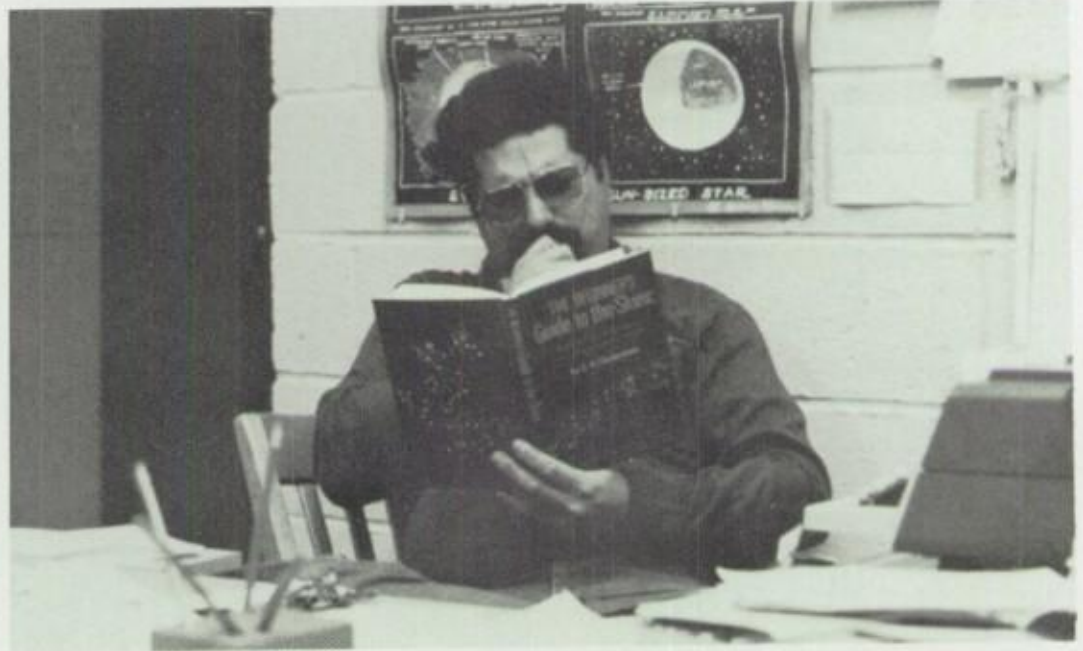
DOMINICK MACRI



JAMES J. MACRON



CHERI MAGNUS



RASHEIDA MARIA
MAHARAJ



DEBRA MAHER



HINDY MAKOWSKY



JAIME E.
MALDONADO



LARRY MANDELL



ROBERTO MANDICH



MICHAEL
MANNARINO



MICHAEL MANNINO



SUZETTE MAPP



JACQUELINE
MAQUIVAR



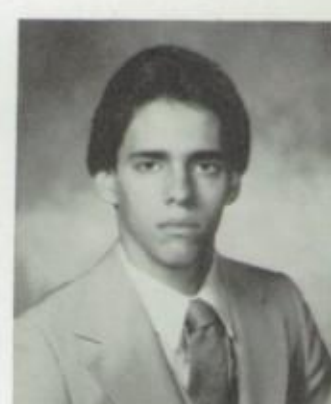
JAMES MARCHESE



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MARESCA



ANTHONY MARINI



PAT MARINI



RICHARD L. MARINO



ANN MARIE
MARRARO



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JAN MEISELMAN



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MARLON MORALES



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PAUL MUOIO



DIANE MURPHY



JOAN MURPHY



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JOHN NAGLER



MIGDALIA
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MICHAEL
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LISA M. NEIDERFER



STACY NELSON



YVENS NELSON



KEVIN D. NEVIAS



YUK-CHING NG



CINDY L. NILES



SUSAN NOCERA



JOSEPH NOTARO



MICHELLE R. NOVIE



GRACE O'BRIEN



KAREN O'NEILL



ROGER DAVID OKON



PAIGE OLIVER



BONNIE OLSHEFSKI



JOHN OPALLO



JEFF OPPENHEIM



ANDREW ORTIZ



ELLEN O'SHEA



REBECCA CATHERINE
PABON



CYNTHIA PALADINO



CRISTINE PAM



TONI ANN
PAMPALONE



GARIFALIA
PAPADAKOS



DORIS PARQUEZ



VALERIE PARRELLA



LISA D. PASSARO



FABIO PASTENA



JEFFREY B.
PASTERNAK



ALICIA M. PATTERSON



BARBARA PAULSEN



LAURA PEMBERTON



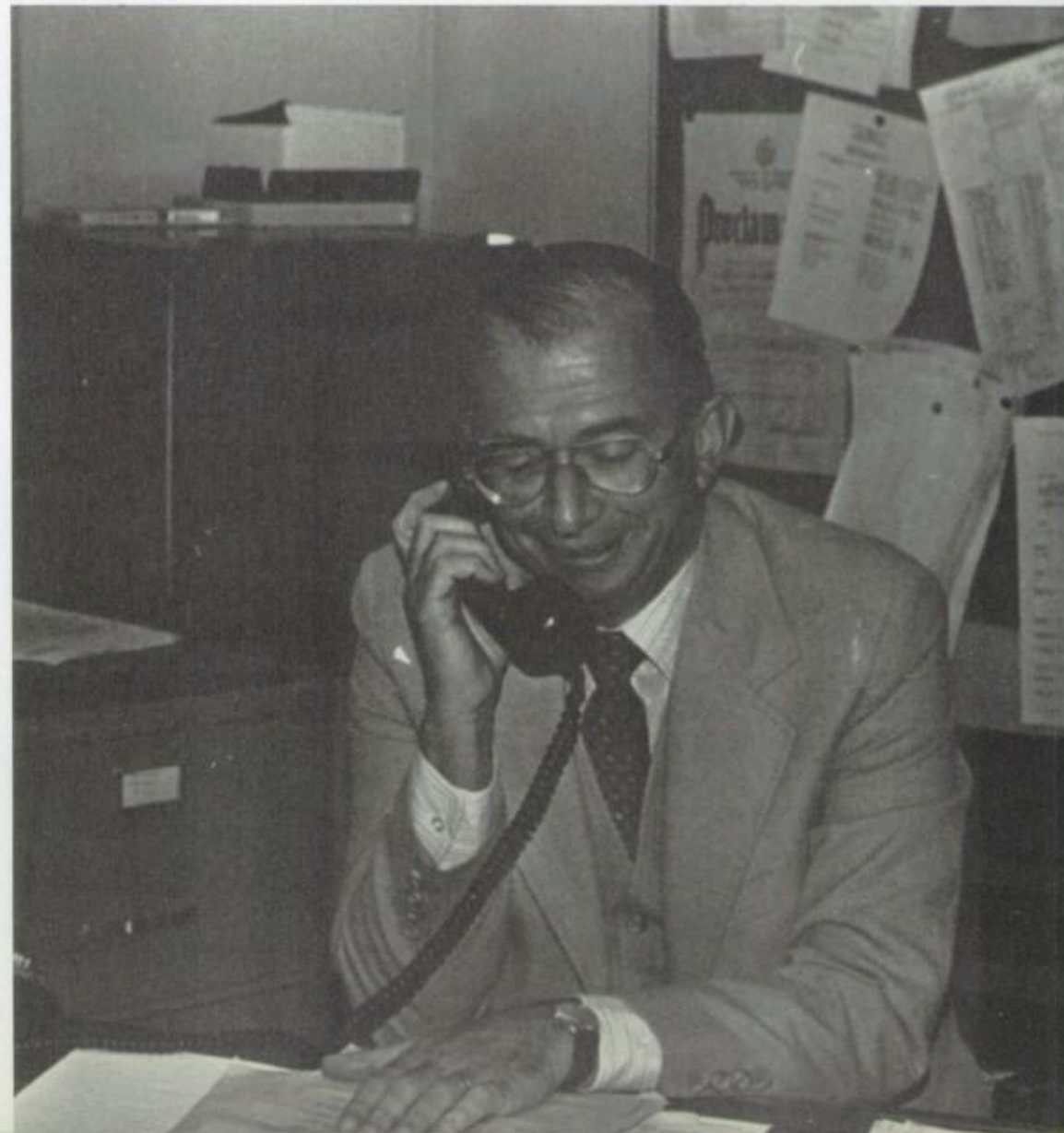
SUSAN M. PENTA

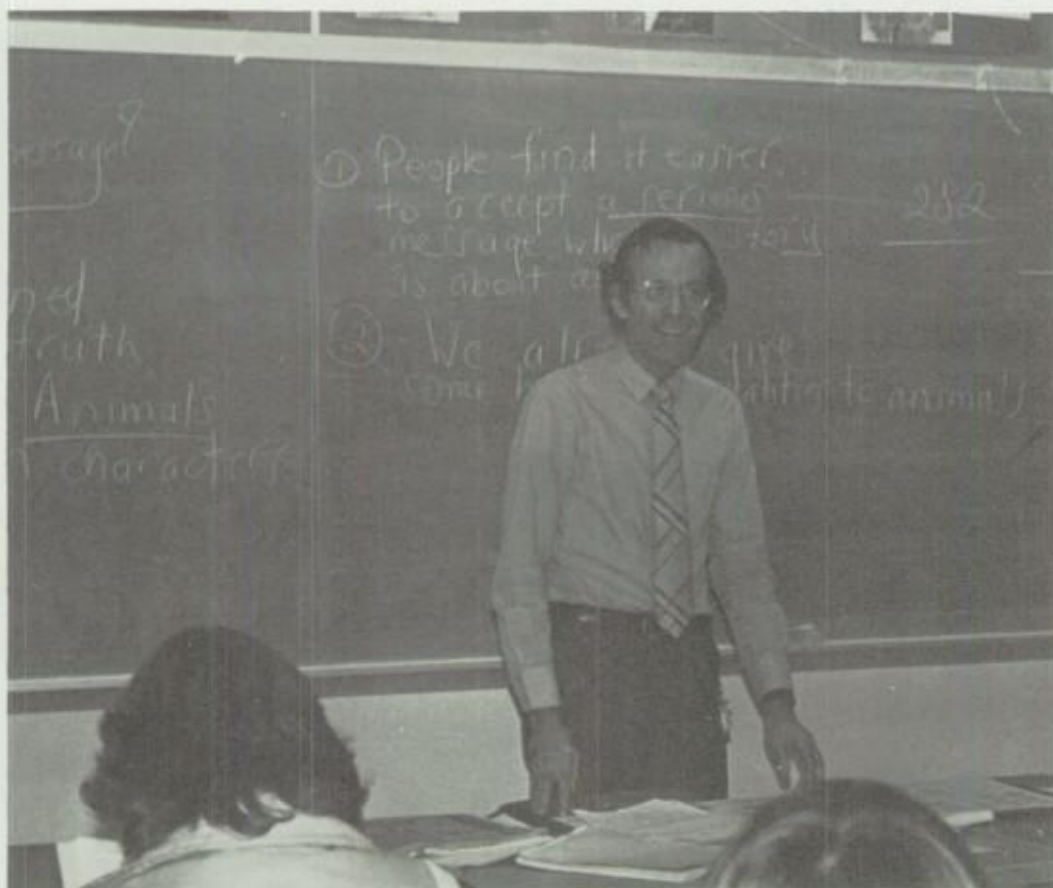


LAURA A. PEOPLES



TINA M. PEREIRA





CARMELA A. PERETZ



CARMEN PEREZ



ORLANDO PEREZ



CATHERINE A. PERGOLA



STEVEN J. PERKUS



EVAN J. PETEROY



JANICE PETERSON



BARBARA PETRARA



JOSEPH PETROLLESE



ANTHONY J. PETROSINO



NEIL PETROSINO



ANTHONY PHILLIP



GERARD PICCIRILLO



LUCY ANN PIERRE



HOWARD A. PINCUS



MAX POLSTER



SAM L. POWELL



ANDREW PUCCINI



MARIA C. PUGLIESE



EDWARD
QUAGLIARIELLO



GERARD
QUAGLIARIELLO



SANDRA QUEEN



ROBERT QUICK



MAUREEN QUINN



MAUREEN QUINN



TRISSENA RADCLIFFE



KAREN V. RAMSEY



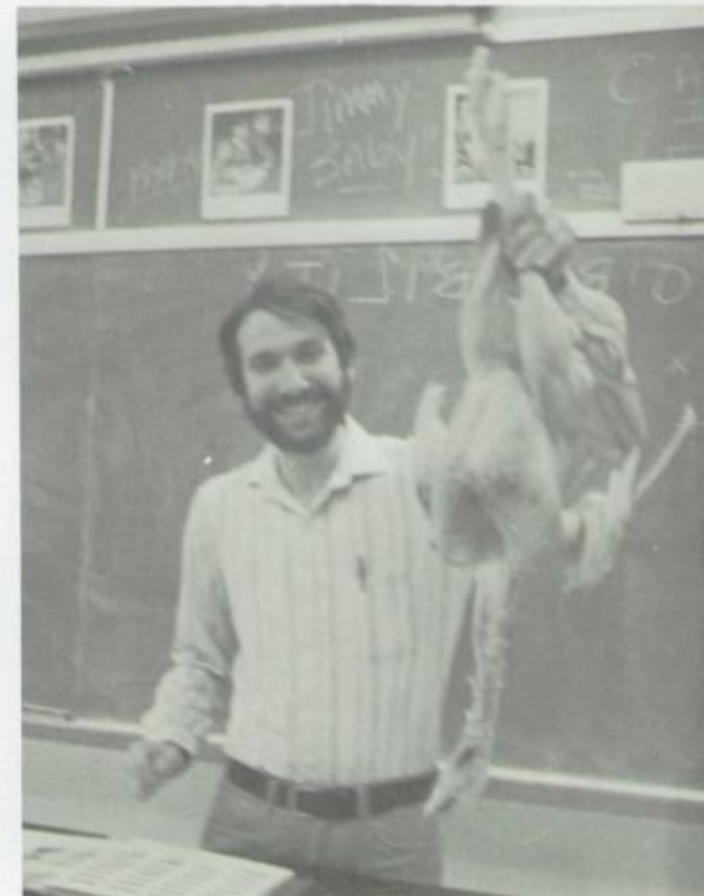
KIM E. RANDAZZO



STUART G. RASHKIN



AMY REICHLIN



NORDEA REID



GREGG REIN



MARTHA REPOLLET



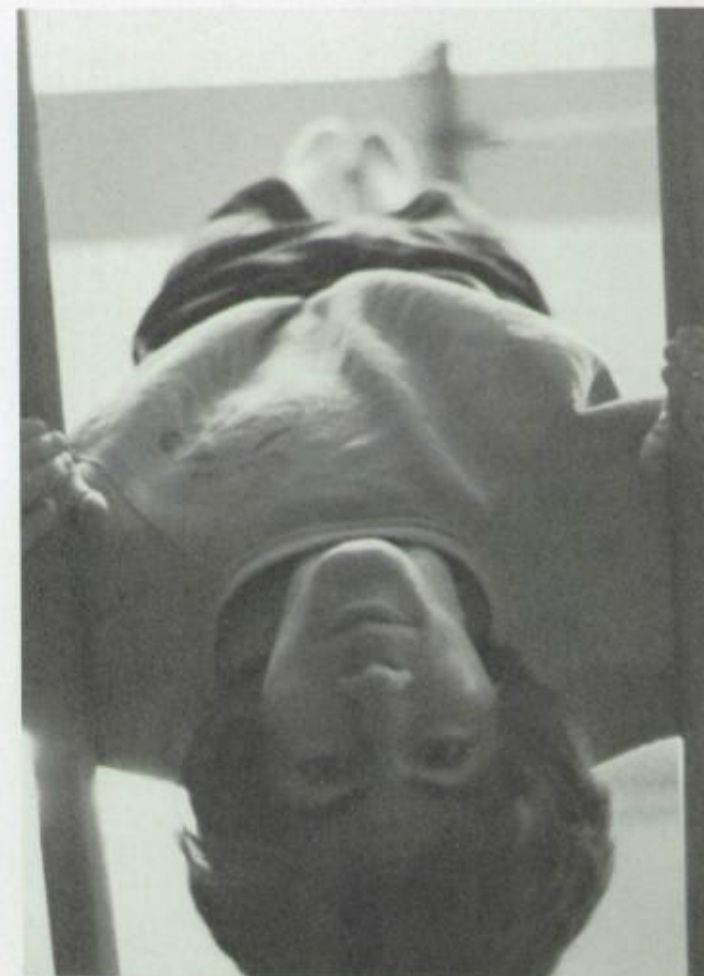
IVONNE REYES



ROBERTA M.
RICHARDSON



WILLIAMAE RICHBURG

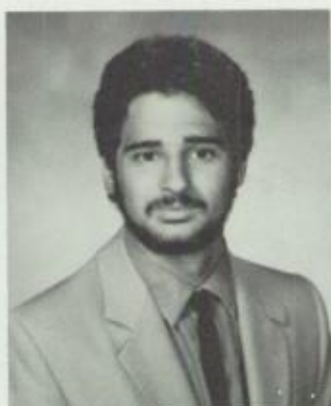




BARBARA RICHIE



JUDITH A. RICHTER



STEVE RIEBER



WENDY J. RIEMER



ANTHONY
RIGOPOULOS



MARY RISLEY



IVELISSE RIVERA



ROBERT RIVERA



STEVEN RIVERA



WAYNE RIVERA



NATALEE ROAN



SHAROME ROBERTS



JUDITH ROBERTSON



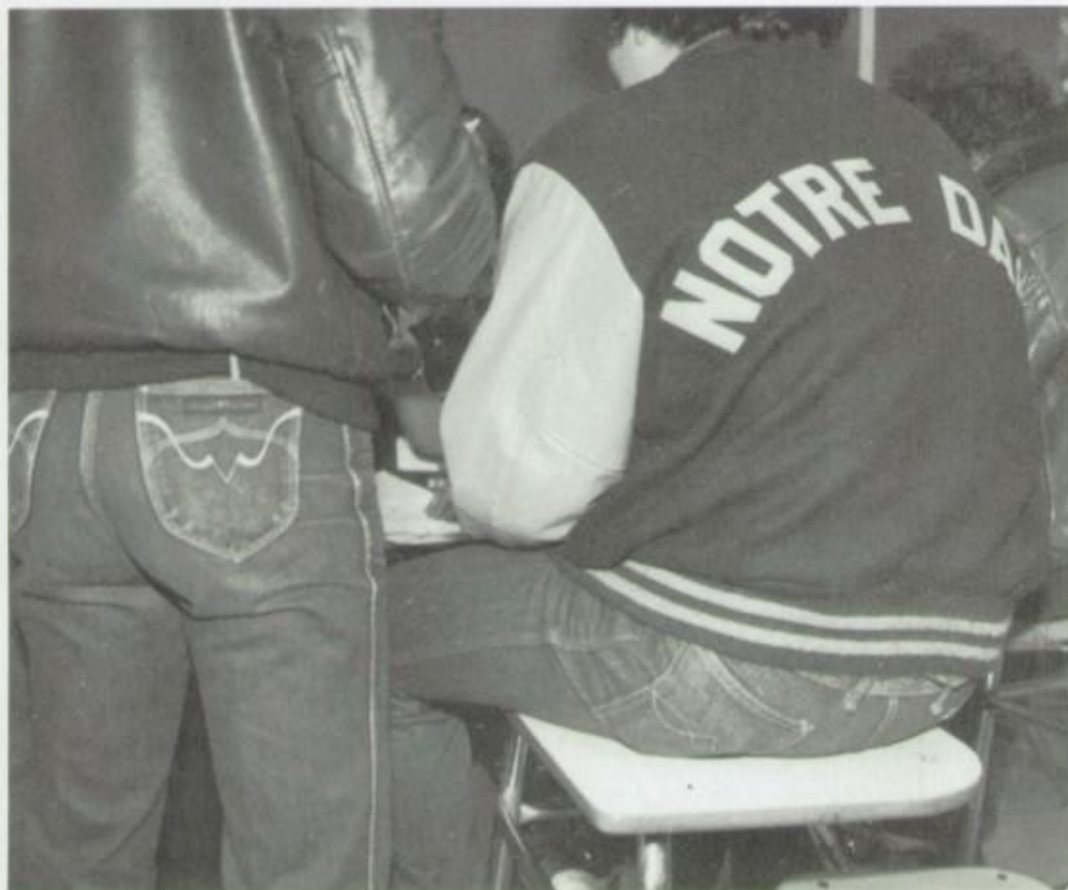
BARBARA ANN
RODRIGUEZ



LYNETTE RODRIGUEZ



NILSA RODRIGUEZ



JOSEPHINE MARIE ROMANO



ALLAN ROOPCHAND



JIMMIE ROSE



SHARI DAWN ROSEN



BRANDI A. ROSENBERG



SCOTT A. ROSENBERG



ALAN ROSENTHAL



BONNIE M. ROSENTHAL



ANDREW ROSKILL



RICKY ROSS



SUSAN ROTH



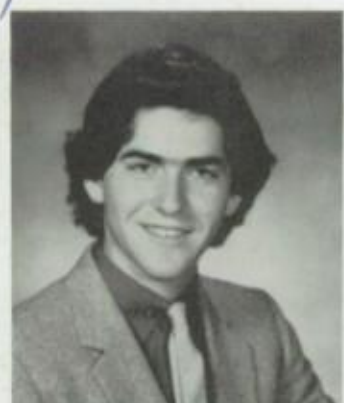
MARILYN ROTHBERGER



ALANA ROTHSTEIN



AMY BETH RUBIN



STEVE J. RUBIN



EVELYN RUIZ



PAULA MARTINE RUSSELL



KATHLEEN MARY RYAN



ALAN D. SABLE

*Dear David,
I hope you are
enjoying the
all, and that
that hell
mostly
Sincerely,
Rocky*



JULIANA SACODER



L. SAFDIE



LISA SAFIER



MONICA SAFRIN



KONSTANTINO
SAKARELLOS



ALICE SALOME



VINCENT SALVATORE



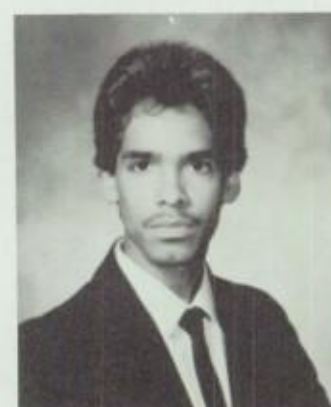
RAQUEL SANCHEZ



DANIEL SANDERS



LIA M. SANFILIPPO



ANGELO SANTIAGO



MARCELLA SATTERLEE





DEBORAH SCIALABBA



REGINALD SCOTT



GLENDA SEABORN



KAREN SEARS



LLOYD SEEMAN



ALTHEA SHAW



JOHN SHEDD



CHRIS SHELLEY



KATHERINE SHER



ROSALETHA SIAS



JUDY SILVERMAN



MARK SILVERMAN



DOREEN SIMARI





RODNEY SINDAB



DANIEL R. SINGER



SABRINA Q. SKRINE



ARLEEN SMITH



BELINDA SMITH



DEBBIE SMITH



KYM SMITH



PAMELA SMITH



RONDA S.
SMOLOWITZ



SUSAN A. SOLAN



BERNA SOLEYNE



DOMINIC SOLLITTO



ANDY SOLOMON



DEBORAH P.
SOLOMON



RUBEN J. SOTO



THOMAS SPARACIO



VALERIE A.
SPATAFORA



ANDREA L. SPERBER



STACEY SPIELVOGEL



JOSEPH SPORN



SUZIE ST-VIL



DEVI I. STARACE



MELISSA E. STEPHENS



RICHARD J. STONE



MONA STRAUSS



CAROLINE SURIN



LARRY SUTTON



KIM RENEE SYKES



SHELLY H. SYKES



JONATHAN A.
SYMONS



CHENG TAK



ESTHER JOY TAMIR



STEVE TANZILO



KAREN S. TEMES



TARYN TEMMER



SILIA M. TERRANA



ANGELA TERRELONGE



JAVAN THOMPSON



MICHELLE THOMPSON



ERIC THORNTON



SCOTT TOBIN



JIMMY TOM



JIMMY KWOK TOM



LAM FUNG TONG



EVELYN TORRES



LISA TORRES



DONNA TRACEY



DOMINICK TRINGALI



VINCENT TROISI



JEFF DAVID TRYNZ



MARIA G. TSAPELAS



GAYLE TURIM



MICHAEL TURTURRO



ROBERT VALDES



ALFRED VALENTI



ANDREA VALENTINO



HERVE VALLES



RENEE VALLES



ANASTASIA
VARDALAS



LORIN VARRIALE



SYLVIA VAZQUEZ



ADRIANNIA
VAUGHNS



MIGUEL VEGA



EVELYN B. VELAZQUEZ



THERESA VETTER



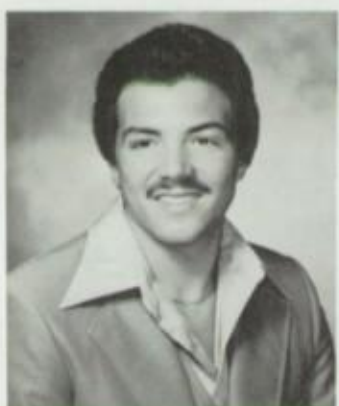
YVIS VIERA



MARK VIOLA



LISA VITALE



ANGELO S. VOLPE



TRACEY WALLACE



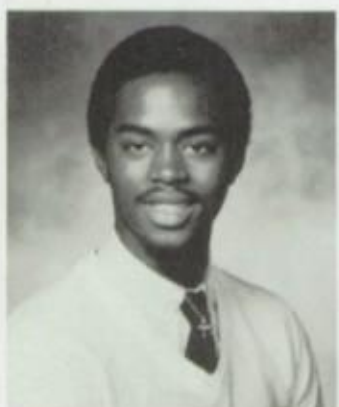
THOMAS A. WALTERS



WILLIAM WALTERS



TRACEY WARFIELD



IRVING WATERMAN



RAYMOND WATKINS



KIM WEEKS



BARRIE WEINER



JOEL WEINER



EVAN S. WEINTRAUB



MICHAEL E. WEISS



SHARI L. WEISS



THOMAS WEISS



MICHAEL
WESTBROOKS



EVELYN WIDMAN



CHERYL WILLIAMS



NICOLE WILLIAMS



PAULA M. WILLIAMS



ROSE ANN WILLIAMS



WAINE WILLIAMS



LISA ELBA WILNER



BARRY WILSON



DEBORAH WILSON



SHERRIE L. WINGLER



PAULA MARIE WISE



LISA D. WONG



MEELING WONG



JAMES WOO



MARIA XIRADAKIS



HELEN YEE



MELANIE YELITY



HEIDI YUDELOWITZ



LANA YUEN



ELAINE ZALOBA



ROBERT ZAMBARDI



JAVIER ZELAYA



CAROLYN ZHOROFF



JULIE ZIMMERMAN



CAREN AMY
ZWICKLER



... even when it's late

it's never too late



DARRYL ACOSTA



BARBARA ANSBACH



DAVID KRIEGER
DAVID JOSEPH LANDRUM
KENNETH LYTE
CHRISTOPHER MANDEL
GENARO MARTINEZ



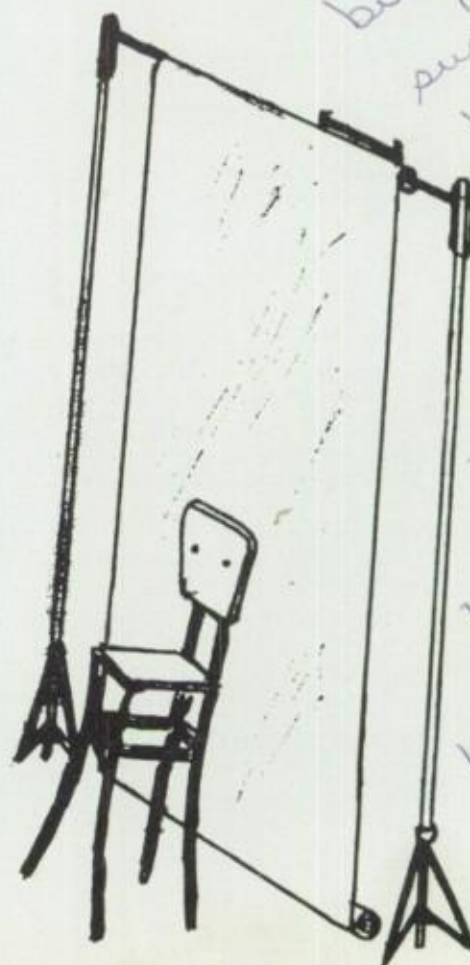
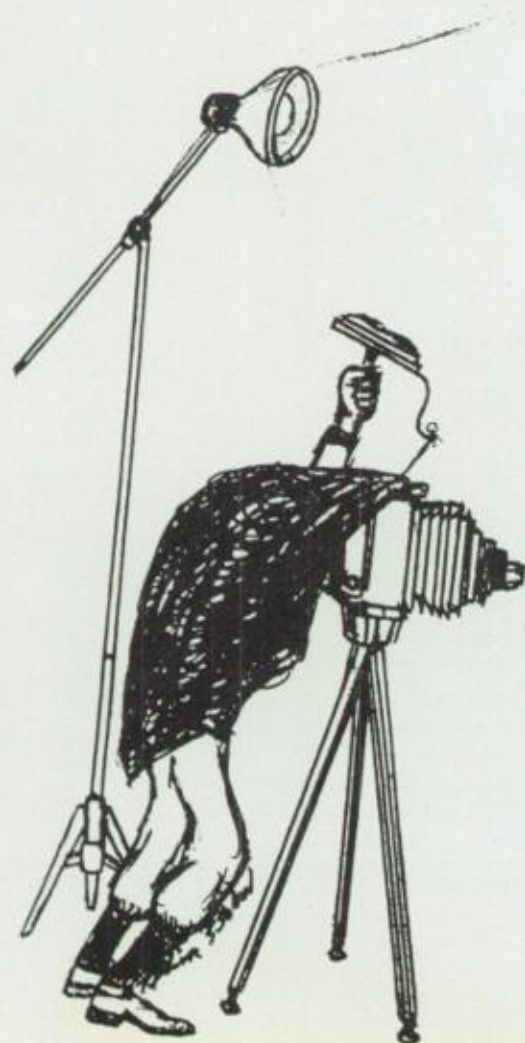
LARRY GREENBERG



ARNEL HALPER

MAXINE AMOS
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DENNIS BRIGANTI
RICHARD BYRNE
VINCENT CALERO
ANTHONY CERRANO
TAK C. CHENG
LING CHIU
MICHAEL CORREDOR
GERTRUDE CRUZ
SYLVIA DAWSON
ROBERT FAJEN
ANTHONY FERGUSON

HAROLD MEISELMAN
MARK MELENDEZ
SALVATORE MELORO
DANIEL MORGAN
JAMES OWENS
KIM PELZER
PAUL PORTACIO
JAMES PRATT
LENNY RELLA
RACHAEL SANMARCO
NEIL SEIDMAN
ANNETTE VASQUEZ
CYNTHIA YOUMAN



To David,
May your ambition
bring you future
success and
happiness. Good
luck in future
endeavors.
Love Always,
Margaret
P.S. I enjoy
having you in JAZ.
I believe we
have a very
special friendship.

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D'ONOFRIO, ROBERT Morrow Plays; Goal: Theatre	FERRONE, DIANA D. Italian Club; Goal: College	GONSALVES, LAJEUNE Yearbook Staff, Law Club, Dance Club	HEWLETT, WILLIAM SCS REPRESENTATIVE, Intramurals; Goal: A Happy Life	JOHNSON, CAROLYN Talent Show, Attendance Office; Goal: Secretary
DONOHUE, JEANETTE Gymnastics Club; Goal: Stewardess	FETNER, LOIS Tennis Club, SING; Goal: College Bound	GONZALEZ, BARBARA Goal: College Bound	HIGHSMITH, ROBIN Horticulture Club; Goal: College Bound	JOHNSON, DWAYNE Gymnastics Club, SCS Representative; Goal: Business Administration
DONOVAN, BRIAN Goal: To Be Rich	FEUER, SHARON R. SING, Yearbook Staff; Goal: Journalist	GONZALEZ, CESAR Goal: College Bound	HILLIAN, JOHN Library Squad, Hispanic Club; Goal: Business Administration	JOHNSON, GERRY Goal: College Bound
DOUGHERTY, DONALD Goal: Basketball Player	FIELDS, JAMES Goal: A Happy Life	GONZALEZ, GEORGE Goal: Language Teacher	HILLMAN, DOREEN Goal: Public Administrator	JONES, CARLA B. Yearbook, SCS Representative; Goal: Surgical Nurse
DUFFY, JOSEPH Goal: College Bound	FILA, GIOVANNA Intramurals, Italian Club; Goal: Broadcaster	GONZALEZ, SYLVIA Senior Class Representative, Gymnastics Club; Goal: Physical Therapist	HINTZE, LORETTA Law Club, Goal: Lawyer	JONES, CLAUDEEN Teacher Aide, Tutor; Goal: Executive Secretary
DUGAN, CATHERINE Goal: A Happy Life	FINGER, BARBRA ANN Special Education Aider, Goal: Special-Ed Teacher	GOODIN, NATALIE TERESE Library Squad, Morrow Matrix; Goal: Pediatrician	HOFFER, SETH Gymnastics Club, SING; Goal: Physical Education Instructor	JONES, DARIS Morrow Plays, Dance Club; Goal: Nuclear Technologist
DURANT, MICHELE A. Morrow Matrix, SCS Representative; Goal: Psychologist	FIORIELLO, DONNA SING; Goal: Lawyer	GOTAY, LINDA Goal: College Bound	HOM, JENNIE Goal: Pharmaceutical Studies	JONES, DONNA Photography Club; Goal: Artist
DURANTE, GRACE Spanish Club, Buddy System; Goal: Dental Hygienist	FISCHMAN, DALE R. SING, Office Aide; Goal: Lawyer	GOTTLIEB, JANE Morrow Nucleus, Morrow Matrix; Goal: College Bound	HOWARD, THOMAS JOHN Goal: The Armed Forces	JONES, LISA Goal: Computer Technician
EDWARDS, DAWN Attendance Monitor, Tutor; Goal: Lawyer	FITTER, PAUL L. Advanced Band; Goal: Doctor	GOTTLIEB, PAUL ERIC Goal: Millionaire	HOWELL, FRANK A. Goal: Medical Doctor	JONES, STEPHANIE Yearbook; Goal: News Commentator
EISEN, ROBERT Advanced Band, Biology and Chemistry Labs	FOO, MAY Asian Club; Goal: Lawyer	GRADY, EILEEN Jog-It, Network; Goal: A Happy Life	HOYNES, CAROL ANN SING, Yearbook; Goal: Physician	JORDAN, NOELA Office Aide, Goal: Business
EISENBERG, GAIL SPARK; Goal: College Bound	FORONJI, PETER Central SING Co-ordinator; Goal: Satirist	GRAFF, ELLEN Goal: Nurse	HRABCHAK, MARY ANN Ski Club, Italian Club	JOSEPH, RONALD Intramurals; Goal: Computer Technician
EISENSTADT, WARREN F. Goal: Pharmacist	FOX, FELICIA Goal: Computer Programming	GREEN, ARTHUR CHARLES Science Fiction Club President, SCS Representative	HUBBARD, KIM SANJA Goal: Business Lawyer	JOYNER, JAMES Goal: A Happy Life
ELIA, MARIA ANNE Italian Club; Goal: Writer	FRAIZER, BRUCE Goal: Computer Programmer	GREEN, DAVID SING, Office Aide; Goal: Dentist	HURLEY, ELAINE LESLEE Yearbook, Talent Show; Goal: Lab Technologist	JURIK, VALERIE Band; Goal: Musician
ELLIS, MARK Goal: Medical Laboratory Technician	FREIMAN, FRANCINE S. SCS Representative, Business Office Secretary; Goal: Accountant	GREEN, PAMELA Goal: Doctor	HURLEY, TECLA Dance Club, Goal: Child Psychiatrist	KAHR, SALLY JO School Plays, Yearbook Editor; Goal: A Happy Life
ELLIS, NORMAN Goal: Architect	FRIEREICH, TRACY M. SING, Yearbook Staff; Goal: To Enjoy Life	GREENBAUM, ANDREA SPARK; Goal: Lawyer	HWA, DAVID Asian Club, French Club; Goal: A Happy Life	KAPLAN, CINDY L. SING, Yearbook; Goal: To meet Bruce Springstein
ENG, MAY Gymnastics Club; Goal: Doctor	FULLMAN, SCOTT T.E.R.M.; Goal: College Bound	GREENBAUM, STEVEN M. SING, Consultative Council; Goal: A Happy Life	HYMOWITZ, JEFFREY A. Law Club, Hebrew Club; Goal: Lawyer	KARGBO, FATIMA Goal: Model
EPPOLITO, BARBARA Italian Club, SING; Goal: Lawyer	GADDY, CRAIG Intramurals; Goal: Communications	GREENBERG, CRAIG J. Accounting Club; Goal: Medicine	IANNIZZOTTO, PAUL T.E.R.M.; Goal: Producer and Director	KARP, SHARON Goal: A Happy Life
EPSTEIN, MICHELLE I. Sing, SCS Representative; Goal: Business	GAFFIN, KATE Goal: Fashion Design and Sales	GREENBERG, LAWRENCE Q. Network; Goal: Manicurist	IANNO, ANTHONY Italian Club, Senior Class President; Goal: Engineer	KAUFMAN, BETH Theatre Productions, SING; Goal: Theatre
ERAZO, ELIZABETH Goal: Philosopher	GAHR, CARLA Morrow Plays, Network; Goal: Lumber	GRIFFIN, LISA A. Jog-It, Library Squad; Goal: Marketing Researcher	IANNONE, LISA M. Italian Club, SING; Goal: Doctor	KAYE, STACEY Goal: A Happy Life
ESPINOSA, BARBARA Morrow Plays, Horticulture Club; Goal: Flight Attendant or Actress	GALLAGHER, JAMES Goal: College Bound	GRILLOS, DEBBIE SING, Dance Club; Goal: Doctor	ILORI, JASON T.E.R.M.; Morning Announcements; Goal: Director	KELLY, CHRISTINE Group Dynamics; Goal: Nurse
ESPINOZA, GLADYS SING, SCS Representative; Goal: Psychologist	GALLAGHER, ROSEMARY T. Goal: Nurse	GRINBERG, SUSAN ROXY SING; Goal: Fashion Designer	ING, DANA French Club; Goal: Accountant	KEMP, DONNA Goal: Flight Attendant
ESTRADA, ELADIO Goal: Photographer	GALLANT, ROBIN Goal: Lawyer	GROSS, STEPHEN T.E.R.M.; Goal: College Bound		KEN, JENNIFER Asian Club, Office Aide; Goal: Doctor
ESTRADA, NEYLA Goal: College Bound	GALLO, LISA G. SING, Office Aide; Goal: Engineer	GROSSMAN, ANDREW G. Morrow Plays; Goal: Writer		KERSAINT, REGINE Library Squad, Talent Show; Goal: Lawyer
	GARCIA, MIGDALIA Gymnastics Club, Spanish Club; Goal: Social Psychologist	GUERIN, MARYBETH Goal: Bookkeeper		

KESNER, BARRY A. Yearbook; Goal: A Happy Life	LEVY, PHILIP SING Director, Panel of Americans; Goal: Photography	MARESCA, ANTHONY J. Goal: Electrical Engineer	Student Government, Intramurals; Goal: College Bound	PEMBERTON, LAURA Office Aide; Goal: Special Education Teacher
KESSLER, SHARI Student Government, Law Club; Goal: Commercial Photographer	LE WINTER, JONATHAN SCOTT Midwood Model Congress, Yearbook; Goal: Corporate Lawyer	MARINI, ANTHONY Stage Crew; Goal: College Bound	MURPHY, DIANE Goal: Scientist	PENTA, SUSAN M. Yearbook; Goal: Court Stenographer
KINARD, BECKY YOLANDA Goal: Business Lawyer	LEWIS, JULIE ELLEN SCS Representative, SING; Goal: Phys. Ed. Teacher	MARINI, PAT Goal: Computer Analyst	MURPHY, JOAN Student Government Secretary, Consul- tative Council; Goal: Business Adminis- trator	PEOPLES, LAURA A. Goal: College Bound
KINARD, SIMEON MARK Goal: Engineering	LINKER, MAUREEN Art Club, Astronomy Club	MARINO, RICHARD L. Office Aide	MURRAY, LINDA V. Video Crew; Goal: Communications	PEREIRA, TINA M. Special Ed; Student Aide, Tutor; Goal: Lawyer
KINARD, VICTORIA Girls Chorus; Goal: Writer	LOCKE, WAYNE Stage Crew, Network; Goal: Business	MARRARO, ANN MARIE Goal: Broadcasting	MURRAY, MERRICK M. Plays; Goal: Pilot	PERETZ, CARMELA A. Goal: Stockbroker
KING III, GARNOLD M. T.E.R.M., Office Aide; Goal: A Happy Life	LOMEDICO, JOHN Goal: College Bound	MARTIN, ALISA MARIE VP Student Relations, Yearbook Editor; Goal: Psychologist	NAGLER, JOHN Goal: College Bound	PEREZ, CARMEN Goal: A Happy Life
KING, PHILIP W. Marine Biology Lab Squad, Gymnastics Club; Goal: A Happy Life	LONDON, MARA Goal: Actress	MARTINEZ, JOHN Office Aide; Goal: Mathematician	NAPOLEONI, MIGDALIA Goal: Bilingual Secretary	PEREZ, ORLANDO Goal: A Happy Life
KING, TRACY K. SCS Representative; Goal: College Bound	LONG, DARLA A. Yearbook Editor, Stage Crew; Goal: Art in Advertising	MATRISCIANI, LORI Goal: A Happy Life	NATHANSON, MICHAEL Stage Crew, Network Editor	PERGOLA, CATHERINE A. Goal: College Bound
KLINGHOFFER, CHARLES Stage Crew; Goal: College Bound	LONG, PAIGE L. Library Squad, Yearbook; Goal: Pediat- rician	MAURER, RACHEL F. Sing, Grade Advisor Assistant	NEFTLEBERG, JUDITH Office Aide; Goal: College Bound	PERKUS, STEVEN J. Goal: College Bound
KNOX, AMBER SCS Representative, Law Club; Goal: Lawyer	LONGO, LIA Italian Club, Stage Crew; Goal: Commer- cial Art	MAURIO, BRENDA Goal: Artist	NEIDERFER, LISA M. Sing, Office Aide, Yearbook	PETEROY, EVAN J. Goal: A Happy Life
KOONCE, LORENZO Band; Goal: A Happy Life	LORENZO, LINDA SING, Chorus; Goal: Professional Jazz Dancer	McASHAN, ANGELA CARLA Goal: A Happy Life	NELSON, STACEY Goal: Model	PETERSON, JANICE Morrow Plays, Co-op; Goal: Computer Programmer
KOSMAN, SARA ANNE Yearbook; Goal: Marine Lab Technician	LOUTHER, TONY Intramurals, Accounting Club; Goal: CPA	McCORMICK, JAMES TERM; Goal: Air Force	NELSON, YVENS Goal: College Bound	PETRARA, BARBARA Law Club
KRASNICK, MATTHEW SING; Business Administration	LOVAGLIO, SUSAN Goal: Business	McCRARY, SARAH Gymnastics, Library Squad; Goal: Col- lege Bound	NEVIAS, KEVIN D. Computer Club; Goal: Computer Ana- lyst	PETROLLESE, JOSEPH Yearbook Editor, Italian Club; Goal: Commercial Artist
KRAUS, IRA SING, Bio and Chem Lab Squads; Goal: Orthopedic Surgeon	LOWEY, JANET Goal: Airline Stewardess	McFARLANE, JOANN Morrow Plays; Goal: News Anchorper- son	NG, YUK-CHING (DIANE) Goal: Medical Technician	PETROSINO, ANTHONY Ski Club
KRINSKY, CAROLYN Goal: Lawyer	LUBOWSKY, STEVEN Goal: A Happy Life	McGLONE, SHIRLEY Goal: Executive Secretary	NILES, CINDY L. SCS Representative, Yearbook; Goal: Business Administration	PETROSINO, NEIL Italian Club, Senior Council; Goal: Den- tist
KULBERG, NATALIE Hospital Volunteer; Goal: Nurse	LUCA, DEBORAH A. Goal: Secretary	McKIE, ANDREA Caribbean Club; Goal: Poet	NOCERA, SUSAN Drafting Club; Goal: Architect	PHILLIP, ANTHONY R. Goal: A Happy Life
KURUN, AYDIN Goal: A Happy Life	LUFTSCHEIN, FELICE Yearbook, SPARK; Goal: College Bound	McNEIL, DAUGHN M. Goal: Special Ed. Teacher	NOTARO, JOSEPH Goal: Accountant	PICCIRILLO, GERARD Italian Club, Ski Club; Goal: Doctor
LADERMAN, KARYN Goal: A Happy Life	LUNDY, MICHAEL Goal: College Bound	McNEIL, JACQUELINE Goal: College Bound	NOVIE, MICHELLE R. Plays, SCS Representative; Goal: Nurse	PIERRE, LUCY ANN Goal: A Happy Life
LAGRECA, JUSTINE Attendance Office; Goal: Animal Groomer	LYSLOFF, ALEXANDER Stage Crew, Network; Goal: Dentistry	MEISELMAN, JAN Chorus; Goal: College Bound	O'BRIEN, GRACE Goal: Teacher	PINCUS, HOWARD A. Goal: A Happy Life
LA LOTA, JOSEPH Goal: Bagel Store Owner	MA, CINDY Goal: Medicine	MELENDEZ, EDDIE Network editor, Literary Magazine; Goal: Journalist	O'NEILL, KAREN Goal: College Bound	POLSTER, MAX Goal: Member of N.Y.P.D.
LARA, MILVA Goal: College Bound	MACHEN, PEARL Executive Internship, Yearbook; Goal: Nurse	MELTZ, INGER Goal: A Happy Life	OKON, ROGER DAVID Office Aide; Goal: Business Executive	POWELL, SAM L. Stage Crew, Network editor, Literary Magazine
LARAIA, KATHLEEN Goal: College Bound	MACHERAS, SPIRO Goal: A Happy Life	MENTON, MICHAEL Intramurals; Goal: Television Engineer	OLIVER, PAIGE Goal: Interior Decorator	PUCCINI, ANDREW SING, Bio Lab Squad; Goal: Doctor
LA RUFFA MARIA LISA Gymnastics Club, Dance Club; Goal: Lawyer	MACKIE, MICHELE Goal: Secretary	MILANO, DOMINICK Italian Club; Goal: Accountant	OLSHEFSKI, BONNIE Goal: College Bound	PUGLIESE, MARIA C. Network Staff; Goal: Writer
LAU, LINDA Asian Club; Goal: A Happy Life	MACRI, DOMINICK Goal: To be a New York Met	MILLER, NEIL T. Consultative Council, Library Squad; Goal: Actuary	OPALLO, JOHN Goal: Comedian	QUAGLIARIELLO, EDWARD TERM; Goal: Television Producer
LAU, MARY Goal: Accountant	MACRON, JAMES J. Goal: Dentist	MILLMAN, JONATHAN Goal: Business Executive	OPPENHEIM, JEFFREY Plays, Horticulture Club VP; Goal: To get a D.A. and a leather jacket	QUAGLIARIELLO, GERARD Goal: To live life to the fullest
LAURA, GRACEANNE Italian Club, Senior Council; Goal: Hap- piness	MAGNUS, CHERI Executive Internship; Goal: Journalist	MINKIN, SUSAN Goal: A Happy Life	ORTIZ, ANDREW Goal: To be successful	QUEEN, SANDRA Goal: Business Administration
LAX, LUANN Goal: Computer Programmer	MAHARAJ, RASHEIDA MARIA Lab Squads, Special Ed.; Student Aide; Goal: Genetics Researcher	MITNITSKY, MINDY Morrow Plays, Yearbook; Goal: Lawyer	O'SHEA, ELLEN SING; Goal: Actress	QUICK, ROBERT Goal: College Bound
LEAPHART, LINETTE Goal: A Happy Life	MAHER, DEBRA Chorus; Goal: To work with deaf chil- dren	MODI, SUSHMA Student Government, Hospital Volun- teer; Goal: Doctor	PABON, REBECCA CATHERINE SING, Legal Writes editor; Goal: Lawyer	QUINN, MAUREEN SING; Goal: Lawyer
LECOUR, RICHARD P. Science Fiction Club; Goal: To be famous	MAKOWSKY, HINDY Goal: A Happy Life	MONAHAN, JAMES TERM; Goal: Engineer	PALADINO, CYNTHIA Goal: Dancer	QUINN, MAUREEN Library Squad; Goal: Business Adminis- tration
LEE, GORDON Asian Club; Goal: Computer Program- mer	MALDONADO, JAIME E. Plays, Chorus; Goal: Physician	MONTAG, ARNOLD S. SCS Representative, Ski Club; Goal: En- gineer	PAM, CRISTINE TERM; Goal: Television Director	RADCLIFFE, TRISSENA Goal: A Happy Life
LEE, KELLY Co-Op; Goal: College Bound	MANDRELL, LARRY Band	MOORE, DARRELL Buddy; Goal: Psychologist	PAMPALONE, TONI ANN Goal: Happy Life	RAMSEY, KAREN V. School Treasurer, Intramurals; Goal: Ar- chitecture
LEE, YAU-SHING Bio Squad; Goal: The best Aerospace En- gineer ever	MANDICH, ROBERTO TERM; Goal: College Bound	MORALES, MARLON R. SCS Representative; Goal: Aircraft Maintenance	PAPADAKOS, GARIFALIA SING, Greek Club; Goal: College Bound	RANDAZZO, KIM E. SING, "Anything Goes"; Goal: College Bound
LEFTON, DAVID Goal: A Happy Life	MANNARINO, MICHAEL Drafting Club; Goal: College Bound	MORCHY, STEVEN Guidance Aide; Goal: Accountant	PARQUEZ, DORIS Goal: College Bound	RASHKIN, STUART TERM; Goal: College Bound
LEVAN, SUSAN Goal: Accountant	MANNINO, MICHAEL Goal: Medicine	MORGAN, LORRAINE Teacher's Aide; Goal: Social Worker	PARRELLA, VALERIE Goal: College Bound	REICHLIN, AMY Network, Nucleus, Math Team; Goal: Medicine
LEVINE, ELAINE P. Band, OPTA Squad; Goal: To Succeed	MAPP, SUZETTE Math Tutor	MORMANDO, SUZETTE SING; Goal: Child Psychologist	PASSARO, LISA Yearbook, Italian Club; Goal: Legal Sec- retary	REID, NORDEA Gymnastics Club, Panel of Americans; Goal: Fashion Buyer
LEVINE, FELICIA ANN SING, Horticulture Club; Goal: Business Marketing	MAQUIVAR, JACQUELINE Goal: Business Administration	MOTONDO, PAUL E. Morrow Plays, Chorus; Goal: Physical Therapist	PASTENA, FABIO Goal: College Bound	REIN, GREGG Goal: Weightlifter
LEVINE, JACKIE Goal: Child Psychologist	MARCHESE, JAMES Yearbook; Goal: College Bound	MOY, SIEW Goal: A Happy Life	PASTERNAK, JEFFREY B. Stage Crew, Student Government; Goal: College Bound	REPOLLET, MARTHA Goal: A Happy Life
	MARDER, ANDREA Co-Op; Goal: Fashion Merchandising	MUALLEM, ROBERT L. Intramurals, Office Aide; Goal: Actor	PATTERSON, ALICIA M. Yearbook; Goal: Lawyer	REYES, IVONNE Horticulture Club, Gymnastics Club; Goal: TV Producer
		MUOIO, PAUL	PAULSEN, BARBARA Usher, Yearbook Staff; Goal: Musician	

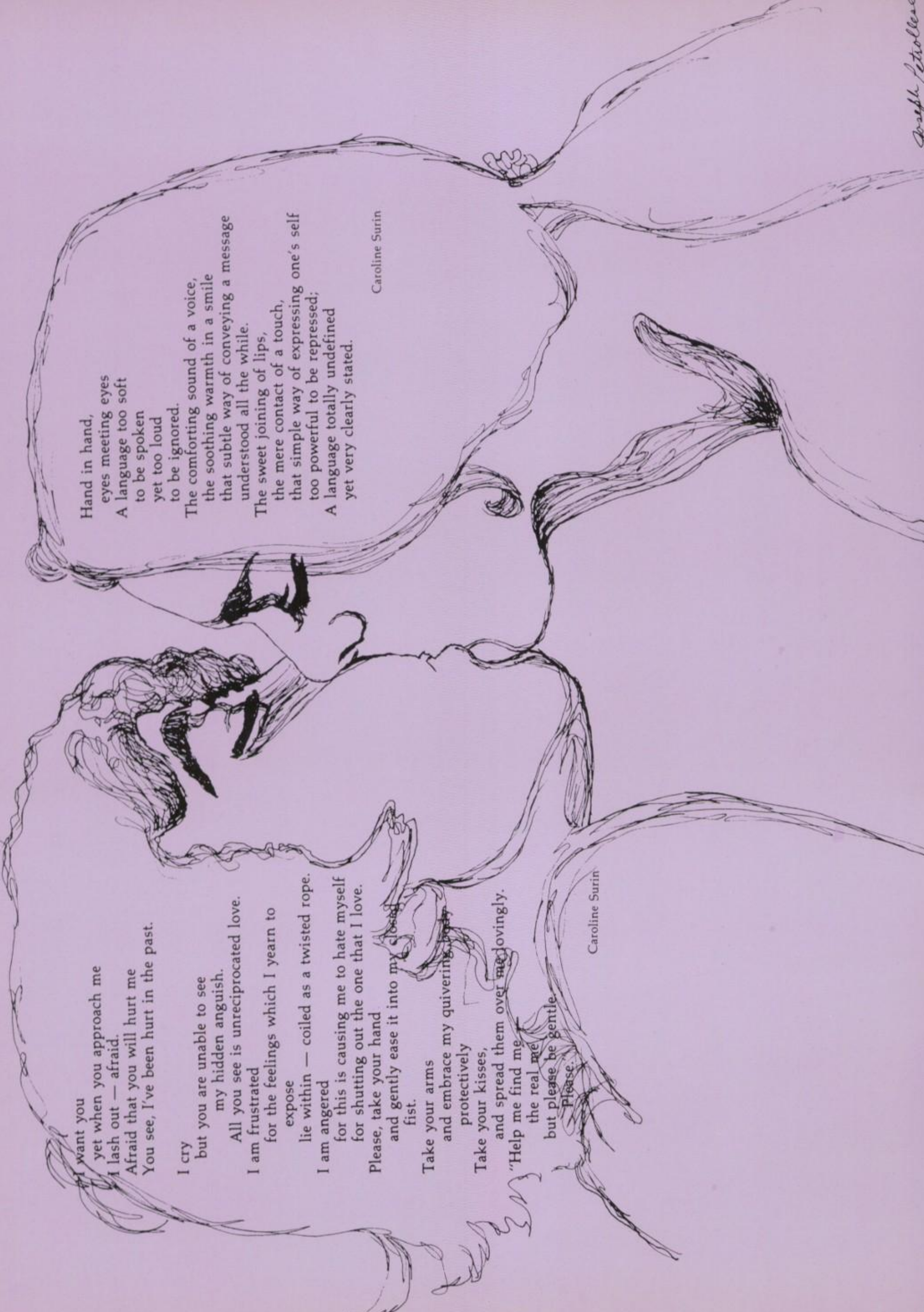
RICHARDSON, ROBERTA Morrow Plays, SCS Representative; Goal: Speech Therapist	SABLE, ALAN Intramurals; Teacher's Aide; Goal: Corporate Lawyer	SINDAB, RODNEY Intramurals; Goal: Journalist	THOMPSON, JAVAN Intramurals, Band; Goal: Social Worker	WEEKS, KIM Co-Op; Goal: Social Worker
RICHBURG, WILLIAMAE Co-Op, Library Squad; Goal: Secretary	SACODER, JULIANA Yearbook, Office Aide; Goal: Psychiatrist	SINGER, DANIEL Bio Lab Squad, Sing; Goal: Marine Science	THOMPSON, MICHELLE Gymnastics Club; Goal: Business	WEINER, BARRIE SING, Yearbook; Goal: Doctor
RICHIE, BARBARA Goal: College Bound	SAFDIE, LOUIS Goal: Hedonist	SKRINE, SABRINA Goal: Nursing	THRONTON, ERIC S.A. President, TERM; Goal: Network Executive	WEINER, JOEL Goal: Doctor
RICHTER, JUDITH SING, Stage Crew; Goal: Business Administration	SAFIER, LISA Yearbook Editor, Network, French Club; Goal: College Bound, Hedonist	SMITH, ARLEEN Goal: College Bound	TOBIN, SCOTT Plays, SING; Goal: Writer	WEINTRAUB, EVAN Goal: Doctor
RIEBER, STEPHEN Italian Club, Gymnastics Club; Goal: Veterinarian	SAFRIN, MONICA Network and Yearbook editor	SMITH, BELINDA Goal: College Bound	TOM, JIMMY KWO Goal: Bus Driver	WEISS, MICHAEL E. Gymnastics Club, Sing; Goal: College Bound
RIEMER, WENDY Teacher's Aide, SCS Representative; Goal: Social Service	SAKARELLOS, KONSTANTINO Nucleus, Greek Club	SMITH, DEBBIE Talent Show, Yearbook Staff; Goal: Secretary	TOM, JIMMY Asian Club, Bio Lab Squad; Goal: Mechanical Engineer	WEISS, SHARI SING, Yearbook; Goal: College Bound
RIGOPOULOS, ANTHONY Greek Club; Goal: Business	SALOME, ALICE Goal: Photographer	SMITH, KYM Gymnastics Club, Library Squad; Goal: Model	TONG, LAM-FUNG Asian Club; Goal: Computer Programming	WEISS, THOMAS Goal: Sports Broadcasting
RISLEY, MARY Band, Yearbook; Goal: Musician	SALVATORE, VINCENT Law Club; Goal: Business Management	SMITH, PAMELA Goal: A Happy Life	TORRES, EVELYN Goal: A Happy Life	WESTBROOKS, MICHAEL Talent Show, Band; Goal: Music Teacher
RIVERA, IVELISSE Goal: Air Force	SANCHEZ, RAQUEL Law Club; Goal: Movie Star	SMOLOWITZ, RONDA College Office, Yearbook; Goal: Lawyer	TORRES, LISA Teacher's Aide, Library Squad; Goal: Bilingual Secretary	WIDMAN, EVELYN CHAVA French Club, VP; Goal: Medicine
RIVERA, ROBERT Teacher's Aide; Goal: Special Ed. Teacher	SANDERS, DANIEL SING, Math Team; Goal: Business	SOLAN, SUSAN Library Squad, SciFi Club; Goal: Television Engineer	TRACEY, DONNA Goal: A Happy Life	WILLIAMS, CHERYL Goal: Court Stenographer
RIVERA, STEVEN Goal: To find cosmic consciousness within the depths of my soul	SANFILIPPO, LIA Italian Club VP, Ski Club; Goal: Writer	SOLEYN, BERNA Goal: College Bound	TRINGALI, DOMINICK Stage Crew; Goal: Doctor	WILLIAMS, NICOLE Gymnastics Club, Talent Show; Goal: College Bound
RIVERA, WAYNE Goal: A Happy Life	SANTIAGO, ANGELO Goal: College Bound	SOLLITTO, DOMINIC Morrow Plays, Sing; Goal: Actor	TROISI, VINCENT Stage Crew; Goal: College Bound	WILLIAMS, PAULA M. Goal: English Teacher
ROAN, NATALEE Goal: Business Administration	SAUER, ROBERT Network; Goal: Engineer	SOLOMON, ANDY Goal: Success	TRYNZ, JEFF Plays, SING, Goal: Health and Happiness	WILLIAMS, ROSE ANN Goal: Accountant
ROBERTS, SHAROME Horticulture Club, Chorus; Goal: Social Worker	SAVARESE, CHRISTINE Goal: Business Administrator	SOLOMON, DEBORAH Goal: PreSchool Teacher	TSAPELAS, MARIA G. Goal: Travel	WILLIAMS, WAINE Goal: Electronics
ROBERTSON, JUDITH Gymnastics Club, Library Squad; Goal: Pediatrics	SCANTLEBURY, ATHILL Intramurals, Law Club; Goal: Lawyer	SOTO, RUBEN Office Aide; Goal: Accountant	TURIM, GAYLE Network & Yearbook editor; Goal: Journalist	WILNER, LISA ELBA SING, Goal: Computer Programmer
RODRIGUEZ, BARBARA ANN Gymnastics Club; Goal: Accounting	SCHAEFER, IRA Band, OPTA Squad; Goal: Teacher	SPARACIO, THOMAS Goal: Musician	TURTURRO, MICHAEL Stage Crew; Goal: Business	WILSON, BARRY Goal: A Happy Life
RODRIGUEZ, LYNETTE Gymnastics Club; Goal: Computer Technician	SCHAFER, DANIEL Goal: A Happy Life	SPATAFORA, VALERIE Band	VALDES, ROBERT Goal: A Happy Life	WILSON, DEBORAH Goal: Fashion Designer
RODRIGUEZ, NILSA Library Squad; Goal: College Bound	SCHARALDI, JOHN Goal: Professional Hockey Player	SPIELVOGEL, STACEY Goal: College Bound	VALENTI, ALFRED Goal: To be Powerful	WINGLER, SHERRIE L. Goal: Photographer
ROMANO, JOESPHINE SCS Representative, Literary Magazine; Goal: Psychologist	SCHMIDLER, KAREN Goal: Actress	SPORN, JOSEPH Tennis Club, SING; Goal: Success	VALENTINO, ANDREA Goal: Travel Agent	WISE, PAULA MARIE Network, Usher Club VP; Goal: Science Teacher
ROOPCHAND, ALLAN Goal: A Happy Life	SCHOR, BRENDA SING, Library Squad; Goal: Computer Scientist	ST. VIL, SUZIE Morrow Plays, SING; Goal: Lawyer	VALLES, HERVE Library Squad; Goal: Electronic Engineer	WONG, LISA D. SING, Stage Crew; Goal: Business Management
ROSE, JIMMIE Intramurals; Goal: Computer Technician	SCHULTZ, JANET Math Team, CloseUp; Goal: First Jewish Woman President	STARACE, DEVI Goal: College Bound	VALLES, RENEE Gymnastics Club, Library Squad; Goal: Pediatrician	WONG, MEELING Goal: Accountant
ROSEN, SHARI Sing, Legal Writes editor; Goal: Lawyer	SCHUSSEL, ALAN Goal: Business Administrator	STEPHENS, MELISSA College Office, Aide; Goal: College Bound	VARDALAS, ANASTASIA Goal: Dancer	WOO, JAMES Goal: Success
ROSENBERG, BRANDI SING, Stage Crew; Goal: Pediatrician	SCHWARTZ, DANA Goal: Lawyer	STONE, RICHARD Morrow Plays, SING, Sr. Class Vice President	VARRIALE, LORIN Chorus; Goal: Performing Arts	XIRADAKIS, MARIA Greek Club, Nucleus; Goal: Medicine
ROSENBERG, SCOTT Yearbook Editor, Photo Club President; Goal: Medicine	SCHWARTZ, GARY Band, Chorus; Goal: Professional Drummer	STRAUSS, MONA Goal: Television	VAZQUEZ, SYLVIAN Gymnastics Club, Talent Show; Goal: Computer Programmer	YEE, HELEN Stage Crew; Goal: Psychiatrist
ROSENTHAL, ALAN TERM, Gymnastics Club; Goal: TV Producer	SCHWEDOCK, JULIE Nucleus, SING, Yearbook Staff; Goal: Physician	SURIN, CAROLINE Spanish Club, Yearbook, Mayor's Volunteer	VAUGHNS, ADRIANNA Goal: College Bound	YELITY, MELANIE Goal: College Bound
ROSENTHAL, BONNIE SING; Legal Writes; Goal: Lawyer	SCIALABBA, DEBORAH Senior Council, Yearbook, Italian Club	SUTTON, LARRY Intramurals, Horticulture Club; Goal: College Bound	VEGA, MIGUEL Goal: A Happy Life	YUDELLOWITZ, HEIDI Library Squad, APARK; Goal: Social Sciences
ROSKILL, ANDREW SING, Co-op; Goal: College Bound	SCOTT, REGINALD Morrow Plays, Talent Show Committee; Goal: Theatre	SYKES, KIM Chorus, Goal: College Bound	VELAZQUEZ, EVELYN B. SING, Yearbook Typist; Goal: Bilingual Secretary	YUEN, LANA French Club Pres.; Goal: Business Administration
ROSS, RICKY Consultative Council, Math Team, Usher; Goal: Architecture	SEABORN, GLENDA Library Squad; Goal: Computer Technician	SYKES, SHELLY Law Club, Library Squad, College Office Aide	VETTER, THERESA Goal: Independent Businesswoman	ZALOB, ELAINE MAY Greek Club, SING; Goal: Doctor
ROTH, SUSAN Network and Yearbook Editor, Matrix; Goal: Mortuary Service	SEARS, KAREN Goal: Nursing	SYMONS, JONATHAN Network editor, Stage Crew	VIERA, YVIS SING, Talent Show; Goal: Psychology	ZAMBARDI, ROBERT Goal: College Bound
ROTHBERGER, MARILYN Gymnastics Club, Ceramics Club; Goal: Industrial Arts	SEEMANN, LLOYD Intramurals; Goal: Oral Surgeon	TAK, CHENG Goal: A Happy Life	VIOLA, MARK Morrow Plays - Stage Crew	ZELAYA, JAVIER Goal: Doctor
ROTHSTEIN, ALANA College Office, Yearbook	SHAW, ALTHEA Goal: A Happy Life	TAMIR, ESTHER Library Squad; Goal: Fashion Merchandiser	VITALE, LISA Yearbook Editor, Italian Club, Goal: Business Executive	ZHOROFF, CAROLYN Dance Club; Goal: Pharmacist
RUBIN, AMY SING	SHEDD, JOHN Stage Crew; Goal: College Bound	TANZILO, STEVEN Drafting Club, Usher; Goal: Engineer	VOLPE, ANGELO S. Goal: Millionaire	ZIMMERMAN, JULIE School Switchboard Operator
RUBIN, STEVEN Hebrew Culture Club; Goal: Doctor	SHELLEY, CHRISTOPHER Goal: Musician	TEMES, KAREN Math Tutor, Library Squad; Goal: Medicine	WALLACE, TRACEY Goal: College Bound	ZWICKLER, CAREN AMY Literary Magazine, Network; Goal: News commentator
RUIZ, EVELYN SING, SCS Representative; Goal: College Bound	SHER, KATHERINE S.A. Chairman, Mock Trial; Goal: To seek truth and happiness	TEMER, TARYN Goal: Lawyer	WALTERS, THOMAS A. Goal: Accounting	
RUSSELL, PAULA GOAL: Advertising	SIAS, ROSALETHA S.A. VP of Financial Affairs, Intramurals; Goal: To Graduate	TERRANA, SILIA Italian Club, Library Squad; Goal: Linguist	WALTERS, WILLIAM G. Film Club, Library Squad; Goal: Filmmaker	
RYAN, KATHLEEN Chorus, Library Squad; Goal: College Bound	SILVERMAN, JUDY Goal: Business	TERRALONGE, ANGELA Talent Show, Yearbook; Goal: Fashion Designer	WARFIELD, TRACEY A. Accounting Club; Goal: Accountant	
	SILVERMAN, MARK Math Team, Drafting Club; Goal: Communications		WATERMAN, IRVING Goal: Success	
	SIMARI, DOREEN Goal: A Happy Life		WATKINS, RAYMOND Goal: Accountant	



CAP



三十一



I want you
yet when you approach me
I lash out — afraid.
Afraid that you will hurt me
You see, I've been hurt in the past.

I cry
but you are unable to see
my hidden anguish.
All you see is unreciprocated love.
I am frustrated
for the feelings which I yearn to
expose
lie within — coiled as a twisted rope.
I am angered
for this is causing me to hate myself
for shutting out the one that I love.
Please, take your hand
and gently ease it into my closed
fist.

Take your arms
and embrace my quivering body
protectively
Take your kisses,
and spread them over me lovingly.
"Help me find me
the real me
but please be gentle.
Please.

Caroline Surin

Hand in hand,
eyes meeting eyes
A language too soft
to be spoken
yet too loud
to be ignored.
The comforting sound of a voice,
the soothing warmth in a smile
that subtle way of conveying a message
understood all the while.
The sweet joining of lips,
the mere contact of a touch,
that simple way of expressing one's self
too powerful to be repressed;
A language totally undefined
yet very clearly stated.

Caroline Surin

All my love is given to you in a parcel package marked "fragile: handle with care." It is not to be "toyed with," "tumbled" or "broken." It should be cherished forever. If it is not appreciated, "return to sender" "address unknown" rather than discard it, never to be used again.

Athena Abadiotakis

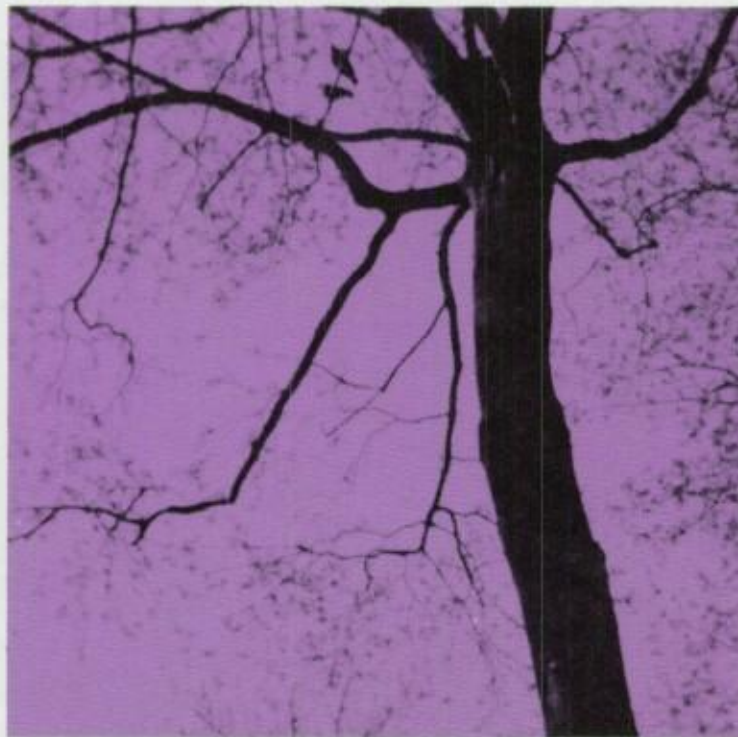
At night
When darkness surrounds the
earth
I lay my head upon a pillow
and think of you ...

You
Who set yourself apart from
others
Bringing ever-lasting joy
and love ...

Love
that no one man should
possess
for it is a gift from God
To be shared by the world
over ...

Over
and over I think of these
things
Then I close my eyes
and sleep.

Reginald Scott



Shadows of the past
Further cloud my confused mind
I really thought I'd found the love
That was so hard to find.
I just can't escape the feeling
of our first moments of love ...
They were my only healing.

But we both agreed that they
can't be lived again.

Do I have to burn the delicate
parchment
On which you inscribed our own love
song?

Yes ...

On paper the lyrics were perfect
But set to music, they were all wrong.

Maeri Risley

Should the words stop flowin',
If the well runs dry,
When the lines won't rhyme
As will happen with time,
When I can't count the ways
I love you in a poem
Will you stay, when the words stop flowin'?

Steve Rieber

by:
s.r.,
l.s.,
m.s.,
g.t.

Start



You find out your pool pass is useless. Lose 1 turn.

You get a bus pass although you live across from the school. Move ahead 2 spaces.

CAFETERIA

You receive your first comment card. No comment

You've fought senioritis, You think you're really great. But you never returned your Algebra book, So you can't graduate!

RULES

1. Seniors go first, in order of rank. All lower classmen must fight it out.
2. All players must go through *every* space of *each* gray area at least once.

You try your first hot lunch, then decide it will be your last.

Slip on applesauce! Slide back to next space.

Rat bites your toe. Go back 2 spaces.

THE VICIOUS CYCLE

You're failing Human Sexuality again — Practice on the Senior Trip will get you an "E".

You haven't paid your senior dues yet. Go back 3 spaces.

Nervous breakdown sends you to the Infirmary.

You've brought in all your applications, but you've forgotten stamps. Go back 3 spaces.

You do better on the Russian ACH test than on the English. SAT score: 500

First meeting with Mrs. Tishcoff. You're told that "Siberian U. is just right."

You find out your rank: 800 in a class of 750.

You earn extra money selling term papers to juniors. Move ahead 2 spaces.

Ultimate preparation for life: save all bulletins.

Your plants are dead. You've learned that water conservation in Horticulture doesn't work.

Sell 300 boxes of 'World's Finest.' Move ahead 2 spaces.

You're forced to dissect a pig although you'd rather dissect Mr. Sicular and Mr. Manson.

Another cake sale: You're 250 lbs. and still growing ...

COLLEGE OFFICE

You jog 22 miles in the Jog-It. Reward: You get to see Mr. Bernstein's face.

Pass out from smoke inhalation in the bathroom. Go to Infirmary.	You can't hear teacher over train noise. Fail test and lose 1 turn.	JUNIOR YEAR ↓	Although you work for Mr. Zuckerman, he still kicks you every time he sees you in the hall.	if u c rd th msj, g ahd 2 spcs.	INFIRMARY Lose 1 turn.
Wave of nausea sends you to bathroom. Move ahead 1 space.		You must choose: Murrow Med or Math Sem. Lose 1 turn and one month's sleep.			You labor for the Economics MILE, then decide to go on strike.
No more Fudge Chip cookies. Lose 1 turn due to sickness caused by eating Butter Crunch.		You chose both: Prepare to spend the entire year indoors.	Your PSAT scores come back: A 400 is not good.	Surprise! You must take seven classes next year, too.	Attempted suicide: Go to Infirmary.
					The N.Y. Post saves you by printing Regents' answers.
You request a change of SCS; it's faster than a program change.	Tickets to see Mrs. Joffe are being sold in the S.A. store for \$25 each.	Mrs. Bomzer may be seen by appointment only. Wait one turn for cancellation.	Your grade advisor is Mrs. SanFilippo. Bring sleeping bag and lose next 5 turns.	You're in the lucky senior SCS; your grade advisor is Mr. Shapiro. Move ahead 3 spaces.	PROGRAM CHANGE REQUIRED
Receive 7 cutting cards from teachers who obviously never dealt with Murrow's grade advisors.					Mr. Pitkoff throws you out of TERM because you destroyed his \$10,000 video equipment.
You make a fortune selling OPTA pretzels to starving program change seekers.					Receive new program card. Go back 2 spaces.
Poisoned by your own pretzell! Go to Infirmary.	All your favorite teachers take sabbaticals. Lose 1 turn crying.	Go to Ave. M for bagels. Spend next turn trying to get back into school.	Spend 2 hours on the phone trying to find out who's pregnant, who died, etc. on your favorite soap opera. Lose 1 turn.	If you know the name of the President of the S.A., move ahead 5 spaces.	You participate in SING. Your grade wins, but your grades lose.

A Typical Murrow Day (Well, Almost)

Alisa Martin and
Boyle Turim

Strains of a song by Blondie were rushing through the wide-open windows of many Murrow classrooms. It was an unofficial symbol of the approaching summer when Murrowites who usually remained indoors moved outside, and took their radios with them. Teachers, of course, tended to prefer silent budding flowers as a sign of the imminent change of seasons. But that day, the music was — well, music to their ears. The day was so hot to begin with that no kid was really paying attention, and the sounds from downstairs now prevented anyone from doing so even if he wanted to. The teachers had perfect excuses for dismissing their classes a little early every band for the rest of the day.

Ms. Pallotta scowled at her watch as if it was the mechanism's fault that time wasn't passing more quickly. "Twenty more minutes left to this band," she sighed silently. A moment later, while dreaming about a day — any day — in February, she realized that the rhythm of her students' typing was more unified than usual. Listening more carefully, Ms. Pallotta concluded that they were pounding the keys to the reggae beat of the music outside, and, as a glance at her best student's paper proved, pounding the wrong ones. "This is ridiculous," Ms. Pallotta mumbled.

"Think of it this way," rationalized Mr. Rieman to his restive Senior English class. "This heat wave marks the beginning of summer. Summer means your graduation, which is the commencement of a new life for all of you. You won't be high school students anymore. You'll be adults, adults who are privileged to enter a . . . brave new world!" he finished with a literary flourish.

"Oh, what was wrong with the old one?" someone tiredly but indignantly called from the back of the room.

"Okay," said Mr. Kornblum, with about half as much enthusiasm as usual. "We divide here, (pointing to two equations on the board) and we take the 'X' along for the _____?" he ended questioningly.

"Ride," the class groaned.

"You won't get across the street with that kind of ride," Mr. Kornblum weakly quipped. He looked just about ready to dismiss his wilted students when . . .

. . . The familiar sounds of a micro-

phone being tested (similar to those of an obscene phone call) were heard over the loudspeakers in every single room, despite the extraneous music. "Please excuse this interruption," a man's voice boomed. "This is Mr. Silverman. I will conduct an urgent senior meeting in the auditorium in *five minutes*. Every senior is to attend or run the risk of facing serious consequences. But *no* faculty members, other than those notified previously, are to be present. I repeat: There will be a senior meeting in the auditorium in *five minutes*. Thank you," he sternly concluded.

A senior-wide murmur arose in the school within seconds. To go or not to go — that was the question. The general consensus, which later proved to be unanimous, was that since there weren't that many senior meetings left, they were all fairly important, so they should be attended. More influential was the fact that the normally genteel Mr. Silverman had sounded downright threatening, and not at all like himself.

Reluctantly, the seniors filed into the auditorium, forming little clusters of friends — all of them talking and very few finding their way to their seats. Their conversations covered the usual senior topics:

Senior Trip- "Are you going?" "With whom are you going to room?" "I'm surprised the Canadians are letting us cross the border after what the seniors did last year."

The Prom- "Who's your escort?" "How much does it cost to rent a tuxedo?" "Did you ask her yet?" "What's your dress like?"

Graduation- "I'll just die if I trip when they call me up to get whatever they're going to give me. It's not a real diploma that you get at the ceremony. You only get your diploma after you've returned your cap and gown." "My parents are getting me a car!" "Pomp and Circumstance" always makes me cry."

Post-Graduation Plans- "He's going to work for a while and then go to college." "Guess what? You're looking at a United States Marine!" "I got accepted to all of them." "Well, I didn't *really* want to go to Harvard anyway." "Oh, great, we'll be going to the same school!"

Of course, the chatter was not limited to those topics. On the contrary, these remarks could also be heard: "I still say rock!" "No, it's not!" "Can you come with me to Kings Plaza after school to-

day?" "The Yankees won that game, didn't they?" "Does anyone know what's happening on 'General Hospital'?"

And so, the Murrow seniors, burning with the fever of senioritis and the heat of the day, didn't even notice that the figure in the front of the auditorium waiting to speak was not a faculty member, not a senior class officer, and not even of this world.

Finally one of those strange moments occurred when everyone seems to have stopped talking at the same time. The creature at the microphone, whom everyone was now staring at, cleared his stretched, wrinkled, purple throat and rasped, in uncannily perfect English, "May I have your attention, please?" It was an unnecessary question, though, because he already had their undivided attention. In fact, he was the first "person" to speak in front of a Murrow senior class who didn't have to make that request.

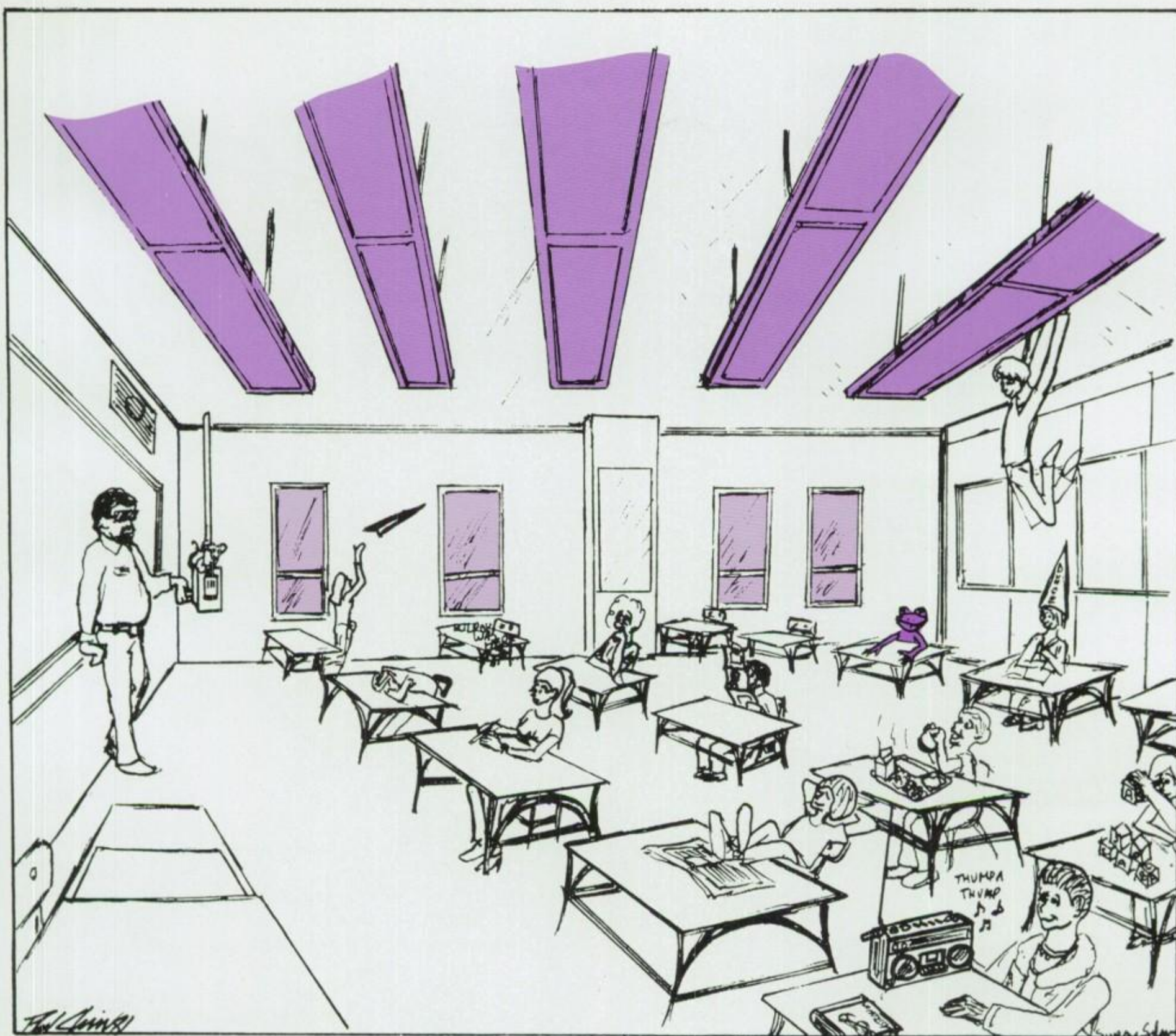
"Thank you, children. You're being very cooperative." He grinned and simultaneously gave a tiny, deliberate nod that was only perceptible to those students in the front row, who squirmed nervously in their seats. A second later, the auditorium lights grew brighter and hotter than they ever had before. The seniors became aware of an invisible, weakening force that was literally draining life out of them. They developed a sickly gray pallor. They were drenched with perspiration and most were on the verge of fainting. And just when they thought they could tolerate no more, the lights dimmed as mysteriously as they had brightened.

The creature watched all this with a sadistic gleam in his eyes. "Now I'd like you to meet some very dear friends of mine. Mr. Bronepkaw, Mr. Channepcelor . . ." he called authoritatively, turning to face the stage.

Two more beings of the same species as the first stepped out from behind the closed curtain. In unison they chanted respectfully, "Greetings, Mr. Brinknepley. Everything is going as planned."

"Excellent," Brinknepley smiled. Then under his breath he whispered, "We'll soon be number one," and in louder tones, "Bring out the clo — rather, the performers!"

The curtains separated slowly, as if to cruelly add tension to the already unbe-



lievably tense moment. The students, barely recovered from their previous trauma, sat stiff with fear. Their fright, however, was transformed into shock when they saw exact copies of themselves, the Murrow graduates of 1981, begin to parade off the stage, smiling complacently. This feeling of shock was soon replaced by absolute disbelief when the real seniors saw "themselves" strolling out of the auditorium, resuming the exact conversations that they had held only minutes before. As the last clone exited, pre-announcement breathing was heard again. "This is the *real* Mr. Silverman," the assistant principal began in a very annoyed tone. "I am very sorry for the disruption on this extremely hot day, but it seems a prank has been played. No

senior meeting was scheduled for today, and all seniors are now ordered to return to classes immediately. Thank you," he concluded. The petrified silence which followed was broken only by one of Murrow's most perceptive students, who commented, "You know, I don't think it was in our best interest to come here today."

His statement was ignored, which never would have been the case under normal circumstances, for all eyes were on Brinknepley, who had begun to speak. "It is no longer safe for us to remain in this room. Therefore, we will conduct a *silent* evacuation. Since you have already witnessed our great power, I am sure you will agree that it is beneficial to your health to obey." After paus-

ing for a breath, he said, his voice brimming with excitement, "Our spaceship is right behind that partition," pointing to the folding wall which had always concealed the balcony seats.

But by the time the seniors turned around, the wall had disappeared, and so had the seats. In their place was a huge silver capsule, resembling something lifted from the pages of one of Ray Bradbury's works. Its lustre was such that some of the kids covered their eyes with sunglasses that had been perched on the tops of their heads purely for show. Somehow the spaceship was balanced on the slanted floor, but it didn't look very steady. Everybody gripped the armrests of their seats with a horror-induced strength when it started to sway.

The Rape Of The Lock*

Susan Roth and Lisa Safier

Canto First

One fair morn at Edward R. Murrow
A solemn visit was paid
To a beauteous mould of a lock.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her shone,
With some taking physics,
Others scribbling plays which cause the clever their visits to
delay,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of chemistry
Awaiting their untutored cerebra.

Canto Second

This day black, black omens threat
The brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's eyes.
What strange motive could compel a well-bred lord to as-
sault a gentle belle?
The chaste virgin lock with slim silver body
Showed her darkest black face,
With eyes flashing white.
A livid paleness spreads o'er her look
As she sees and trembles at the impending ill.

Canto Third

The knavish approaching lad now spreads
The glittering spark to enclose the lock;
Now joins it to divide
By force, he ravishes, or by fraud betrays,
To obtain and long possess the prize
He begs with ardent eyes
This "wondrous lock be mine!"
O wretched maid!
One ne'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd shackle
Already see your degraded combination
And all your honour in a whisper lost.
Let wreaths of triumph now my temple twine,
(The victor cried), The glorious prize is mine!

Canto Fourth

Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
Seeing the poor remnants of these slighted shards
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own
And tempts once more thy sacreligious hand.
O defiled basket case,
Was it for this you took such constant care?
Clos'd or unclos'd, since locks will turn to gray,
Since painted or not painted,
All shall fade!
O sinful viper, he shall feel sharp vengeance
Soon o'ertake his sins.



But the motion was only caused by the opening of the contraption's door, which resembled that of an airplane. A collapsible ladder fell limply out. The seniors watched blankly, and Brinknepley, with Bronepkaw and Channepcellor at his heels, ran to it.

"Well?" the leader screamed, losing some of his composure. "Move! Get on it!" Nobody flinched a muscle. Brinknepley whipped out a Saturday-night special, an all-too-Earthly version. "After you," he said sarcastically to his hostages.

The students felt that they had no choice. They began to board the spaceship.

Once inside, everyone was surprised

to see that the vehicle was virtually hollow. There were no seats, except for three in a small glass-walled control cubicle at the front. Towards the rear there was a similarly constructed room, except that it was empty. Many seniors, standing closely packed together, were reminded of the way it felt to go on a train during rush hour. They wondered if they would ever again experience the real thing.

Brinknepley had somehow made his way to the front. "Well, children, you are known to be very bright, and I am sure most of you have already figured out what it is we desire," he matter-of-factly stated. "So let us waste no more time. We want Edward R. Murrow."

"You're in Edward R. Murrow!" one senior cried out desperately,

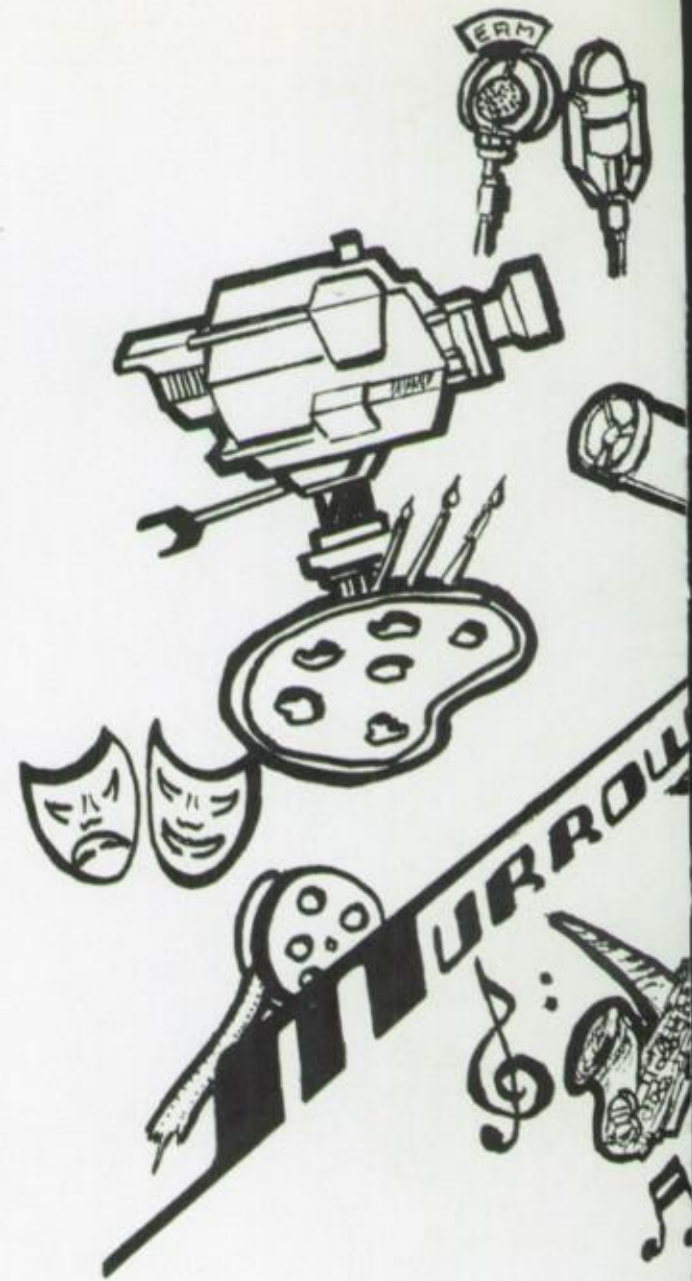
"Tsk, ts, dear boy," Channepcellor said, shaking his head. "You don't understand, I see."

"No, Chancepcellor," Bronepkaw explained eagerly, "I believe he's an amateur comic. In that case, we may be able to use him."

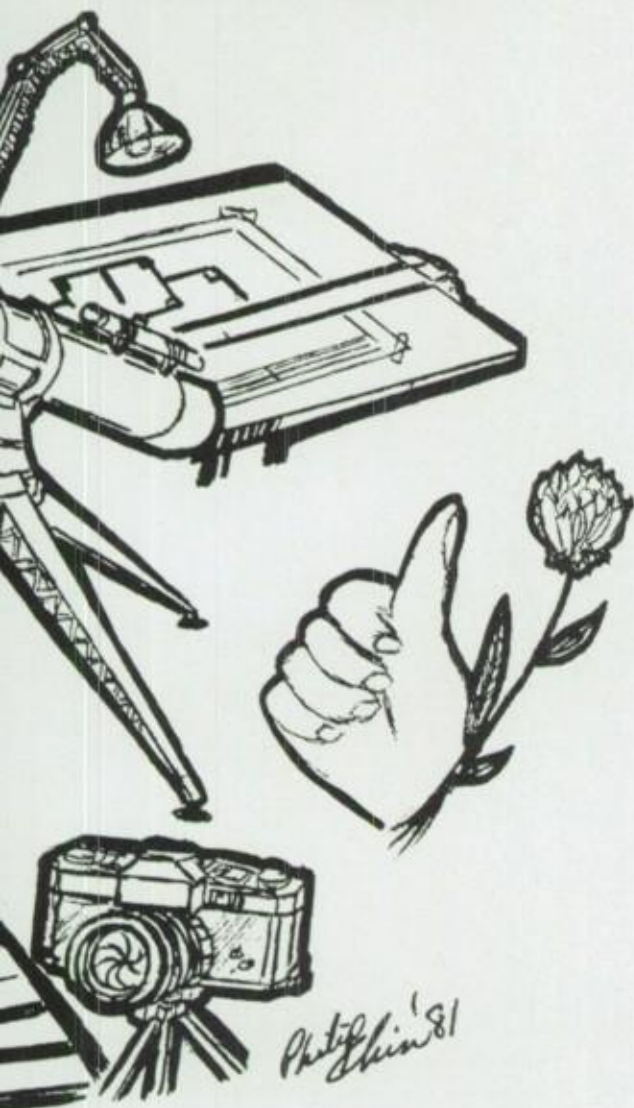
Brinknepley waved his arms impatiently. "Gentlemen," he warned his sidekicks, "I'll do the speaking. Now listen," he addressed the seniors, "We want to know where you are hiding Edward R. Murrow, and we want to know now!" he ominously threatened.

"But that's ridiculous! He's ... well, he's dead!" proclaimed the class history buff.

"I see. You're trying to conceal his whereabouts. How loyal," growled



ON THE AIR



We didn't know it was illegal. We were just trying to make money. Our customers were quite satisfied and came back again and again for more. What they were getting was good for them! And after all, why go somewhere else if you can get it at school? It was a real shame. Never again could we see students (and some teachers) lined up, money in hand, waiting to get it. But the sale of snack food in the S. A. store was to be no more. Oh well, it was great while it lasted.

Alisa Martin

Monday morning, and I just can't seem to get started. The stairs feel hard and unrelenting to my pounding feet. I reach the top, huffing and puffing, and the bright orange wall hits me in the face with a force that somehow propels me to my cool brown locker. I mumble a hello as I unload. What are they talking about? The chatter, full of work undone, weekend flings, concerts, movies, tests fills my head like hot air. Okay, I'm ready to take off, just show me where my class is

... (A Band) Fluorescents blare down their harsh white light, making shadows in everyone's faces. We all look like ghosts, except the girl who wears too much blush. Teacher speaks, it's 8:30. An hour of this? Resigned, we stare blankly at the teacher, as sound waves are emitted, bounce off our ears, and die away. He asks a question. The silence is terrible, full and empty at the same time. We do not think. Suddenly, someone shifts in a chair. I can't stand it anymore. I raise my hand and answer the question, my words thick and unknown to my ears, coming from somewhere in my brain, cracking the silence like an egg. The day has begun.

Susan Roth

While Rita begg'd and Aaron raged in vain,
"Restore the Lock!"
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear
(Which never more shall seal this mystical locker,
Which never more its honours shall renew
Clipp'd from the lovely home where late it laid)
This hand which won it shall forever wear a blackened nail.
This Lock the erudite scholars
Shall consecrate to fame and midst the stars
Inscribe Saul Bruckner's name!

*The revised version, with apologies to Alexander Pope.



Brinknepley, eyeing the group. "Hmmm ... perhaps some outdoor air pressure would change your way of thinking. Channepcellor, start the engine!"

"No, no, don't!" everyone suddenly begged. "He's dead! He really is! We swear ... " But their truth-telling was to no avail, and the sounds of a take-off were soon heard.

"Now, perhaps before we leave this universe," Brinknepley offered, "you would like to help us?"

The Murrowites did not relish the idea of becoming meteorites, but they did not know what to do. They looked at each other helplessly. Finally an elected official stepped up. "I guess this is why they invented senior class presidents," he thought. Then he softly said, "Sir ... ?"

"Speak up. What's your name?" Brinknepley barked.

"Anthony. Anthony I ... "

"Don't stutter. You what? What were you going to say? And why did you say your name twice? I'm not deaf," the creature, insulted, and surprised that someone was coming near him, remarked.

"Sir, Edward R. Murrow is really dead," Anthony spoke in a voice with all the honesty humanly possible to put into a voice. "Here, schools can only be named after people who are no longer with us."

"That's rather hard to believe," said Brinknepley, ready to pounce on the mere suggestion. "If schools are named after only deceased persons, that would mean that they never knew that they

were being honored. Correct?"

"Correct, sir, but that's just our silly Earth way, I guess," he chuckled, trying to sound light-hearted. He didn't quite succeed.

"You are not cooperating!" Brinknepley screamed in a moment of rare emotion. "We have to have Murrow! We have to ... " And a second later, Brinknepley collapsed on the floor, bawling like a starving baby. Everyone stared, and then Bronepkaw ran out of the control room into the main area.

"All right," said Bronepkaw, "I'm going to explain everything to you just once, so you'd better listen carefully. Stop looking at Mr. Brinknepley. He'll be all right. Poor man, kidnapping just isn't in him," he sympathetically cooed.



"To begin with, we are from the planet Neptune. You know, number eight? I hear you have a good astronomy program, so you should know. Anyway, getting back on the track, we are what you might call "big cheeses" with the Neptunian Broadcasting Company (commonly known as N.B.C.) And N.B.C., well ... it's not doing too well. We need Mr. Murrow, who had so many successful shows on television and radio, to give us some ideas. It's that simple," he said plainly.

"But it's not!" shouted a girl called Lisa the Flame, Flame for short. "Look, I am editor-in-chief of the yearbook, and I know this school inside-out! And Edward R. Murrow is neither inside or out!"

"If that is the case," Bronepkaw purred in a frightening tone, "somebody else had better come up with some good ideas. You see, those clones in your places self-destruct. We put them there in the first place because basically, we're pretty nice guys. We didn't want anyone to worry about you for a couple of hours. We figured we'd have gotten our information by then. But when they do self-destruct, they will poison and kill anyone within 100 yards. So unless you'd like to be responsible for a few thousand deaths, including your own, I'd suggest that you do some creative thinking. Quick!" he shouted.

"Okay!" Flame shuddered. "I'll get my two great literary talents on it right away. Elyag! Asila!"

"Yes, Flame," they acknowledged, running to her side. "We'll get our disciples together and come up with great shows!" Elyag promised.

"Lit staff!" bellowed Asila, "There's a lit staff meeting now! Can we use that little room?" Asila asked Bronepkaw.

"Why not?" Bronepkaw replied maliciously. "I'm sure nothing you could describe to us, no matter where you think it up, could come close to something of Murrow caliber."

The writers left the main group to work on the most important assignment they'd ever had. "They'll come through," Flame reassured herself semi-calmly. "They have to!"

Meanwhile, back at the school ...

... The clones were doing a fine job of replacing the Class of '81. Only a few flaws could be observed. And perhaps "flaws" is not the correct term, for to many, (teachers in particular,) these differences in behavior were definite improvements.

For example, those seniors who usually frequented the red staircase at Exit 3 had clones that possessed no desire to smoke, relax, or talk to each other. These new seniors had no use for a "hangout spot". On the contrary, the red staircase became a study lounge, a place for doing homework, reviewing for tests, and eating nutritious snacks of apples, bananas, granola bars, sunflower seeds, etc.

Should any of these "kids" or any of the other false Murrowites decide to go outside with their radios, only the sound of classical music drifted up into the classrooms, to the dismay of many freshmen, sophomores, and juniors, and the pleasure of most teachers.

Mr. Kornblum's calculus class, which just minutes before had no gusto whatsoever, was now filled with exuberance and begged for the derivation of every formula presented.

Similar scenes took place in all English classes containing the clones. Mr. Levitsky was astonished by the remarkable literary insight displayed by his AP English students. Mr. Dachs was equally surprised to hear his AP Composition class plead for his permission to write lengthy essays in a 40-minute band.

And in the classes taught by teachers with weak but faithful senses of humor, sincere, uproarious laughter exploded after each punchline. Not only were these "students" amused by the jokes of their teachers, but they also showed tremendous respect for all faculty members, and especially the principal. Therefore, when passing Mr. Bruckner in the hallways, clone girls curtsied gracefully, and the young men bowed deeply. In fact, one clone felt so humbled in the presence of the principal that he threw himself on the floor and lay prostrate at Mr. Bruckner's feet.

This respectful attitude was also obvious in the cafeteria. After cheerfully eating their pre-cooked lunches they threw away their garbage and stated proudly, "I am happy to throw away my tray, for this fair building is my second home - and no home of mine will be dirty." The lowerclassmen began to follow their example, and soon the cafeteria was spotless.

The clones' concerns were not limited to health, respect and cleanliness. Oh, no! They also cared about safety in the laboratory. The "seniors" in the AP Chem class did not wear their goggles around their necks or on top of their heads. Unlike their Earthling counterparts, they adjusted their goggles firmly in front of their eyes and chanted in unison, "Eyesight is precious and must be preserved. Therefore all safety rules must be observed."

In addition to the attention paid to safety rules, many clones worried about the lack of a strict dress code:

"You know, I feel strange not wearing a tie."

"I know what you mean. How could I have left my house with *Pro-Keds* on?"

"My jeans have ... they have ... HOLES in them!"

"I know we're not supposed to leave this beloved school during our OPTA bands, but we have to go out and get some decent clothes!"

"I agree. Sometimes a lesser evil must be committed to right a greater wrong."

And while Murrow was being turned topsy-turvy by the phony seniors, the real ones awaited the finished product which the yearbook editors would present to the Neptunians.

Elyag, Asila, and their disciples came out of the cubicle. "Sirs," Elyag began hoarsely, addressing Bronepkaw, Channepcellor (who could hear from the control room,) and Brinknepley (who had recovered from his fit.) "We have created Murrow versions of some of the most popular Earth television shows of the past few years. We feel that they would be perfect for broadcast on N.B.C. Remember, they are Murrow H.S. versions, they are just as good as if Mr. Murrow had told you them himself. They represent our best efforts, sooo ... please refrain from applauding until we have finished."

"Such modesty," grumbled Channepcellor.

"First," Asila gulped, drawing a deep breath, "We have:

'Happy Days', a.k.a. 'Sabbaticals'. Adults past their teenage years try to regain a bit of youth by going back to school, traveling, or doing anything else they can think of to escape their jobs (and students.) Cast of characters includes Arthur Mansonrelli, Richie Hanningham, and good ol' Butzie."

"NO!" yelled Brinknepley. "What a ridiculous plot! What names! How dare you even offer that to us, refined Neptunians! I should have you changed into Devil Dust!"

"No, no, don't do that!" Elyag pleaded. "We have something better, Really! Just listen. It's a nighttime serial - called 'Malice'. Here's the synopsis:

In his time, infamous oil magnate J.R. McHughing has made many enemies, and one of these has taken it upon himself to expel J.R. from this solar system. Therefore, the entire Neptunian population spends its summer vacation trying to figure out 'Who expelled J.R.?'"

Brinknepley's skin faded to a pale lavender. "What gall you have to suggest that the people of our planet would waste their time on such frivolous nonsense!" he whispered horribly. "I'm giving you just one more chance and then ..."

"Don't even say it," Asila said, with millions of times more assurance that she felt. "Our final idea is just heavenly. Here's how each episode would begin:

Three little ladies were involved in a boring curriculum, consisting of subjects such as English, math and science. But I took them away from that - my name is Saulie, and I teach AP American History!"

"Get it?" laughed Elyag too hysterically. "Saulie's Angels", 'Char - "

"Do you mean to say, you - you - nincompoops, that these are the best ideas students from Edward R. Murrow High School could formulate?" Brinknepley loudly sputtered. "Shhh! Don't open your mouths again," he requested as if he was going to faint, when Elyag and Asila tried to answer him. "If these are the best, then," he paused dramatically, "I don't think we want Mr. Murrow either. After all, how bright could the man be to let a school filled with these featherbrains be named after him?" Bronepkaw and Channepcellor nodded in agreement, while exchanging glances

that clearly expressed the feeling that their spokesman was on the verge of a breakdown.

"Get them off my spaceship!" hollered Brinknepley, and then he emitted a primal scream. The seniors watched in horror and a little pity as their captor fell writhing to the floor, mumbling "The next one, the next one ..."

"You heard him," Channepcellor said, as he shut off the engine, "Out."

"But we're in space!" everyone argued.

"Silly children!" Bronepkaw chided. He touched his nose, which camouflaged a small purple button, and the door with the ladder opened again. The students saw that motion had been faked, and that they'd never left Murrow. "Just one minute," Bronepkaw suddenly remembered. "We have to get your little friends back." With that, the lights began to dim, and soon the gleams of hundreds of eyes could be perceived in the darkness. Then even they were no longer visible, and ...

Everything was back to normal. The 90° heat was making all the seniors sticky and irritable. No one was giving the impression that he was willing to do work. And there was much of talking between seatmates:

"You know, why didn't we just leave originally when the clones did?"

"I don't know. I would have, but nobody else did."

"Me too. Maybe they had us in their power ..."

"Power?" Mr. Kornblum heard. "That's absolutely correct. Excellent. Now, what power do we raise it to?" He had been rejuvenated before when his class had "come to life."

"This is a derivation!" the class suddenly noticed. "Why the (insert your favorite expletive) are you giving us derivations?"

Mr. Kornblum walked over to the window and peered out in total confusion. Had he been listening to what was going on on the street, he would have heard:

"Who changed WPLJ to WPAT? I don't want to hear a string recital in A-flat minor!"

And on the second floor:

"Three poems to interpret for tomorrow? Feffy, you've flipped your wick!"

Down the hall from them:

"You can't be serious! Write an essay? Tonight? On what?"

"I just said," Mr. Dachs answered in bewilderment. "Anything you want."

"I think I'll write about a trip into outer space," joked one student.

As everyone laughed, the teacher commented, "Isn't that topic a little clichéd?"

When half the class fell off their seats in an explosion of giggles, he thought, "It must be the heat ..."

Note: All references to existing individuals are purely intentional.

PERSPECTIVES

I wish I didn't have to go up to the 67th floor so often. These big windows drive me crazy. I always feel like I'm going to fall out, and it's a long way down to the ground.

Look at those people walking on the street. They look so tiny — like little ants. Actually, even up close, that's all they are — ants. That's all we can ever hope to be. We're so small, so insignificant. We live in this gigantic universe that spans farther than our minds can comprehend.

Nothing would change if I weren't here. I'm meaningless. I don't matter. The earth would still revolve around the sun and all of nature's creatures would still play and fight if I disappeared.

Nature's creatures . . . that reminds me. The cat! No one fed the cat! I'd better leave. I wonder if anybody remembered to water the plants or to make a salad for dinner. Oh, I forgot, I have to go shopping for food also. Where is the elevator when you need it?

Oh God, what would they do without me?

Julie Schwedock

One Of Life's Problems, Masquerading As A Snowball

Gayle Turim

A snowball, with a deceptively innocent, glimmering blanch surface, was enlarging ominously as it began its journey down from the peak of the mountain. A goatherder's daydreaming young son simultaneously left the coziness of his fireplace-blessed chalet, situated on the mountainside, to visit his friend in the village of the valley. The snowball rolled closer and closer to the child, but not until a few flying stray ice crystals brushed his back did he become aware of its presence.

He panicked and tried to get out of the snowball's path. Conscious of his throbbing stomach muscles and panting breath, he darted right, left . . . but it seemed to follow him, almost playfully. At times, the boy felt that the snowball would surely knock him down, and he wanted to stop. His feet, however, did not share these feelings, and they kept him running, till the child finally reached the valley.

He played at his friend's home for a few hours. When he left, it was sundown, and while all the snow on the peak was still exquisite, its sparkle was gone for the night.

The boy soon passed a large cluster of bushes at the foot of the mountain that he was sure must have been the final obstacle for the snowball. At first glance, he supposed he had been mistaken, because no giant snowball was in sight. Then he looked more closely, and noticed a snowball, about the size of his fist, resting quietly between the bottom branches. The monstrous creation had melted down to this truly innocent plaything in the warm afternoon sun.

The child contemplated the new object, cradling it in the palm of his mittened hand. "Well," he decided, blushing internally, remembering his previous fear, "I never thought it was *that* overwhelming anyway."

Wisdom is sacred,
but few open their souls to it.
Beauty is dazzling,
but no one truly attains it inside and out.
Perfection is chaste,
but no where to be found.
Love is an affection,
within everyone's grasp.

Lisa Griffin

In English we spent weeks discussing "Madame Bovary," and how Emma's romantic and idealistic visions of the way each of life's experiences should "look" had ruined her very existence. And we all shook our heads and "tsk-tsk-ed" and said things like, "How could she possibly believe that everything could be picture-perfect?" "There must have been something psychologically wrong with her." "You feel sorry for her, but she brought on all her tragedies herself."

Listening to such comments day after day, I became more and more reflective. The author, Flaubert, had once said, "Emma is me;" there was a point when I felt that I could truthfully state that as well. What was so wrong with someone expecting to receive what she felt was the best life had to offer? I did — I still do. My high, maybe even naive and unrealistic aspirations, seem out of place in today's violent, frightened, unstable world, but I'll keep them for now, thank you.

If I discover someday that one, some or all of my dreams will never materialize, I'm fairly confident that I'll be able to deal with the knowledge better than Emma Bovary could. I hope so, anyway.

Emma's downfall was the fact that she could not accept any sort of deviation from her plans, not the fact that she had plans. We shouldn't have condemned her so strongly for her natural, if exaggerated, desires. Maybe I am not Emma, but there is a little of her in me, and, I think, in everybody.

Gayle Turim

Going Home

Jerry Colonna

A cold rush of wind whips my face as I lean over the edge of the platform. No train. Not even a rumble from the tunnel. No sign of any headlights either. I'll sit on the bench over by the big blue garbage thing. What are they called? Probably trash bins. Who knows? From the tracks comes the familiar click of the third rail being juiced up. It signals the approach of the train. Cars rumble past me. I search the sides of them for identification. "A - LEFFERTS BLVD", it reads. I step aboard and quickly take an inconspicuous seat. When you ride the "A" train it's important that you be as inconspicuous as possible.

Cold feet. Sweaty palms. A strong odor of warm beer fills my nostrils. Slowly, the unmistakable stench of urine reaches my seat. I look up from my modern Japanese novel and see a mass of clothing posing as a man. The initial shock passes, partly from immunity and partly from the desire to turn away. My eyes return to the book, but my mind can't forget its last image. The sight of the man burns in my mind. I close my eyes but it does no good. Reluctantly my eyes follow my mind. I begin to stare but catch myself. I was always taught that it is wrong to stare at others. At least I think that's what I was taught. Maybe it was that it's wrong to care. Oh well, I know it was one of them.

Now I put on my subway rider face. I stare blankly at the advertisements, pretending to read. I look around the car, taking care not to look into anyone's eyes else they might think I was challenging them. Challenging someone is very dangerous.

I try to read my book. I've lost my place. I close the book. Again I look around the car avoiding the gaze of the man sitting opposite me. The fluorescent light gives everything an eerie white tint. The walls, floors, doors and seats all have this strange whiteness to them. Even the colorful ads can't escape the light's whitening power. "It whitens and brightens," reads one detergent ad. That's funny.

I decide to look into the next car. This is dangerous, for someone in the next car may be deciding to look in my car. A tall black man appears at

the door. His clothes are all white and his shoes are black. Jet black. He's carrying a green canvas bag. He's followed by another black man in white. The first man is yelling. He fascinates me. I can't help listening to him. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We are sorry for the intrusion. My brother and I represent the Ann-salaam community in Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. And on behalf of the children in our school we'd like to thank you for the support you've given the school. However, we'd like to point out how much help we still need." It is the usual barrage. These men ride the trains all the time and I'd often seen them before. But this time there's something different in the words he is speaking. Instead of the usual appeal for money, he is asking for support from his "brothers." Am I a brother? I guess not. He's asking for support so he can, "Throw off the yoke of oppression from the black race". What does he mean? He gets little response from the passengers. At the next stop he leaves the car, his companion quickly following.

My eyes follow them out the door, then slowly turn towards the living bundle of clothing at the other end of the car. Is he a brother?

The rhythmic motion of the train is rocking me to sleep. But the new odor of cigarette smoke combined with the beer and burning urine knocks the sleepiness out of me. I've got to get out. I stand, risking my anonymity and possibly presenting a challenge. I enter the next car, taking an even bigger risk. I sit, knowing that it was stupid to move like that. Something isn't right. I look up. Four guys are standing around my seat and people are staring at us. I guess they were challenged. I watch them as they watch me. No point in avoiding their eyes now. One of them coughs loudly, then spits. It hits me in the shoulder. I am humiliated and terrified. They laugh. The people look away. They each take turns, hitting and spitting. I feel like a coward. What can I do? I take it.

It's all over in a few minutes. They run out of the car, laughing. I can't take the peoples' silent staring . . .

"OXFORD AVE.", the conductor garbles. My stop; time to get off. I step out of the car. The doors close. As the train pulls out it takes all trace of light with it. The station lights are out. I walk towards the staircase, knowing every step of the way from the countless number of times I've walked it. I wave to the man in the token booth. I don't know his name but I've seen him almost every night for the last four years. Walking out into the street I see a familiar yellow haze. It's Moe's Candy Store. I walk in and see Moe standing behind the counter. He's wearing his big brown cowboy hat and a warm friendly smile. I walk to the counter in the back and sit on a stool. It's one of those stools that have no back and you can spin all the way around in it. Moe meets me back there and I smile and ask him if he's doing alright. He nods and pulls out a long frosty glass and pours some milk in it. He asks me what flavor I want. I tell him and he begins creating one of the best egg creams in New York. The glass is set in front of me and I stare at its curious blend of black and white. It's a beautiful brown. I sip, and let the fresh coolness slide down my throat. Soon it's finished. I reach for the pretzels, the long, half-stale ones. I take two. I hand Moe a dollar and wish him a good night. He smiles and waves. The cold air feels good against my raw face. I begin the long walk home. The pretzels taste wonderful. I feel happy. I look up and see the moon. It's shining a bright yellow.



Someone once told me I could find the unicorn . . . So I slid on my kaleidoscope glasses and discovered the escalator to imagination. The runaway train was waiting for me at the top. The invisible conductor sped me through the sky to the land of Forbidden Reality. And there on a cloud lay the creature of fascination. I climbed upon his silky back and rode him to the kingdom of the Skeptic. I knocked upon his door but there was no answer. Then I saw the sign —

Wanted: Rationalization and Reason. Residents of Fantasy need not apply.

Athena Abadiotakis

Ah!

Eddie Meléndez

Ah! Welcome!
Be seated where you please
You are about to witness the
greatest of shows,
And the saddest of tales.

I stand before you:
A master of disguise, a perfecter of
pseudonym
And one of the greatest actors of all
time.

Many a personality is portrayed and
Many a costume is worn
Jester, stuntman, or scholar
Ask of me what you wish, and I
will perform.

Me, you ask for me?
You make a strange demand.
I offer you the most peerless of
individuals
And in turn you ask for the most
Simple.

No matter. I will try to please you,
But no doubt you will be
disappointed
For I am nothing more
Than the roles I play.

I begin the difficult chore
Of digging under the humor and
shenanigans of a jester
Under the cuts and bruises of a
stuntman

... Under the tears ...
You find a lonely, barren being
One who is merely a reflection of
the roles he plays
Hiding behind them so
No one will see the truth.

And so you have seen
Are you pleased?
I am not
I had no urge to see what lingered
in my soul
Dark and dreary spectrum that it is

Leave, go, please go
I have no need for you, go!
And as I watch your departure
A look of helplessness
No, of scorn lingers on my face
Why?

Now alone, the questions
burn within me
Why curse?
Why disgust?
Why resent?

The tears flow freely from my eyes
down my cheeks across the stage
and down the aisles leaving me

They did not see.
Only I saw beneath the masks,
The makeup,
The costumes
I saw,
Me.



Women's Lib, According To Me

Alisa Martin

Women have the same right as men to be bus drivers. However, if a man and a woman are standing in a bus, and there is an empty seat, the woman should get the seat.

In the same light, when a woman gets a job, she should be paid the same amount as any man. However, if there is a line of men waiting to get their paychecks, the woman should be allowed to go ahead, for after all, she is a lady.

And when two people get married, and the woman works full time, she should not be expected to come home to cook and clean. Either a maid is to be hired, or the husband must share the household duties. However, if there is a mouse in the house, the hubby must catch and kill it, for after all, that's a man's job.

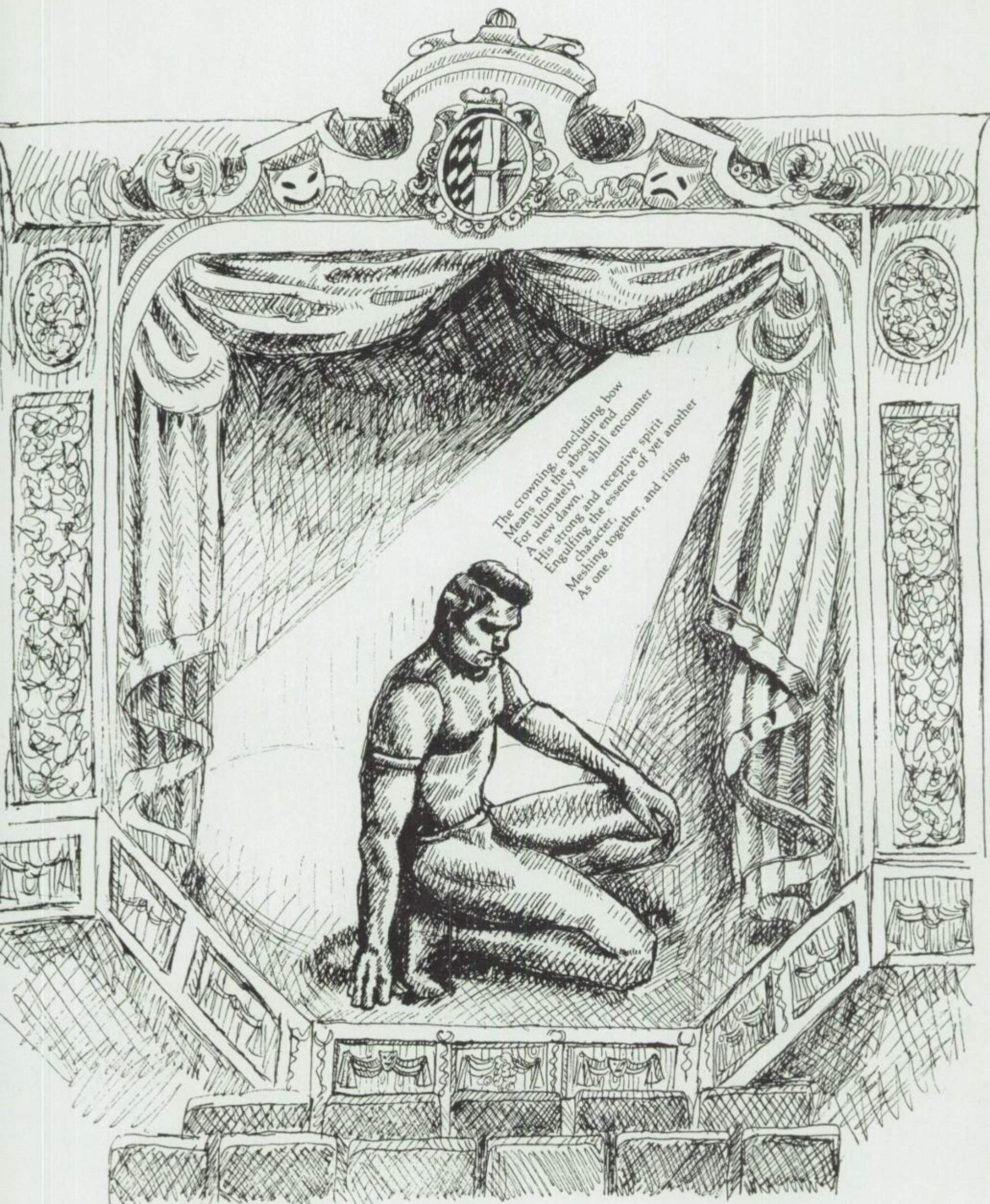
And if the draft is ever reinstated, men and women should both be drafted. However, men should do the actual fighting, because those guns have a tendency to get very heavy, and ...



My Mother's Love

Andrea McKie

I remember nights that
had no end
and voices that seemed
to ring out in the dark
Where four in a bed
still made you feel alone
For mom did a double shift then
doing more than nine to five
so we could all survive
But I remember her
returning home
so beat she could not
comfort us
so withdrawn I thought
she did not care



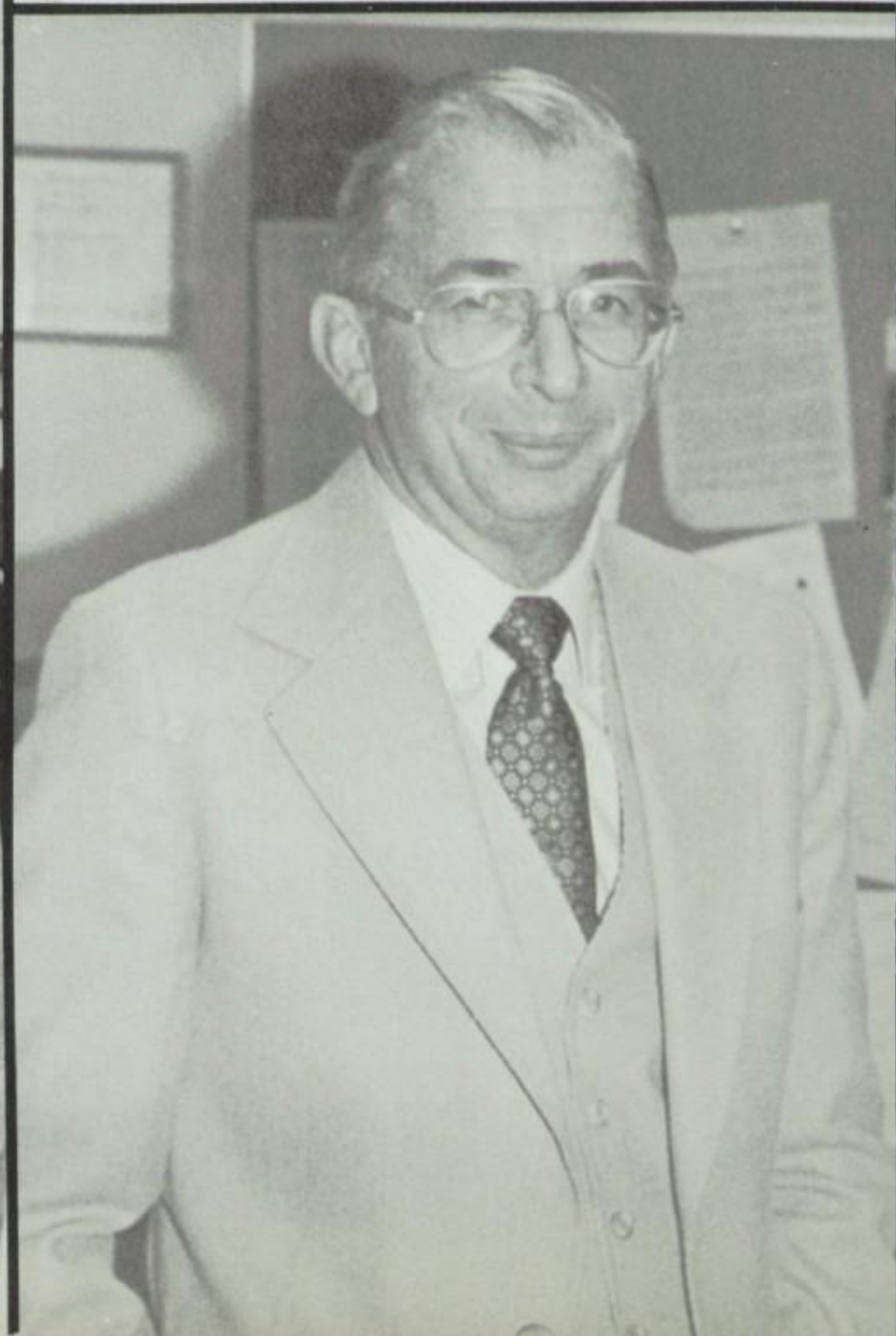
The crowning, concluding bow
Means not the absolut end
For ultimately he shall encounter
A new dawn,
His strong and receptive spirit
Engulfing the essence of yet another
character,
Meshing together, and rising
As one.



FA



ULTY



SAUL BRUCKNER, PRINCIPAL



edward r. murrow high school

THE COMMUNICATION SCHOOL

1600 AVENUE L, BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11230

"All the world's a stage", said William Shakespeare. For the past three or four years you have performed on that portion of the stage known as Edward R. Murrow High School. You have given many performances for many audiences. Some of your class performances received rave reviews; others merited more critical remarks. Yet, overall the performance of the graduating class of 1981 has been an outstanding one. And now, with diplomas in hand, you are taking your show on the road. The members of this graduating class will shortly be performing in many different roles before new audiences in many different locales. Many of you will assume the role of college students, others will assume roles in the world of business and some will assume roles in the Armed Forces. Yet, these will not be the last roles that you will assume in life. Some of your future roles will be easy to assume; others will be more difficult. But whatever roles you assume, play them with honesty, with dignity and with courage. And if you are faced by doubts as you face new audiences on the larger stage, always remember that you have friends at Edward R. Murrow High School who are "rooting" for your success. Best Wishes.

Saul Bruckner, Principal



RITA PALERMO, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

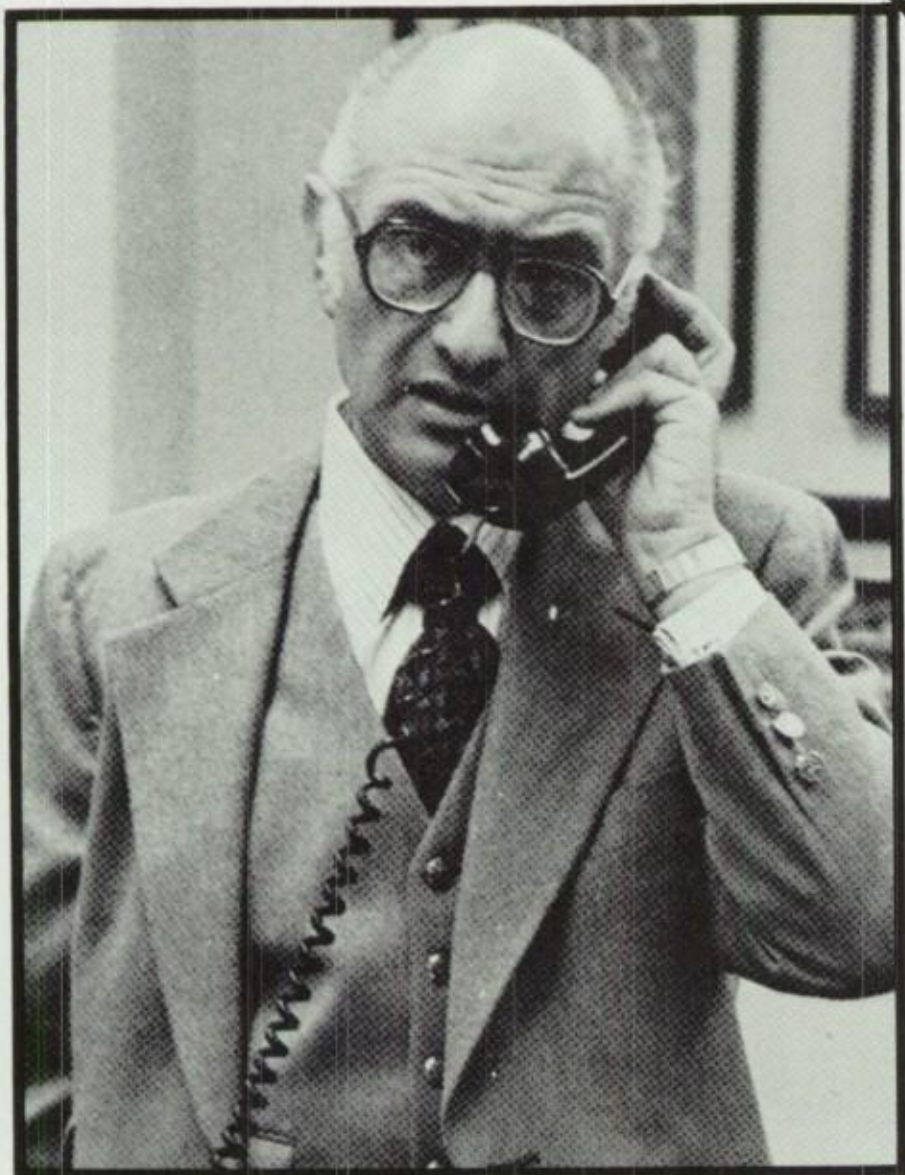
Mrs. Rita Palermo cared about our emotional states while we were growing and thriving in the scholastic atmosphere of Murrow. As Assistant Principal in charge of Guidance, she aided us in overcoming any problems we had, and, probably more important, helped prevent new ones from developing in later life by obtaining and popularizing the opportunity for Murrow students to take the Johnson O'Connor tests free of charge. We rank her in the 100th percentile for the aptitudes of expressing genuine concern for others and lending a sympathetic ear.

"Good morning, this is Mr. Silverman; it's time for the morning announcements . . . " We must have heard that phrase hundreds of times, but the sound of it always remained warm and comforting, filling us with anticipation for the day to follow. Mr. Aaron Silverman, Assistant Principal in charge of Administration, exuded the same type of aura personally — stable and full of pride in Murrow. He made sure student and faculty life ran smoothly always taking a personal interest in applicants for admission to the Murrow community. He always made the right decisions. We go in, didn't we?



KENNETH DUGGAN, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

AARON SILVERMAN, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL



The overwhelming computerization of Murrow was a fact we immediately became acquainted with upon seeing our first program cards. Little did we know then the work that went into assuring 3,000 students a specific place to go for each of nine bands, or the man that did most of it, Mr. Kenneth Duggan, Assistant Principal in charge of Programming. Every course selection sheet we ever completed found its way to the computer, but not before Mr. Duggan had approved it. For his excellent record (a drastically reduced rate of "See Grade Advisor" over the past four years), the class of '81 grants him special permission to take AOK1: *FOR A JOB WELL DONE.*

GUIDANCE



CLOCKWISE: RITA PALERMO, LINDA LERNER, CHERYL BOMZER, ARVIN SHAPIRO, TOBE JOFFE



GRADE

Mrs. Rita Palermo, Assistant Principal in charge of Guidance, directed the show. It was she who guided the guidance counselors who in turn guided us. And we needed as much guidance as we could get.

Through the hard times, they always maintained their sense of humor while they helped us wade through the paper, cut through the red tape, and sort out our futures. When all was said and done, they made waiting on line worthwhile.

SUITE



Dear David,
It's been such an
incredible pleasure for me
to know you. You have helped to
make my years at Murrow
a very exciting time.
Love, Lydia

CLOCKWISE: LYDIA STAIANO, EDWARD BECKOFF, WALTER STEINHANDLER, JOAN SANFILIPPO, STEVEN BERGER, CAROL JAHRE, JAMES MCHUGH

Dear David,
Knowing you
has been a joy -
over "little chats"
in the morning over
a delight "change"
Best regards,
Joan Sanfilippo

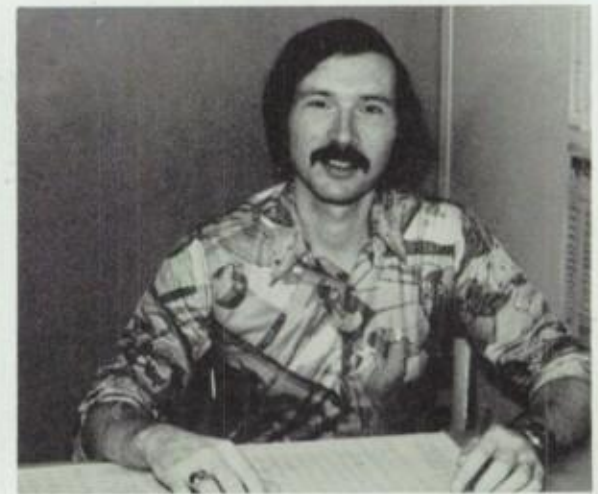


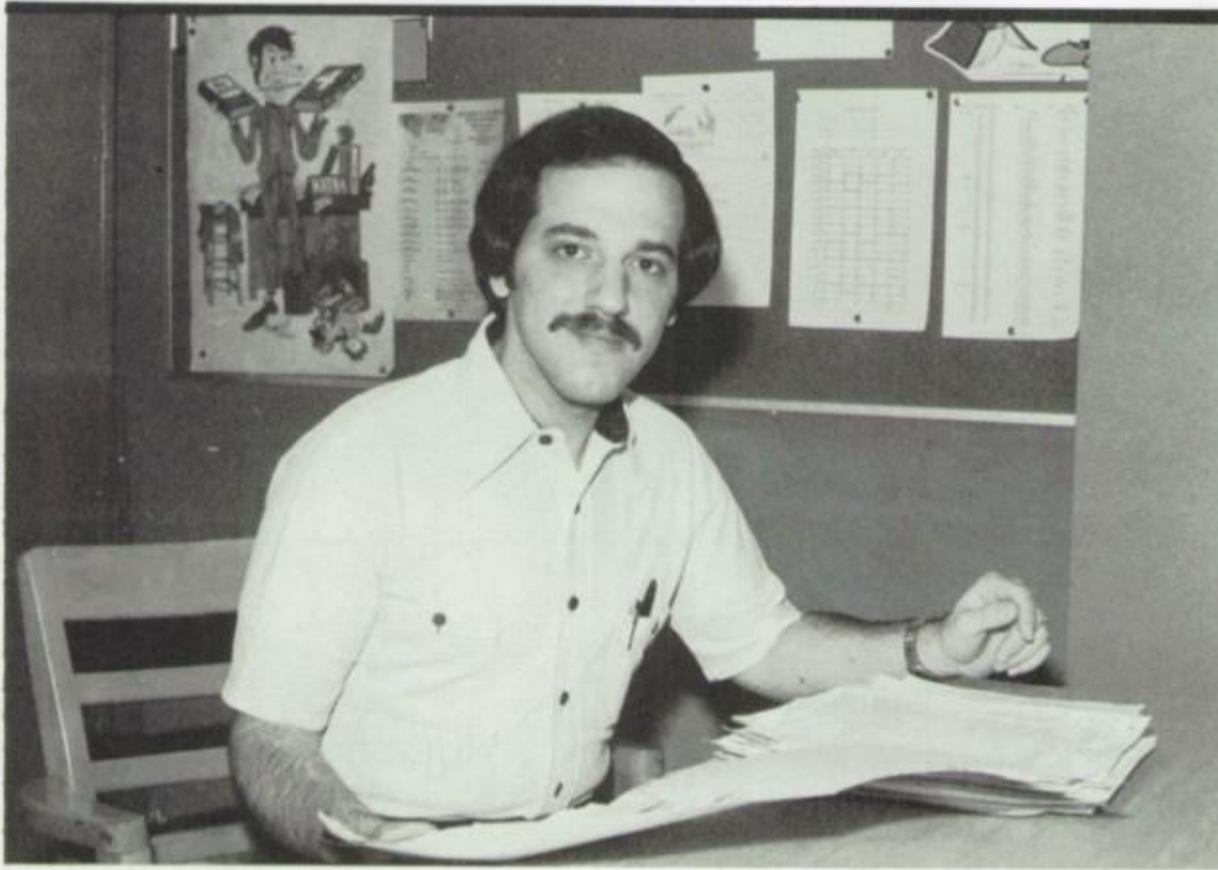
ADVISORS

Room 124, the Guidance Suite, was the place where we were privileged to wait for audiences with our royal grade advisors. We were theoretically only supposed to meet with them once a cycle after Course Selection Day, but usually we were blessed with more than one reason to visit them. They were always patient and gracious, even when we came in with programs giving us Calculus as freshmen and Writer's Workshop as seniors.

Although some thought that our grade advisors' diligence would keep us in school forever, somehow they managed to graduate most of us on time. They made life at Murrow orderly, if complicated and interesting. Some of the best friendships were made waiting on line!

To David,
BEST wishes
TO a very nice BOY,
BEST OF LUCK,
S. Berger





PROGRAM OFFICE

Mr. Ronald Weiss, known for his talents as a math teacher, supervised the Program Office where our selected classes were arranged into that cycle's schedule. In an experimental school like Murrow, the unique factor of allowing students to play an important role in course selection could not have been successful without the dedication of Mr. Weiss and those who worked in the Program Office.

COLLEGE OFFICE

During our senior year, the College Office became a second home for most of us. Mrs. Hazel Tishcoff was always available to discuss our school plans, scholarship, tests or just to talk. She saw each one of us as an individual. She noted our weaknesses and recognized our gifts. We worked closely with her and the other college advisors in making our final post-Murrow plans.

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: HAZEL TISHCOFF, PEARL GELB, JUNE FRIEDMAN, ANITA DeMATTIA



SERVICES



ATTENDANCE OFFICE

The Attendance Office, headed by Ms. Marlane Nussbaum, was an integral part of Murrow. She and the A.O. workers made sure that accurate records of our absences and latenesses were kept. And on those occasions when a computer went haywire and changed one absence to 11, Ms. Nussbaum and her aides made certain that the mistake would not show on a permanent record.



CUTTING OFFICE

Mr. Michael Mead supervised the Cutting Office. *Of course, there was no need for such an office, for Murrow students did not cut classes.* A Murrowite might be very late to a class, or get lost on the way to class, but NEVER would he or she cut. The mysterious thing, however, was that Mr. Mead and his faithful band of workers always seemed very busy . . .



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
MARLANE NUSSBAUM, BETTY
GARDNER, LUCILLE HOCHMAN,
IDA LISANTI.



MICHAEL MEAD

Dear David
 best of luck
 a great young
 man.
 Fondly
 Phyllis Haley



All the best David
 wishing you a great
 future.
 Audrey Neal

Dear David
 was my
 treasure to know
 such a fine young
 man. Good luck
 Mildred Day

The school secretaries performed a multitude of jobs. Every school has secs. but Murrow has the best secs. They assisted the administrators by answering phones, typing letters and notices, and doing much work without which Murrow could not have survived. Our eternal thanks to Morrow's secs.

Dear David, best of
 The very wonderful
 wishes for a wonderful
 future.
 Nora Board



Sydelle Gottlieb



Lillian Morris

For the record, the record office kept records in their office, and made transcription corrections in record time. Without the time and effort, our records would have been wrecked. This is a recording ...



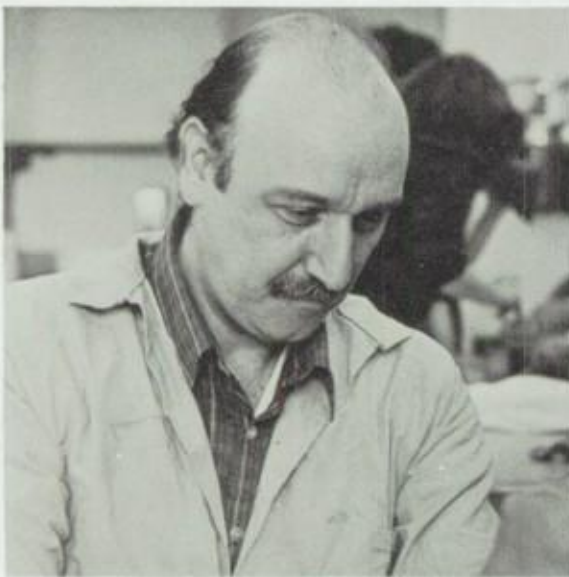
CAREER EDUCATION

"The world is black, the world is white . . . ", was especially true at Murrow. Classes offered included Black and White T.V., Black and White Photography, and Graphics, with its black ink on white paper. Art students made silhouettes, typists made contrasting "X" pictures, and grimy grease always decorated previously spotless shop aprons. Black and white definitely should have been the Career Education Department's colors.

**DONALD PITKOFF,
CHAIRPERSON**

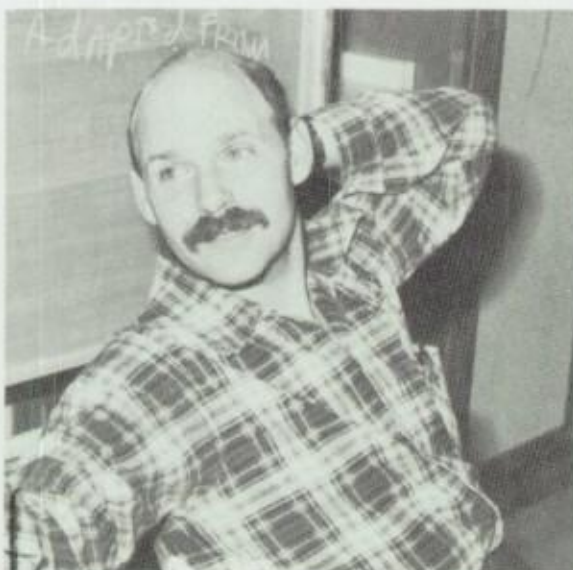
FINE ARTS

**SHELDON
BIEBER**



CARL LEFTON

JOHN LACHKY



My fingertips once tingled as the brush made a stroke, and a perfect blend of paint once made my eyes sparkle, but my nose still twitches at the thought of that terrible toxic turpentine!

NINA HORSTMANN



INDUSTRIAL ARTS



JOSEPH ANZALONE

The thrill of molding your own creation and the agony of having it reconstructed to the teacher's design were emotions commonly experienced in ceramics class. Needless to say, the finished products often reflected the agony and the ecstasy.

HOWARD
KAZER



GERALD
TOBIN



Automotive classes at Murrow always had the most interesting and famous guests. In just one cycle, the students heard from Herbie the Love Bug's psychiatrist, Chitty Chitty Bang Bang's mechanic, and my mother (the car).



JOHN KENDALL

What did Mr. Bruckner's nameplate, the showcases of intricate architectural designs on the first floor, and course selection sheets have in common? They were all produced by kids devoted to the Career Ed Dep't. and to Murrow. Their service to the school was invaluable and Murrow wouldn't have been the same without them.

GEORGE
ZHOROFF



MARC
LEVINSON



BUSINESS EDUCATION

GRACE
PALLOTTA



JUNE
FRIEDMAN



JUDY HOLMES

Accounting was a very popular course with the boys in Murrow. They were all interested in learning about figures.



CAROL JAHRE

OLGA
MARTON



JUDY
RUDIN

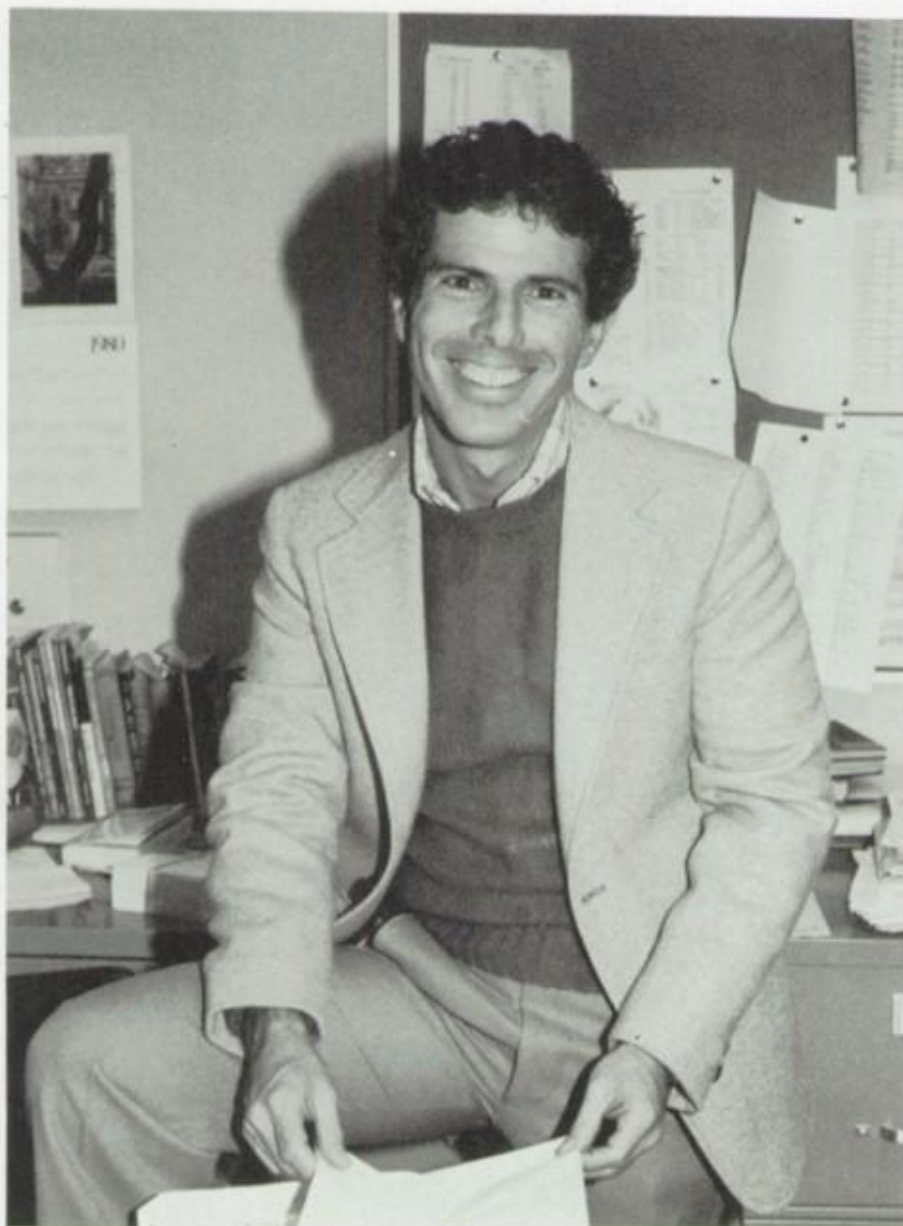


GEORGE LERNER

Even after a year of typing, I still couldn't figure out why the quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.



SUE TOBIN



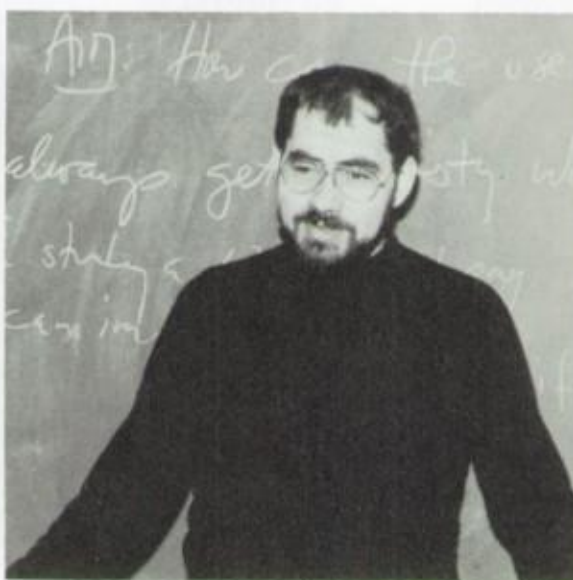
COMMUNICATION ARTS

Whether we read, wrote, acted, or spoke, the Communication Arts Department provided excellent training. Whether we became poets, journalists, critics, actors, or became devoted to one of the many other professions, we all communicated. We were introduced to the greats of literature — from Shakespeare to Fitzgerald. Who doesn't remember the four-paragraph essays in the 9th grade which led to the four-page essays of the 12th grade? And how could anyone forget the improvisations, skits, and commercials in the speech classes which helped many of us discover talent we never knew we had! It is no wonder that Murrow was called *"The Communications School."*

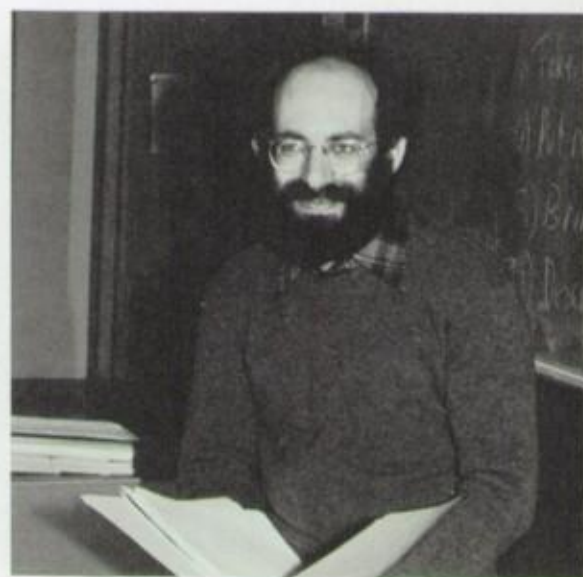
STEPHEN SILVERMAN,
CHAIRPERSON



JUDITH BEREZIN

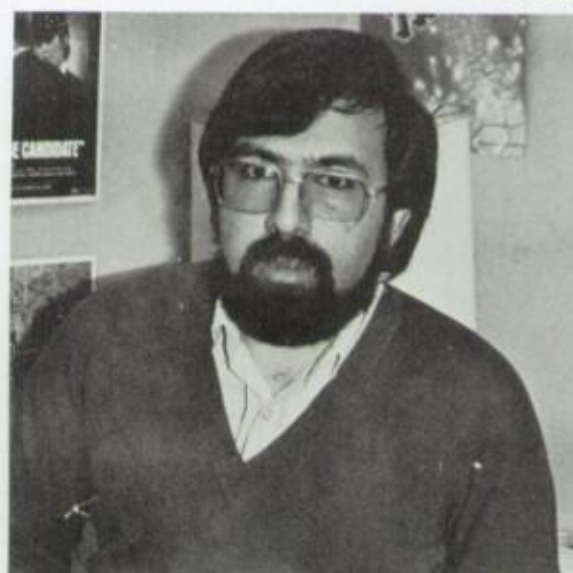


BEN DACHS



MICHAEL EDELMAN

DORIS
EINBEINDER

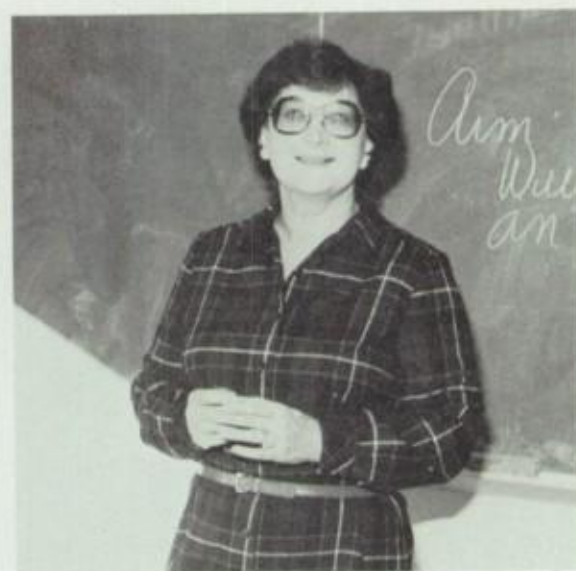


ROBERT
ELLMAN



RICHARD HANLEY

The word "literature" had such a stuffy ring to it as a freshman. But, like a person who has an unfriendly air yet longs for someone to unmask his true feelings, formerly foreboding classics became intimate friends. Within many pieces, there were "worldly" treasures begging to be discovered. After they were, the sound of "literature" suddenly flowed like a natural waterfall and shone like a constellation on a clear June night.



PHYLLIS JAFFE



GERTRUDE KARABAS



CHARLOTTE LEFTON



LINDA LERNER

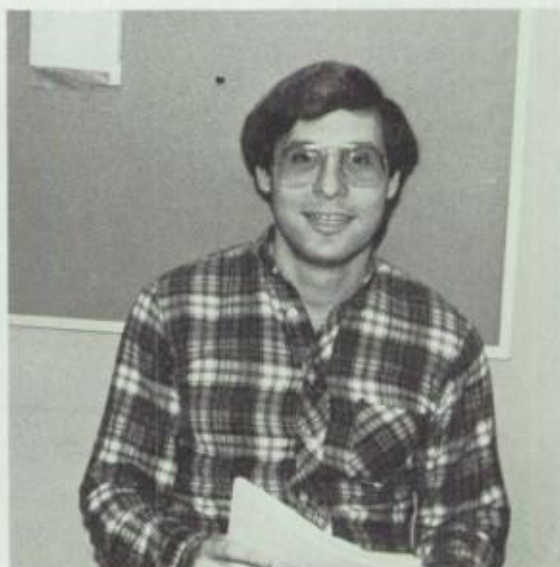
The great part of AP English was that not only did we learn how to write a "perfect" essay or how to catch the use of symbolism, but we also learned about people and places that we wouldn't have known existed otherwise. It was a course about life in general. Of course, it was difficult to remember these benefits while writing a term paper five hours before it was due, but even then we were learning that "that's life!"



JEFFREY LEVITSKY



LINDA LIBERMAN



BARRY MARCUS

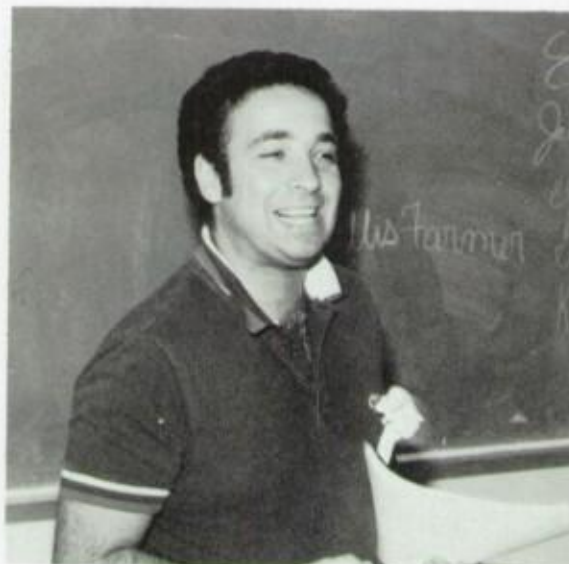
BARRY OSTER



MICHAEL RIEMAN



Automation was an important aspect of Murrow life. In *Acting Studio*, before you learned how to act like a person, you did an exercise in which you became a machine .. a machine a machine ...



A more petrified group of kids had never been seen in a Murrow classroom the day we began describing our "Me" collages in *Person to Person*. But a few weeks later, when the last "... and this shows that I like ..." had been stammered, most of us realized that it hadn't been so bad, and even more surprisingly, a substantial number had really enjoyed the experience. And not a single person fainted while speaking to the class.

JONATHAN SCHEIN

ROSE SCHLOSSBERG



JULIUS TRACHTEN

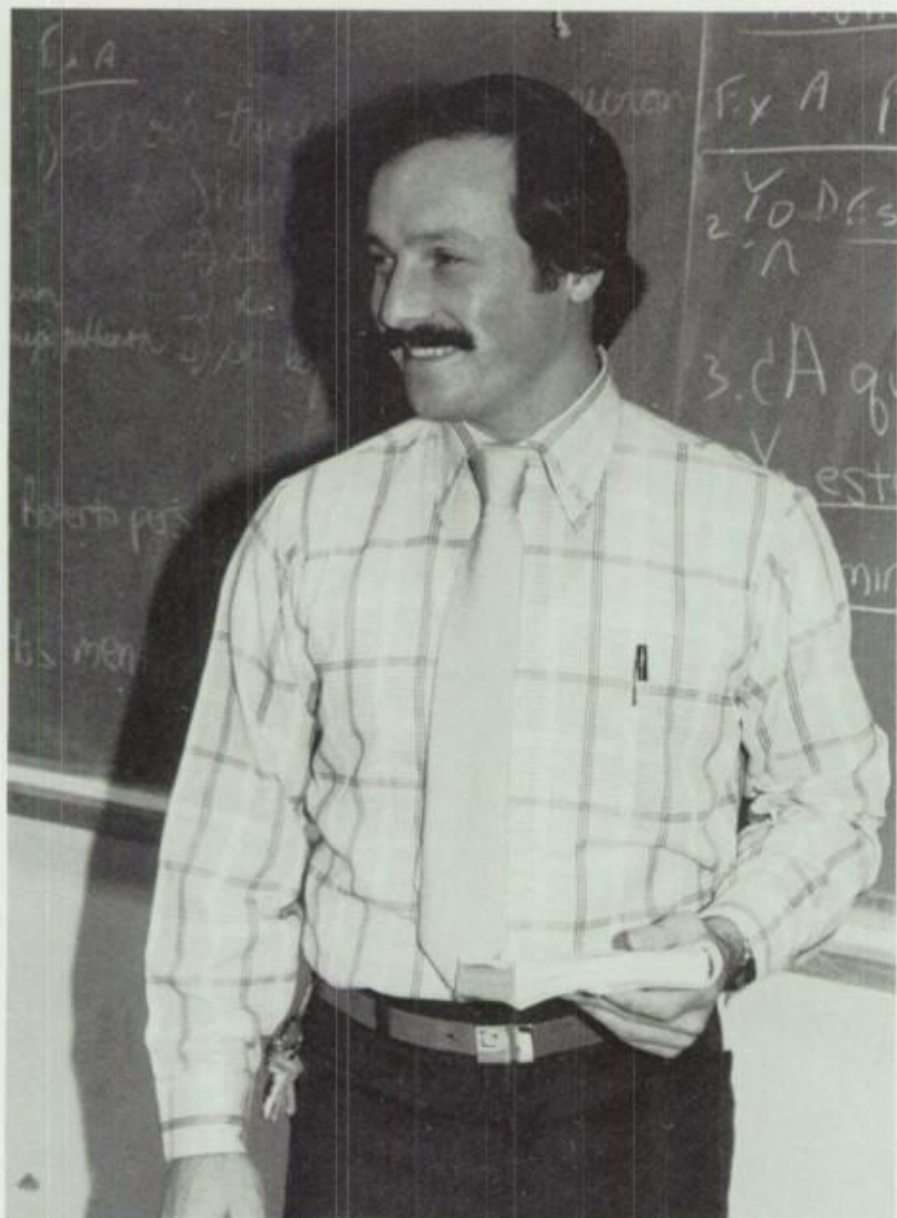


When the curtain came down on opening night of the *Big Apple Revue*, I felt that for the first time, I was a true Murrowite. I finally saw that the big deal everyone made over the Communication Arts Department's excellent productions was definitely justified, and I was proud just to be part of the audience.



The English Department ran very smoothly, MILE after MILE after MILE.

WILLIAM WILSON



FOREIGN LANGUAGE

The Foreign Language Department blossomed during our years here. Hebrew, Italian, and Latin became permanent additions to the curriculum, and the clubs that met in 240 were formed and quickly became the most popular ones at Murrow. The trips to Europe were initiated in 1980 and were an enormous success. Language MILEs became readily available, allowing us to expand our cultural horizons despite full schedules, and an indispensable tutoring program helped many pass their Regents exams. Most importantly, we learned that a knowledge of different languages was vital in today's world, as well as very rewarding; and that's what we'll remember after saying au revoir, shalom, arrividerci, valet, and adios to Murrow.

HENRY SPADACCINI,
CHAIRPERSON



REGALADA COSTELLO



LILLIAN DAMSKY



FRANCES DEBOURG



ANITA DEMATTIA



ANNA DITURI

One day in Italian I was asked to read a difficult passage out loud. I mispronounced one of the words, and for reasons unknown to me, the teacher's face turned crimson. I asked her to tell me what I had really said, but she wouldn't. When my friend let me in on the secret, I turned as red as the teacher. What a difference a syllable can make!



The future tense of "dar" was the most fun to learn. We sang to the tune of "The Mexican Hat Dance Song",

"daré, darás, dará, daremos, daréis, darán!
daré, darás, dará, daremos, daréis, dará!"

The conjugation of "dar" was certainly able "to give" us "una fiesta." 'Olé!

DAVID GOLD

ARLENE HELLER



PAULETTE JOHNSON



AGNES ORLANDO

On Course Selection Day the last cycle of our junior year, language teachers said of Latin, although they wanted us to take it, *Caveat Emptor*, because it is a hard subject. But we replied, *Ad Astra Per Aspera* and signed up for it. By June 1981, all who had learned Latin were *E Pluribus Unum* in agreeing that it had been a great experience. *Sine Qua Non* our senior year would have been the same.



JANE SCHWAGER

OLGA SCHRODEL



SUSAN WELIKY



HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION

We came a long way since Intro to Phys. Ed.-1. We shivered in Polar Bear and sweated through Jogging. We made a splash in Swimming and did splits in Gymnastics. We dunked basketballs and drop-volleyed tennis balls. We rolled over in Wrestling and rolled others over in Roller Skating. We flexed our feet in Modern and Jazz Dance and flexed our muscles in Football. And somewhere in our junior year, we learned about sex and drugs or life or death. Every single cycle at Murrow, we were a part of the Health and Physical Education Department, and we'll never forget the dedication of its teachers, who drove us to want to get in shape and stay that way for the rest of our lives.

FLORENCE ABRAMOWITZ,
CHAIRPERSON

RICHARD BERNSTEIN



CHRISTINE BIVONA



CYNTHIA CRAWFORD



IRENE GILMAN



ADINE HAMLIN



SALLY HIPSCHER

"Dear A-Band Gym Teacher,
Gym A-Band wasn't so bad in itself, but dealing with the locker room so early was torture. First, we would all huddle near the entrance until a passing teacher saw that no one had unlocked the door that morning. When we got inside it was usually cold, dark, and noisy within seconds. That's okay — I didn't really need to hear that the financial aid officer from my college was downstairs answering questions in his only New York appearance.



MICHAEL MEAD

BERNARD NATOW



CLAIRE PASTERNAK

*Just a little
Always - Reece*



CORNELL REECE

There was no point in trying to use one of the two mirrors, because I couldn't see over ten other heads. But it didn't matter, because when I walked past those air-blowing hand dryers my hair got messed up anyway. Then you wanted to know why I was late. Maybe I overreacted when I kicked a hole in the gym divider, but now you know the whole story.

Signed, A Graduate"



JOAN SPIEGELMAN

ALLAN STEINBERG



WALTER STEINHANDLER

*Dear David,
It's been a pleasure
knowing you. Best
wishes for all the
good things in life.
Go on to become
a computer whiz!
M. Schneider*

MATHEMATICS

Every mathematical interest was catered to at Murrow. The variety of courses, especially at the collegiate level, was something the department was famous for. Traditionalists had their Regents algebra, geometry, and trig, but those who wished to go slower and "soak in" the material had options such as Fundamentals of Mathematics and Discovering Geometry. Career-minded students had the opportunity to learn advanced computer programming. The gem of the department, however, was the Math Seminar. From Probability through what seemed like Infinity to AP Calculus, the Seminar participants got tastes of literally dozens of topics, all taught to make them even more interesting than they inherently were. But Murrow's math staff members, no matter which classes they instructed, were certainly one of the biggest plusses the school had.

MARVIN SCHNEIDER, CHAIRPERSON



STEVEN BERGER



CHERYL BOMZER



KENNETH DUGGAN

Functions, logarithms, proofs,
relations,
Postulates, theorems,
multiplication,
Approximations, derivations
plus equations
Equaled a Murrow math
education.



JOEL FERNBACH

Question: Why did the angry giant fee, fo, and fum?

Answer: I don't know, but he phi'd because a golden egg his goose laid didn't weigh 1.618 ounces.



We of the Trigonometric tribe sacrificed our minds to the great Chief Soh-Cah-Toa.

MIRIAM GOLDBERG

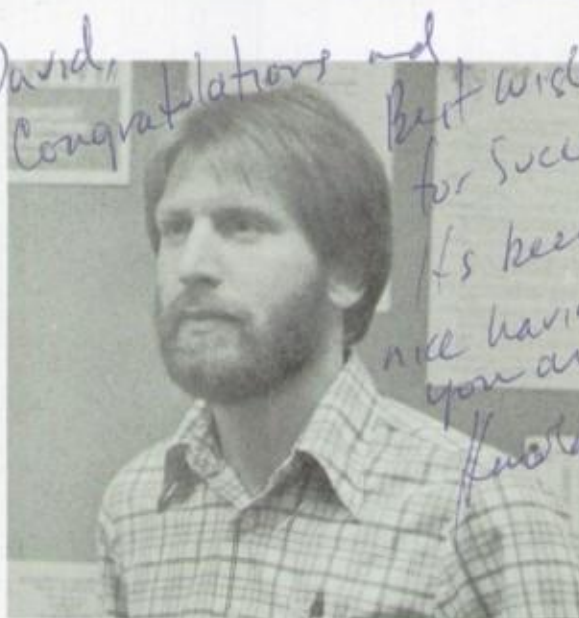
SHARON GRIFE



TOBE JOFFE



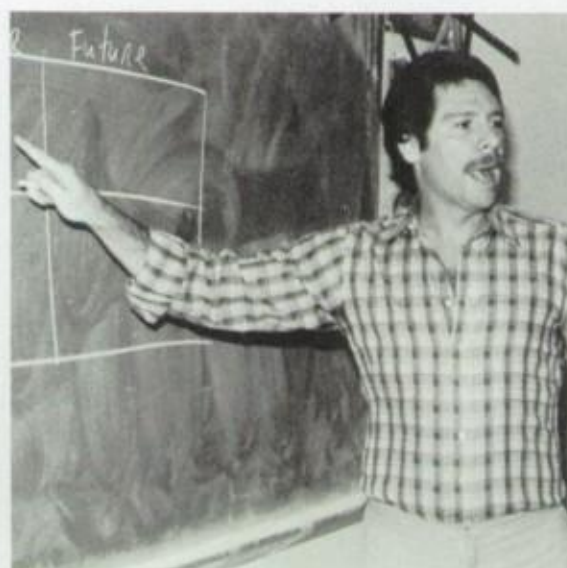
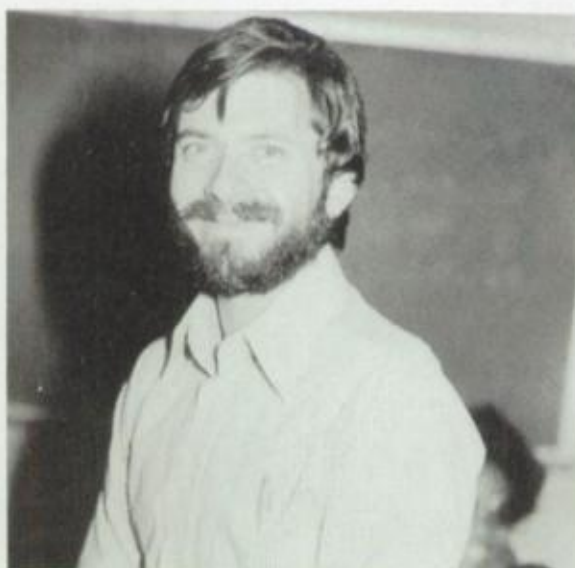
Whenever we walked into a classroom that smelled of aged cheese, we knew there had just been a lesson on coordinate geometry.



HAROLD KESTEN

To a non-Murrowite, "double-and-dash" was assumed to be anything from an Irish race to a way of expanding measurements in a recipe. But we knew it was something our Math Department taught to make life (and square roots) a little easier.

HAROLD KORNBLUM



JAMES McHUGH

to David
Best Wishes
to a really nice
person. I hope
you do very
well in
all your
future endeavors!
M.C. Mel



LEONARD MELL



NOGA RUDOWSKY



ARLENE SEVINSKY

Passing by a calculus classroom once, I almost mistook the kids inside for first-graders when I heard them reciting "Hi-d-Ho" and "Loop-d-Loop." Then when I had calculus I learned that these were ways to help us remember rules for derivatives — and despite our ever-patient teachers, we needed all the help we could get.

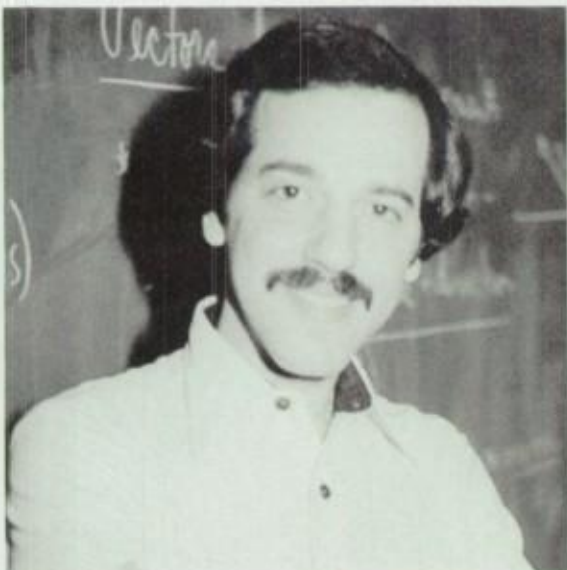


DAVID SHAW

MOLLIE SPIEGEL



FRANCINE WEISS



RONALD WEISS

We would have written more about the Math Department, but when we were trying to think, we kept going off on a tangent.



ALVIN ZUCKERMAN



MUSIC

If a person walked down Avenue L past Murrow towards East 17th Street between 8:20 a.m. and 2:20 p.m., he would be bound to hear an assortment of sounds, the products of our Music Department, emanating from first-floor rooms. We all had to take half-a-year of notes, clefs, and scales, learning to play either piano or guitar or to appreciate the works of the "masters." But many of us were programmed to enter an "A" room every cycle. Taking band, chorus, or orchestra until graduation provided us with the chance to perfect our skills as musicians.

There were added incentives, too. Who could resist classes that, more than any others, allowed students to forget that they were really in a school replete with tests, homework, and report cards? Certainly not dozens of music majors, who unanimously agreed with the Music Department's philosophy that the key to perfect performance was relaxed rehearsal. Maybe our idea of "relaxed" was not always identical to theirs, but we usually ended up concurring on a definition. Sometimes musical warfare was necessary to accomplish this (i.e. clarinets disguised as machine guns and batons thrown like hand grenades) but at least the truces always sounded great.

JOHN FINELLI, CHAIRPERSON

I can remember walking into Intro to Music for the first time, dreading the cycle that was to follow. I expected to have Bach and Chopin coming out of my ears and hating every minute of it. But much to my surprise, the class was pretty good! We even listened to Dylan! The Bach and Chopin weren't too bad either.

FELIX BOYCE



BLANCHE
GOLDSTEIN





SCIENCE

Murrow's Science Department was truly unique. As freshmen we had a wide variety of classes to choose from — classes which gave us an overview of what our future science classes would consist.

"Our Place in Space" launched many students on to exciting studies of astronomy. "Plant Parenthood" was for many the first step toward the Horticultural Science Program. Before actually taking Regents Chemistry, many Murrowites had already been charmed by the "Magic of Chemistry". Regents Physics also had a forerunner — "Communication Science".

As juniors and seniors, some of us joined Murrow Med, a challenging program which combined chemistry and physics in the junior year, and left the senior year open for advanced study in the sciences.

No student left Murrow without a good scientific background. We did not have to be future doctors, engineers, or scientists. We all learned how to approach problems from a logical angle — a valuable skill in any profession. And of course, we also learned that Life Goes On ...

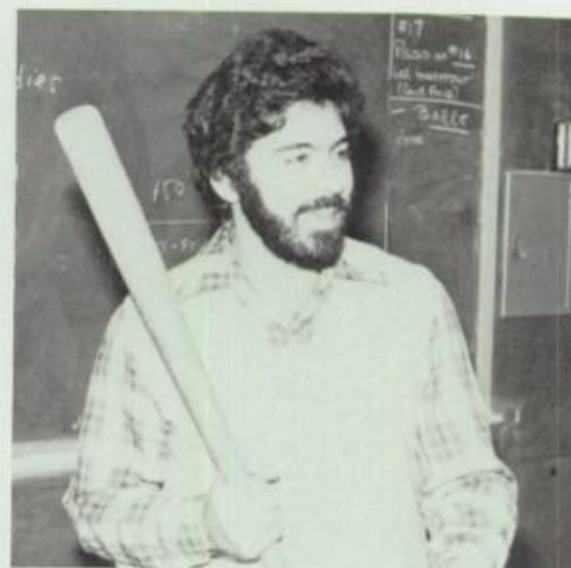
BURTON ZUCKERMAN, CHAIRPERSON



ABE ALBENDA



MICHAEL ANZEL



STEPHEN BARRE



EDWARD BECKOFF



PATRICK CLARK

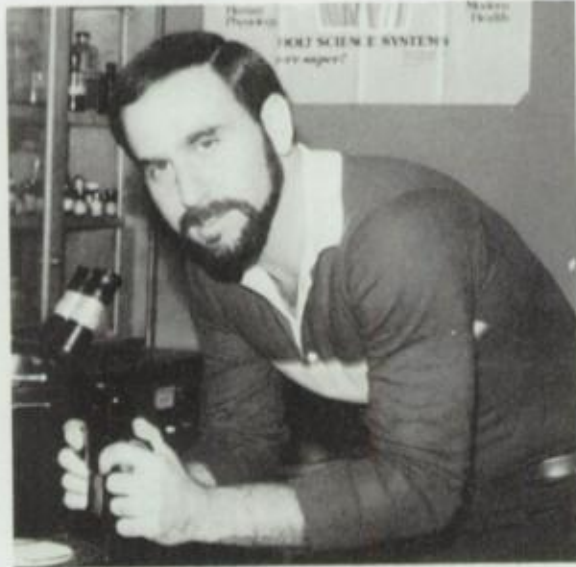
*Sincerely
Best wishes
Ed Beckoff*

*Dear David
Good luck on
your future
It was a
pleasure
to see you
blossoming!*

FRANCES DELFRANCO



DAVID FORMAN



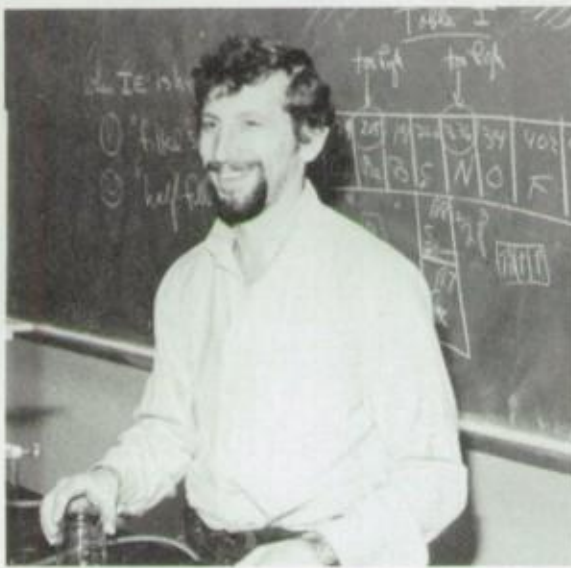
MARK FRANKLIN

Who said science lacked creativity and imagination? In many science classrooms, the wall just above the blackboard was adorned with lovingly-lettered signs. One that's remembered with distinction said "Physics is Food For The Mind." Even more memorable is the profound expression that had been scribbled beneath it, which stated, "I'd rather starve!"



WARREN HIRSCH

DAVID JACOBS



PAUL MANSON



ANNE MEYEROWITZ

With runny noses and fingers bright red from the cold, our brave Marine Biology class walked along Plum Beach trying to find some aquatic life. We discovered many interesting specimens, such as crabs, mussels, dead clams, cigarette butts, tires, gum wrappers . . .



LEONARD MONCHICK

An informal Murrow/Gallup poll revealed that the all-time favorite science class was Reproduction and Development, edging out Plant Parenthood 3 to 1.

Bios! life - enjoy
M. Rothburd



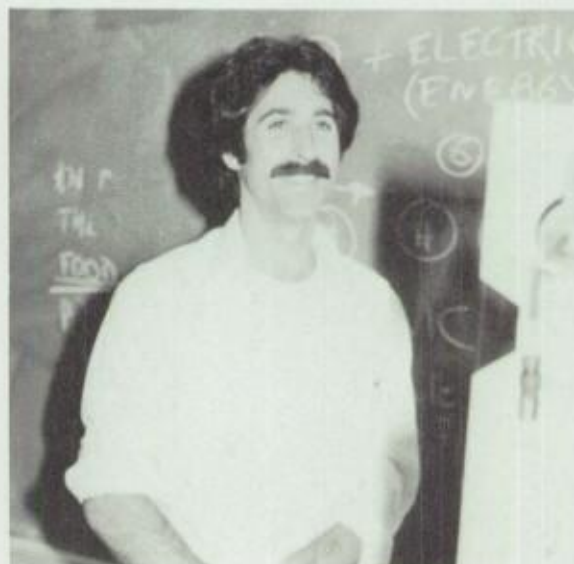
MILTON ROTHBURD

"Something smells fishy in here!" was a common observation made by science MILERs entering Room 481, when the Comparative Anatomy MILE was offered. The offender was not a tuna sandwich, but a dissected shark. It was rather sad to see "Jaws III" have all the bite taken out of him.

JOSEPH ROTHSTEIN



ARVIN SHAPIRO



Our minds were chemically treated with unforgettable extra-credit questions such as these:

- 1) How do sun-lovers fall in love? Head over helium.
- 2) What do you call a foolish prison inmate? A silicon.
- 3) An automobile sandwich might be named a _____ ? Carbon.

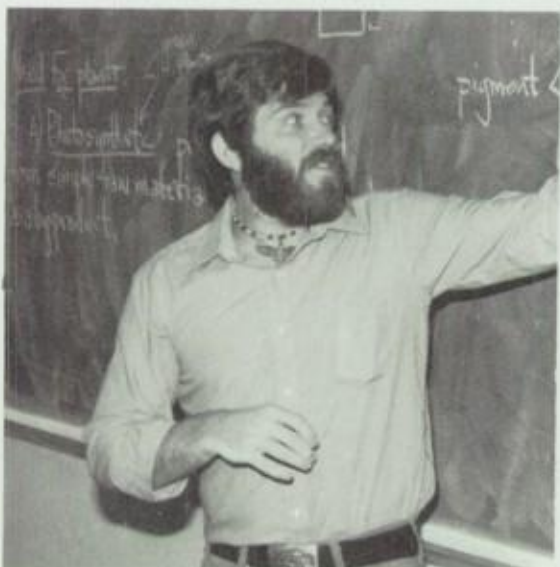
How did we figure out these answers? Elementary, my dear reader, elementary.



MARTIN SICULAR

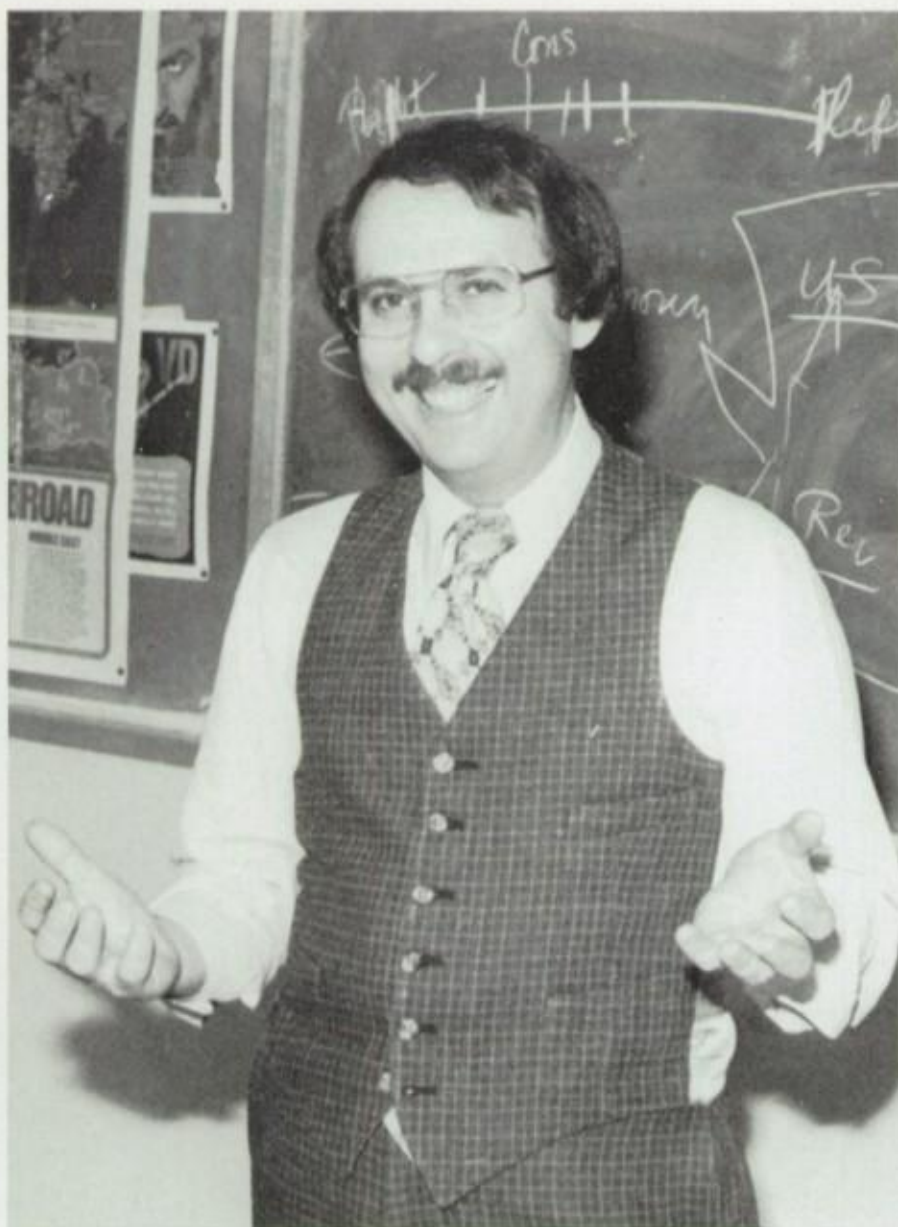
It didn't give me a great feeling of confidence to read my first lab sheet and see "Sources of error?" printed at the bottom. It was as if my teacher knew I'd do something wrong. Later I began to clean my beakers, but the faucets were extremely difficult to control and the force of a jet of water shot a beaker out of my hand shattering it in the sink. Science teachers must have ESP.

MICHAEL SMITH



SAM STORCH

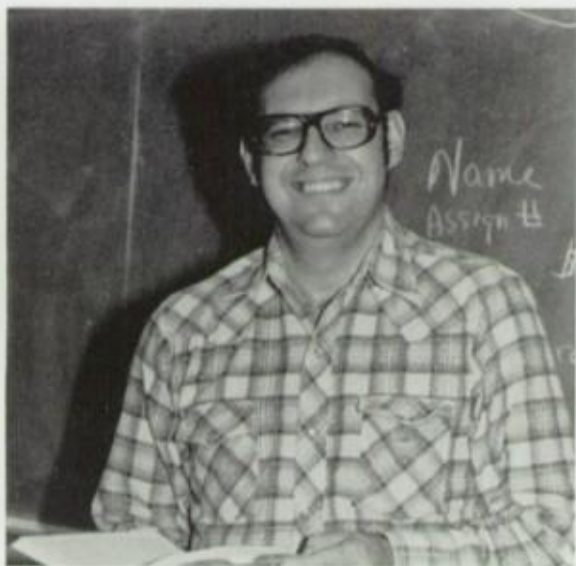




SOCIAL STUDIES

They, the teachers of the Social Studies Department, in order to form a perfectly historical, governmental, psychological, and lawful class of '81, established justice by letting us argue about the number of essay points granted on a test, insured classroom tranquillity by making lessons interesting so that we wouldn't want to be disruptive, provided for the common defense by informing us of what our rights were in any given situation (in or out of Murrow), promoted the general welfare by offering MILEs, thus giving students something to do during OPTAs, and secured the blessings of liberty for us by letting us graduate with four HW's, four HA's, and two HF's, give or take a few electives. We, the class of '81, do ordain and establish this preamble to the Social Studies Department as one wonderful memory of Edward R. Murrow High School.
-with apologies to the Founding Fathers

**NORMAN FISHER,
CHAIRPERSON**



STEPHEN ABRAMSKY

In Law, we once had a debate about the treatment of criminals; most of us felt that they shouldn't have access to luxuries such as swimming pools built with taxpayers' dollars. However, some students felt that inmates needed exercise and recreation. Exasperated, one member of the first group shouted that even we, Murrowites didn't have our own pool.

Didn't he know about the one on the fifth floor?



STUART BENAS



JOEL BERMAN



MARY BUTZ

JAMES GARAFOLA



JUDITH GRACE



GLADYS GRAHAM

Our two AP American History teachers were both so appropriate for the job. One had boyhood pals like T.J., Alex, and Jimmy Madison) and one claimed the other to be a direct descendant of Andrew Jackson. The same strains of corn mash served at Jackson's Inaugural could be found in his jokes. In spite of - or maybe because of all that, we learned American History thoroughly.

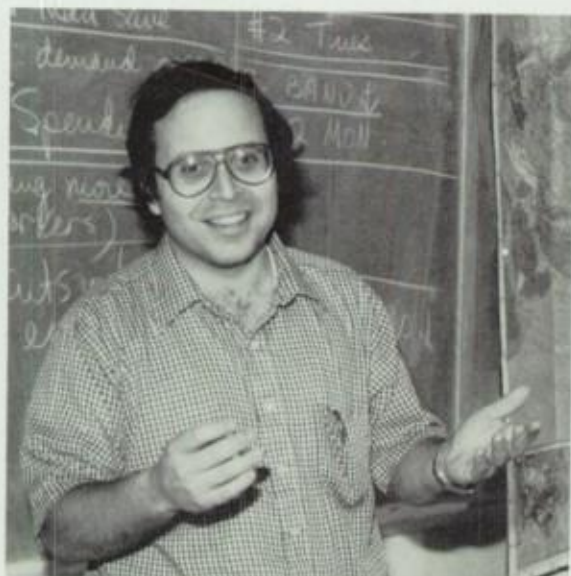


GERALD HALPERIN

DAVID KAHN



ELEANOR KAHN



SHELDON MELTZNER

Knowing that we would someday have to leave the comforting walls of Murrow, Social teachers watching us LABOR over ECONOMICS reminded us that it was COMPARATIVELY easy, as opposed to the PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES of the real world.



MARIA MIKULSKI

The Social Studies Department was always fair — it offered both HIStory and HER Story. It was an equal opportunity educational operation.



BARBARA MUSIKAR

One day in Psychology we were learning about mental conditions including neurosis. I turned to the classmate and jokingly asked, "Are you neurotic?" He quickly replied, "No! I'm not neurotic! Why? Do you think that I'm neurotic? I don't think I'm neurotic. But maybe if you think I'm neurotic I am neurotic!" Some people just don't know when you're kidding.

MARLANE
NUSSBAUM



BRUCE ROSS



ROWENA
VRABEL

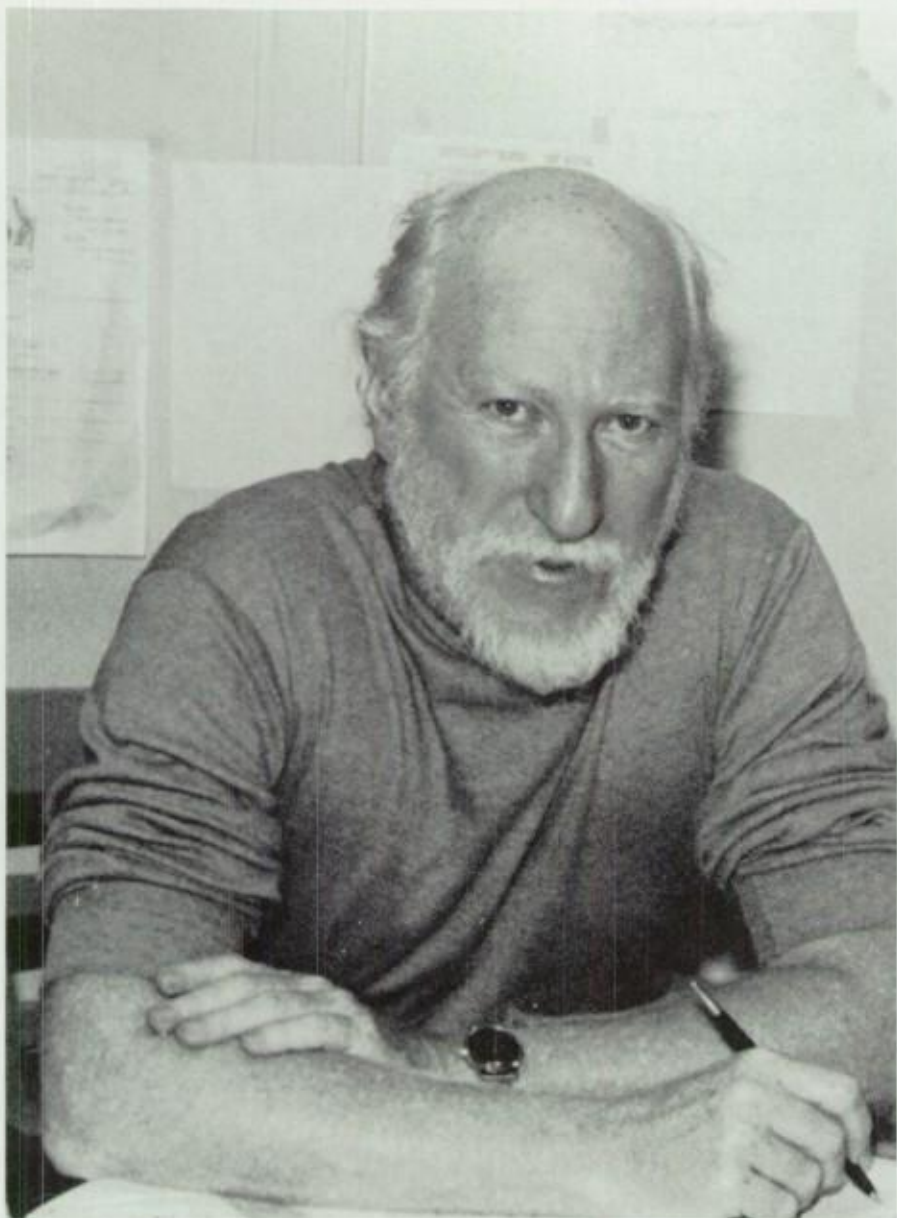


JOSEPH
BYRNES



*Good luck
Byrnes*





SPECIAL EDUCATION

Our most unique department was that of Special Education, in which the function of the staff was to provide as conventional an environment as possible for Murrow students with disabilities. Mainstreaming was widely utilized, with special resource classes supplementing this practice. In addition, many kids not directly involved in the program offered their understanding and help to Special Ed. participants, because at Murrow, all students were recognized as equals who at one time or another needed assistance in some area. Those in the Special Ed. Department were directed towards becoming happy and productive members of society, as all of the graduates of 1981 hoped to be.

ALLEN ZELON, CHAIRPERSON

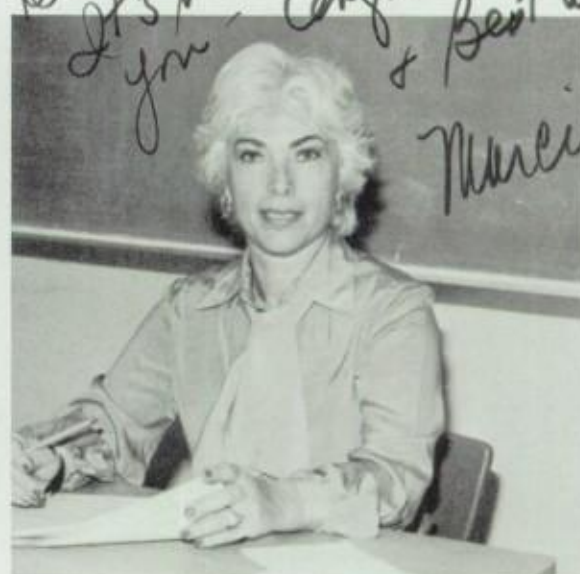
*Dear David, I know
It's been a long time
you - Congratulations
& Best Wishes
Marcia Berger*



STEVE AMBALAVANAR



CLARA APPELBAUM



MARCIA BERGER



ROBERT BORISKIN



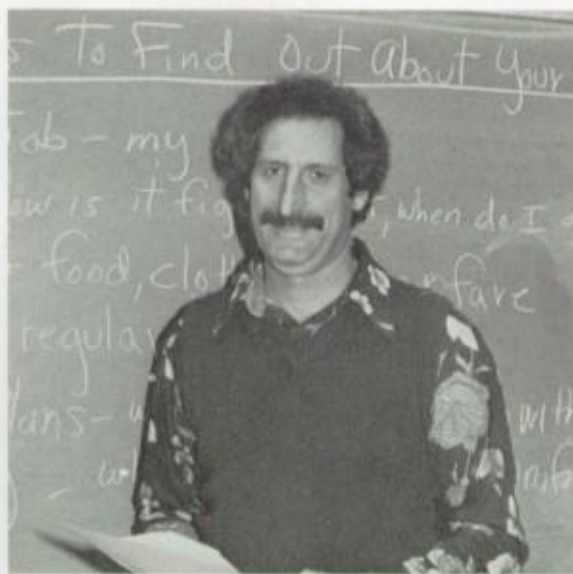
JOAN BRETT



SELMA BRODBAR



CYNTHIA CRAWFORD



HOWARD DAVIS



HARRIET EIGEL



ALISON EGERT

On my first day of school at E.R.M., I discovered that two Special Ed. students were in my SCS. At first, I was curious but as the weeks went by, I came to realize that they were not really different from me and had a great deal to contribute to the classes that I shared with them.



ELAINE EVANS



MILDRED FEUERMAN



GLEN FRANKEL



DENISE FROEHLICH



RON GATHERER



ESTELLE GLASSER



DOROTHY GRAND



LYN GOLDEN

*To David
Best
from Jack Heller*



JACK HELLER



CAROLE ISOLDI



SEYMOUR JANOVSKY

*Dear David
How much luck in
your life
Do. Kaplan*



BRINA KAPLAN



MARCIA KASSEL



NATALIE KRAVITZ

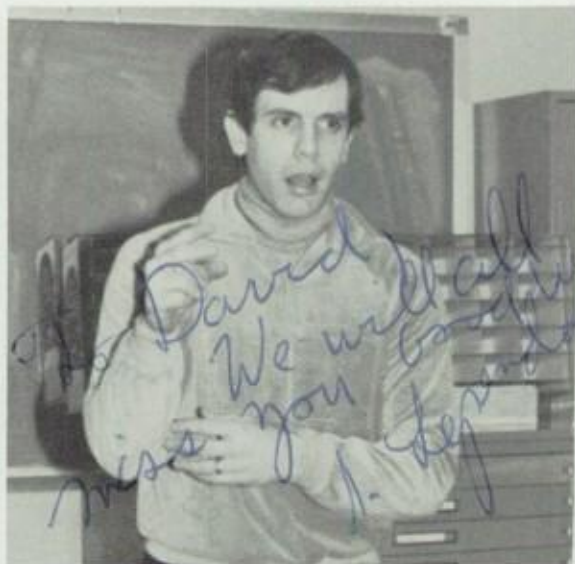
As I was running towards the exit to go participate in the "Jog-It," I found myself being chased by a four-wheeled jogger. Would you believe he got out of the building before I did?



MARA LANE



STEPHEN LARACUENTE



STEVEN LEPENDORF

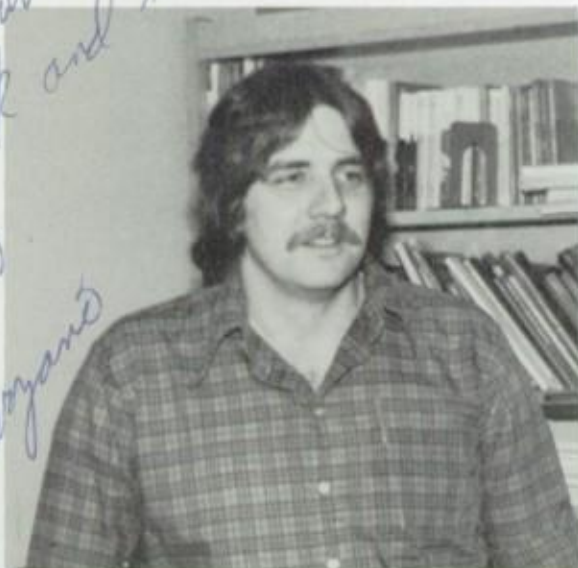
*To David
We will all miss you
Love
P. Lependorf*



ENID MARGOLIES

*To David -
You are a mature
respectable young man. Stay
that way and you will
always be successful
Steve Laracuenté*

ear I have
Congratulations
od Luck and much
success
best
Mr. Marzano



EDWARD MARZANO



MARIE PHILLIPS

The very best of
good fortune to a
terrific guy Gloria Sanders
G.C.



GLORIA SANDERS
JILL PLITTERIS

I've known
you a long time and I
am happy to see you start
your career success!
photo
not
available
Paula Bogen

I thought that I would be too different to go to a public school, and I was afraid the other kids wouldn't accept me. I got all worked up for nothing. I became part of the classes and made friends. Life at Murrow allowed me to develop as a student and as a person, and I felt more confident about being part of the mainstream.



JOHN SAROKWASH

Best
wishes to
nice
Diane Schreiber



DIANE SCHREIBMAN



I LOVE YOU



ESTHER SEIDLER

and
lots of
much
much
you
I was
home
happy
on
career
ed.
love
Ms.
partan



DORANN SHEEHAN



MARJORIE SOLOVAY



LYDIA STAIANO

LIBRARY



Librarians: Susan Lippman, Ruth Berner and Staff.

The Library was the place to go whether you wanted to relax, perhaps with a set of headphones and a good record, or had research to do for a term paper. The possibilities if you fell into the latter category on a particular day were endless. Dozens of magazines, periodicals, pamphlets, filmstrips, tapes, *The New York Times* from the 1850's and naturally, books, were available at the show of a program card. The atmosphere was cheerful yet quiet, educational but never bland, and always busy! The Library Squad, super-

vised by Mrs. Lippman and Mrs. Berner, consisted of a group of diligent students who played a vital role in the operation of the facility. They filed volumes of literature on all subjects, aided students with audio-video equipment, made copies of the articles from our vast collections, etc., etc., etc. . . . The Library was, to us, both a center of educational enrichment and a serene place to go to escape the anxieties of everyday school life.





AIDES

Some of the people who controlled our daily lives at Murrow were aides. They helped us with bus and train pass problems, excused our latenesses, rushed us in the locker rooms, and quieted us in the library. What would we have done without them? Jumped turnstiles, received cut cards, gone to gym half-dressed, and been unbearably noisy.

CAFETERIA WORKERS



Our cafeteria workers served our breakfasts and lunches with a smile. They made sure we had nutritious food in our tummies so that our brains could function better in class.



*Good wishes for David & family
To David, Best and in life
wishes lots of luck
Fondly
Sonja 81*

PARAPROFESSIONALS

Our paraprofessionals should have been known by another name, for they were professionals in every sense of the word. They aided teachers of every department in the classrooms, especially in Special Ed., and they were irreplaceable.

*Dear David-
It was a pleasure
knowing you. Have a
wonderful future.
Sincerely,
Linda Heinich*

SECURITY



It goes without saying that we were emotionally secure at Murrow after three or four years here, but thanks to our security guards, we were also physically secure. Did you ever hear about any Murrow student being attacked by the boogey man?

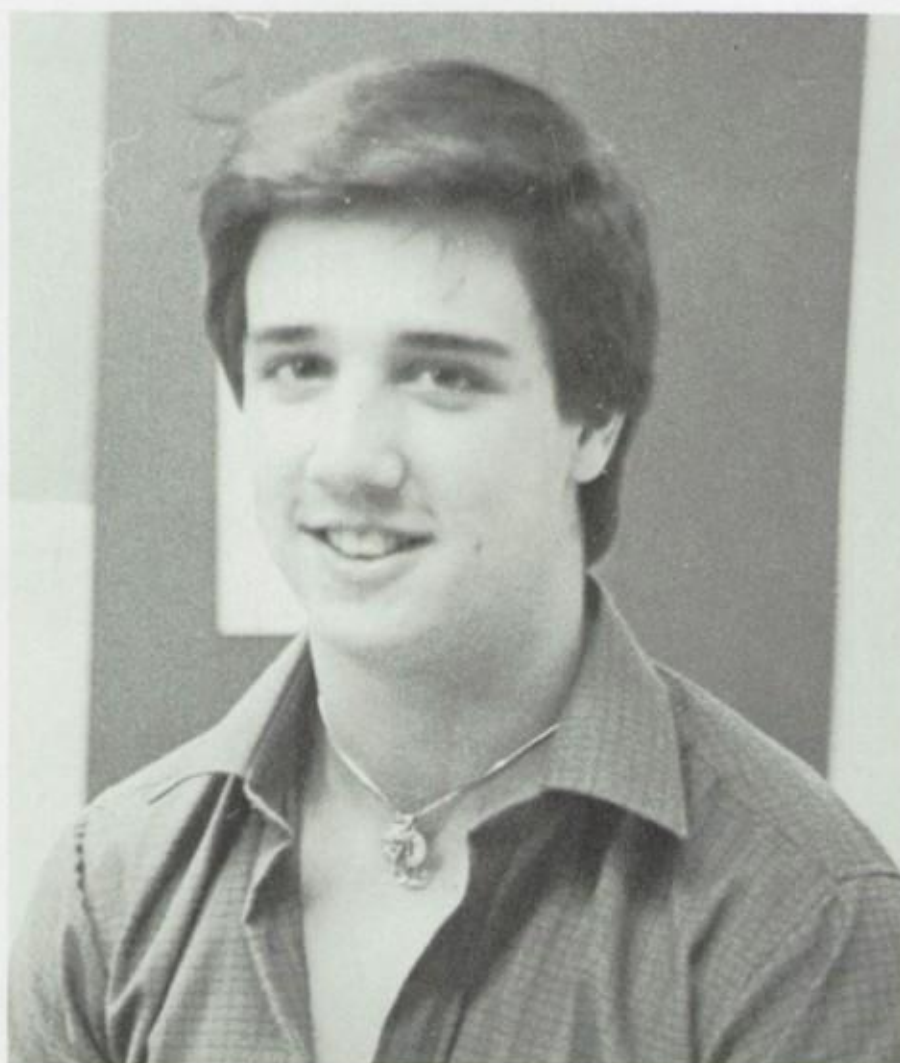


SPOTLIGHT ON

THE

IDENT
FE

SENIOR COUNCIL



Anthony Ianno, President

When we arrived at Edward R. Murrow as insecure freshmen we were lost in an educational wonderland. We walked down seemingly elongated corridors filled with an infinite number of doors, and each of those doors held its own mystery. We were sure we could never feel comfortable in that confinement they called high school.

Then, four years passed, during which time Murrow became our secure abode. It became a place of friendship and contentment where knowledge could be easily attained; we travelled to the place instinctively each morning.

Now those trips are no longer necessary. Our time together at Murrow is over. The memories we had here will be cherished; however, we have had to accept the realization that what has passed cannot be relived or recaptured. We have to walk down a new set of corridors, and hopefully with the maturity and the knowledge we have gained at Murrow, we will be able to select the right doors. We must carefully open each one with the confidence that it will take us farther along the road to happiness and success.



1981 Senior Council

Row 1: Sally Jo Kahr, Richard Stone, Anthony Ianno, Judy Richter, Carl Lefton; Advisor. Row 2: Arthur Green, Rosaletta Sias, Barbara Eppolito, Brandi Berger, Robin Harris, Kathy Ryan. Row 3: Stacy Bayer, Michelle Epstein, Sylvia Gonzalez, Dominick Milano, Gracianne Laura. Row 4: Frank Howell, Deborah Scialabba, Neil Petrosino, Sara Kossman, Julie Lewis.

STUDENT ALLIANCE

The Class of '81 could take pride in the fact that three of its members were also the Student Alliance officers. Eric Thornton served as President. Rosalettha Sias was our Vice President of Financial Affairs. Alisa Martin was kept busy as Vice President in charge of Student Relations.



Ms. Mary Butz, as Coordinator of Student Affairs, could be found arranging activities, supervising Leadership Class projects, buying merchandise for the SA store, helping the SA officers — the list was endless. After all, Ms. Butz was always "Butzing in."

CLOCKWISE: Rosalettha Sias, Eric Thornton, Alisa Martin, Ms. Mary Butz: Faculty Advisor

SCS REPRESENTATIVES

For the first time, the SCS representatives did not hold pointless, do-nothing positions. Ricky Ross, as Speaker of the House, headed general session meetings and assisted Eric Thornton in working with the SCS reps. The representatives worked in committees: Constitution and Rules, chaired by Wladimir Thomas; Communication and Publicity, chaired by Rasheida Maharaj; Special Activities, chaired by Emile Last; and Operations and Oversight, with Athena Abadiotakis as the chairperson.



LEGAL WRITES

Legal Writes, the newspaper written by the members of the Law Club, was one of our newer publications. However, the issue printed at the end of our junior year received national recognition. Mrs. Mikulski, faculty advisor, arranged for the staff to widen its knowledge of the law by traveling to Washington, D.C. and Rikers Island. The reporters and editors agreed that the trips were highlights of their years at Murrow.



JUNE '80 "OFFBEAT" THE EDWARD R. MURROW LITERARY MAGAZINE



Unlimited creativity was the backbone of the annually-published Literary Magazine. The facts that there were no editors, no restrictions on membership, and no standard "rules" all contributed to the spontaneity and productiveness of the staff. Each year we were privileged to read a publication that included crazy, sad, emotional, touching, but always interesting literary works.

THE MURROW NUCLEUS

In some ways, the Science Department revolved around the *Murrow Nucleus*. Its reporters, guided by Mr. Franklin, informed many students (and faculty members) of recent scientific events and discoveries, such as "A Voyager Visits Jupiter", "The H-Bomb Uncovered", and "The Treatment of Leukemia", which would have probably been discussed in classes had there only been more time and less Regents. We were lucky to have such an able-staffed newspaper to fill us in on what our teachers couldn't cover.



m [MURROW MATRIX]



The first issue of the *Murrow Matrix* hit the presses in the spring of 1980, with Mrs. Spiegel and Mr. Kesten as faculty advisers. Many students had taken an interest in this new production, and had quickly set to writing articles, typing, editing, and finally, laying out the finished work. Each step of the way, the staff discovered the huge amount of work and dedication involved with producing such a magazine, as well as many different aspects of mathematics. Included in the premiere issue were articles on math teachers, the Golden Mean, Non-Euclidean geometry, and cartoons on Gauss. After setbacks, arguments, and all-day layout sessions, the staff proudly distributed its product — a first-rate mathematics magazine by any standard, and a new tradition for Murrow.

MURROW NETWORK

The Student Newspaper of Edward R. Murrow High School

Cheerleader-type cries of "Ne-e-two-o-ork!" resounded over the clatter and crowds of the #1 train as staff members and faculty advisor, Mr. Hanley, traveled to Columbia University for its annual Scholastic Press Association Convention. That organization later deemed the newspaper a recipient of second-place and first-place certificates (for different issues), granted on a nation-wide scale, thus acknowledging the long days (and occasionally nights) of deadline-meeting, rewriting, editing, and laying-out. No one needed the awards to make it all seem worthwhile because everyone felt it had been, but seeing those engraved pieces of parchment sure didn't hurt.

Of course, it wasn't all work. Many an F-Band was spent hysterically perusing private schools' papers (see *Prepwork*, Vol. 7, Issue 3), certain letters to the editor, or *The New York Times*, looking for any inconsequential mistakes that the *Network* was incapable of making. Other days the office was filled with daydreams of a private *Network* typewriter and outside line phone, and walls that were any color but green. And year-round,

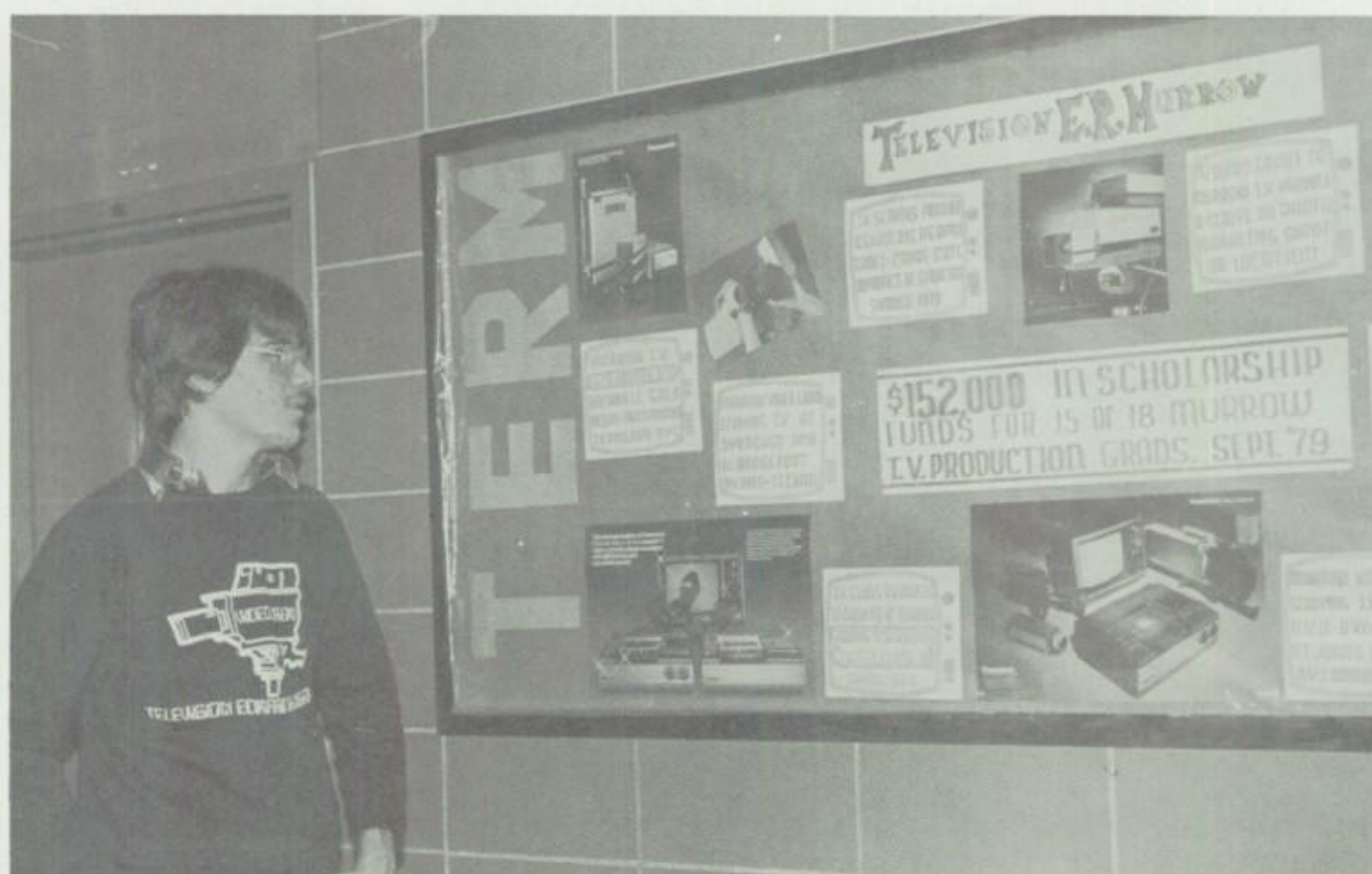
the *Network* was probably the best customer of "Hot Bagels" on Avenue M.

As the deadline approached, however, all involved with the paper calmly became frantic. Usually everything went smoothly, except when it didn't, i.e. when final copy was misplaced or vital photos, due to poor communication, weren't shot. Then it was time for a string of visits to the printer's, a 16th-century dungeon with modern typesetting equipment. Marathon layout sessions in Room 156 followed, and within a few days, editors and advisor set out for Flatbush Avenue and Avenue I armed with razor blades to finish the job.

What the student body eventually read were eight well-written pages of inky newsprint called the *Network*. Each issue was the culmination of weeks of dedication on the part of the staff to improve Murrow and to inform those who spent over six hours a day there of news pertinent to them. Murrow without the *Network* would have made high school a drastically different experience for many, readers and reporters alike.



TELEVISION STUDIO (T.E.R.M.)



Did you ever spot a television camera peering into one of your classes? If so, you probably were visited by Murrow's Video Crew, students who had seized a unique opportunity not offered in many high schools - a chance to work with professional video cameras and equipment.

Television Edward R. Murrow (TERM) was a four-year sequence including: *Basic T.V.*, *T.V. Production*, *Advanced T.V. Production*, and *T.V. Skills*. The culminating experience was the access to a color studio and a professional production console. Students also went into the community to "do shoots" and brought various celebrities into the studio.

Under the supervision of Mr. Don Pitkoff, TERM students were bound to be the producers, directors, and cameramen of the future!





the



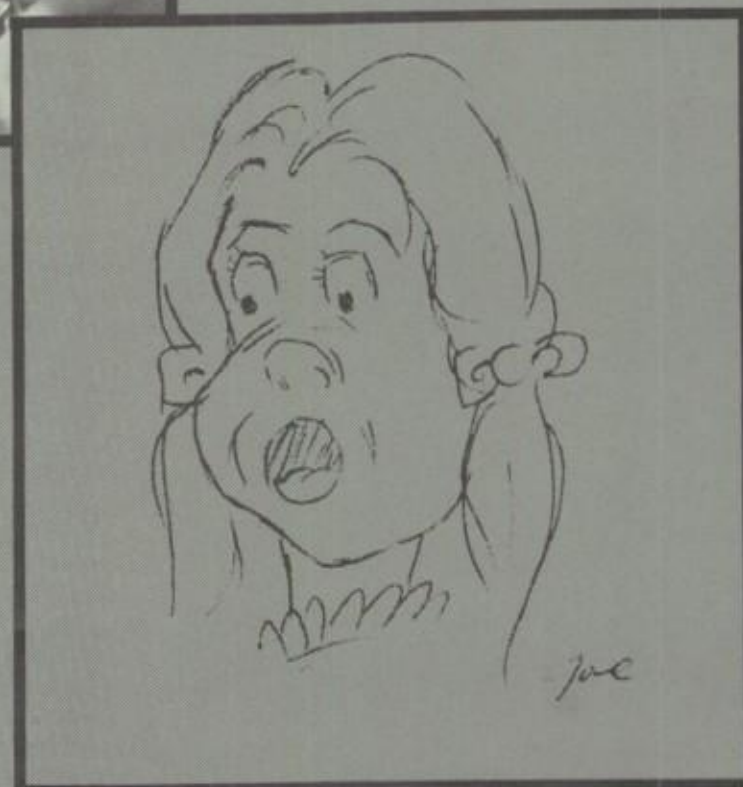
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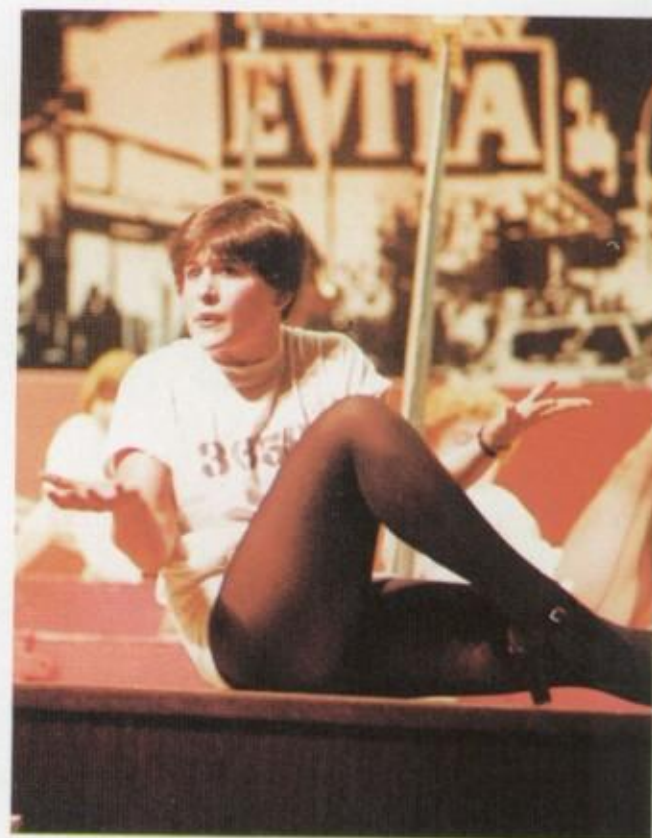


music



THE SWEETEST SOUNDS

The reputation Murrow had established for its magnificent theatrical productions only grew and spread during our four years here. Partially responsible for this fame was the willingness of the performers and behind-the-scenes crew to try new ideas and to blaze new trails for future classes. A prime example of this ingenuity was *The Sweetest Sounds*, a musical revue created by Mr. Barry Marcus of the English Department. Each of the 27 songs performed was scintillating and had the audience really believing they were attending a Broadway premiere. The sheer talent and exuberance of all the singers and dancers was wondrous and our sweetest memories will linger forever.



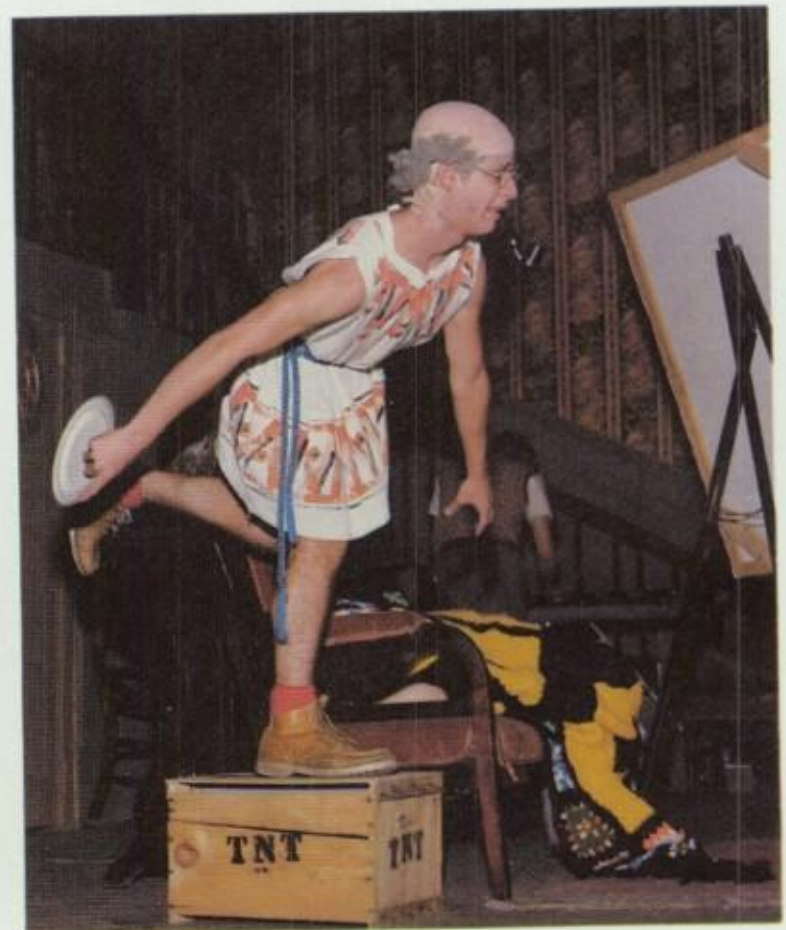
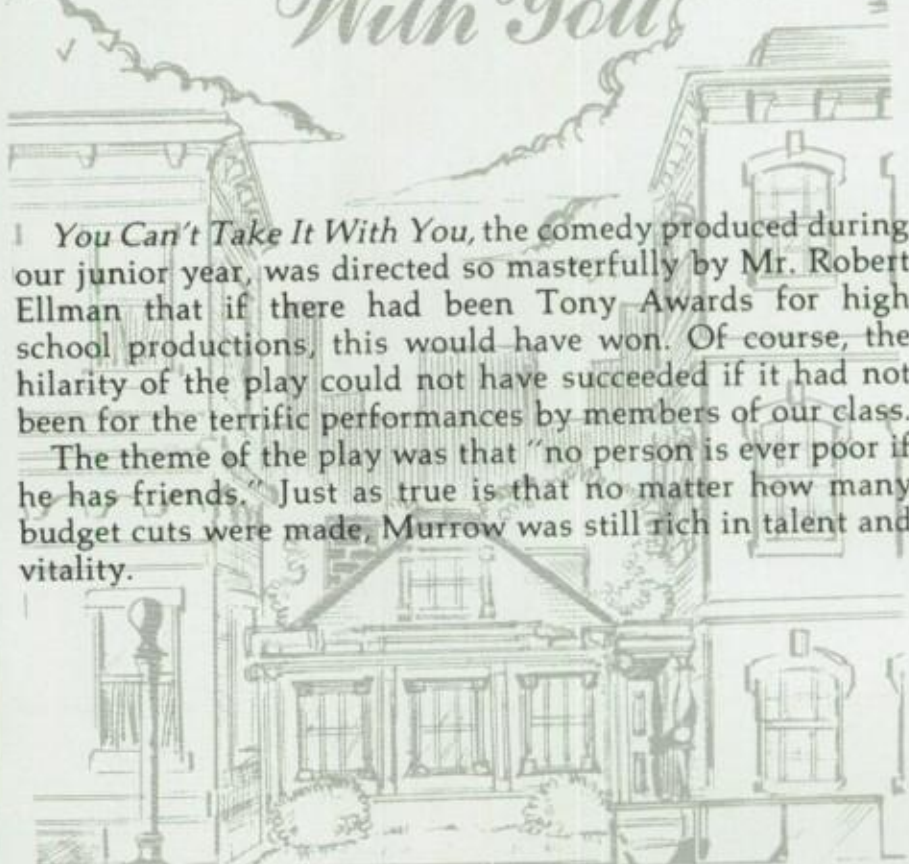
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU



"You Can't Take It With You"

You Can't Take It With You, the comedy produced during our junior year, was directed so masterfully by Mr. Robert Ellman that if there had been Tony Awards for high school productions, this would have won. Of course, the hilarity of the play could not have succeeded if it had not been for the terrific performances by members of our class.

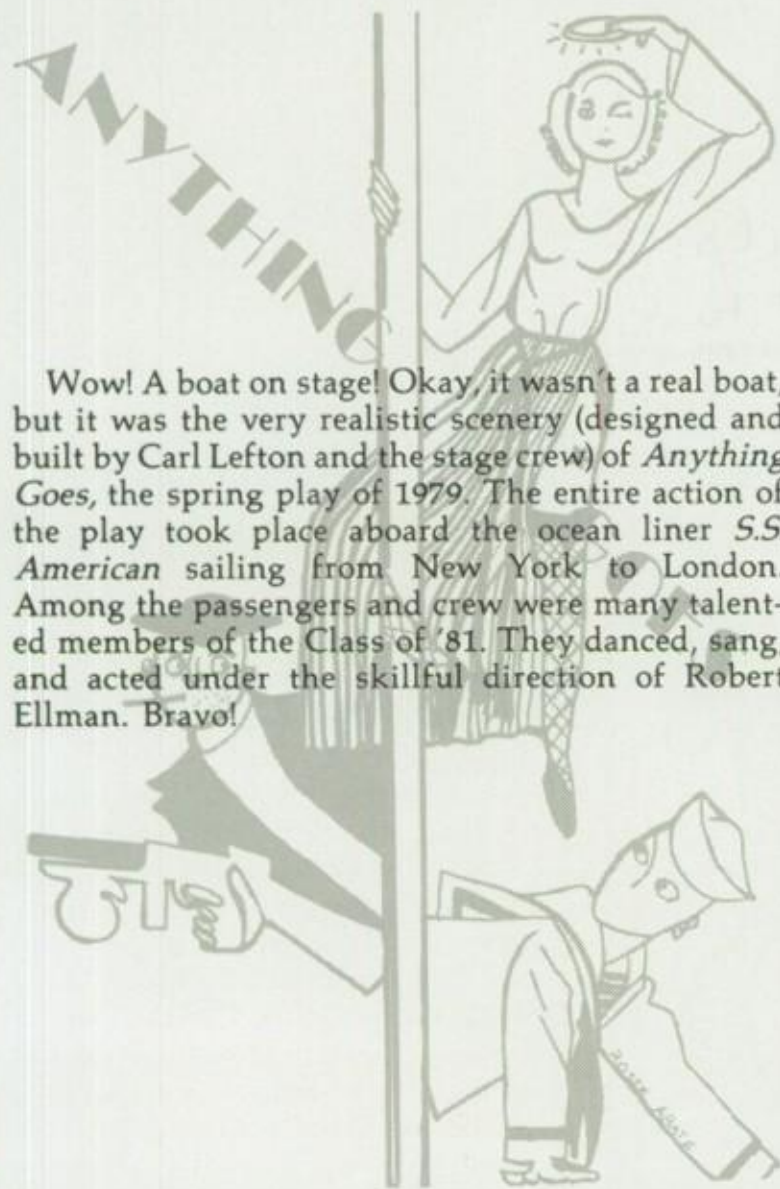
The theme of the play was that "no person is ever poor if he has friends." Just as true is that no matter how many budget cuts were made, Murrow was still rich in talent and vitality.



STILL YOU^CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU



ANYTHING GOES



Wow! A boat on stage! Okay, it wasn't a real boat, but it was the very realistic scenery (designed and built by Carl Lefton and the stage crew) of *Anything Goes*, the spring play of 1979. The entire action of the play took place aboard the ocean liner *S.S. American* sailing from New York to London. Among the passengers and crew were many talented members of the Class of '81. They danced, sang, and acted under the skillful direction of Robert Ellman. Bravo!



SING

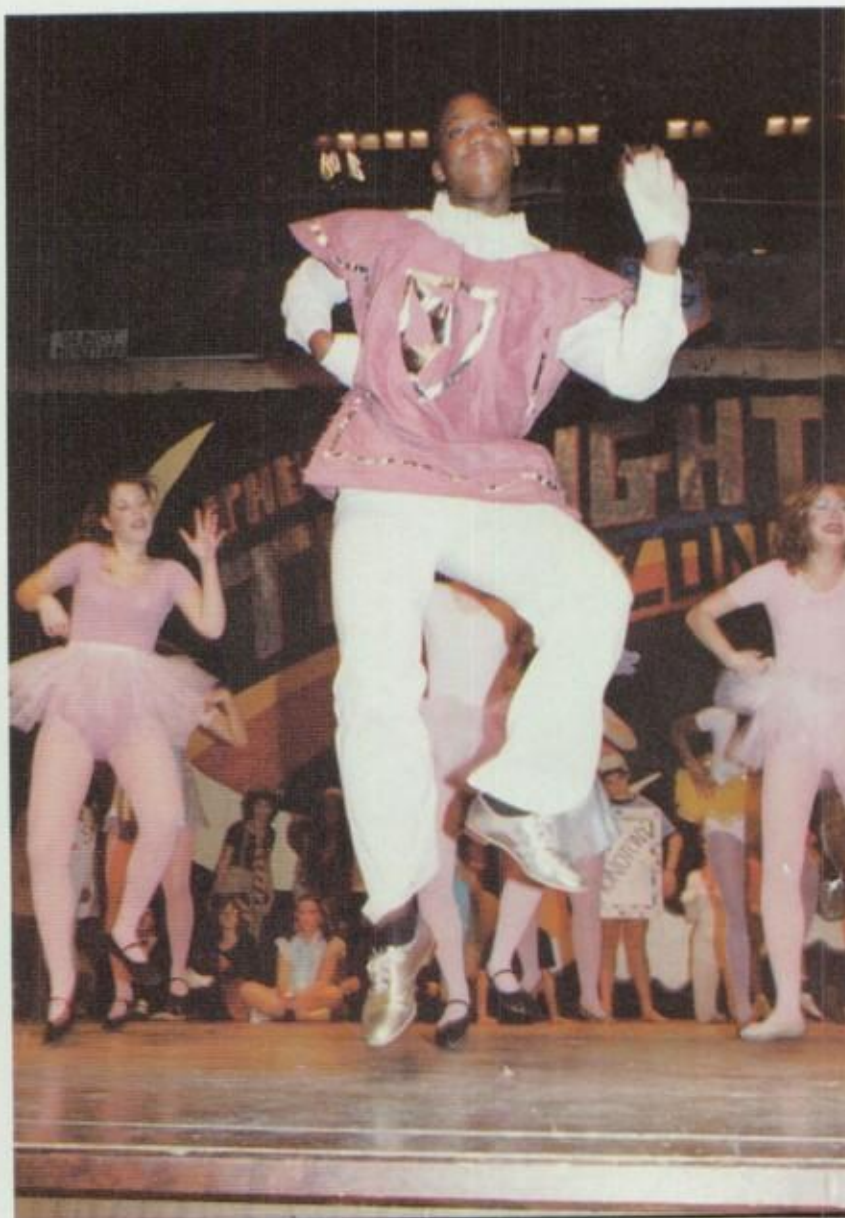
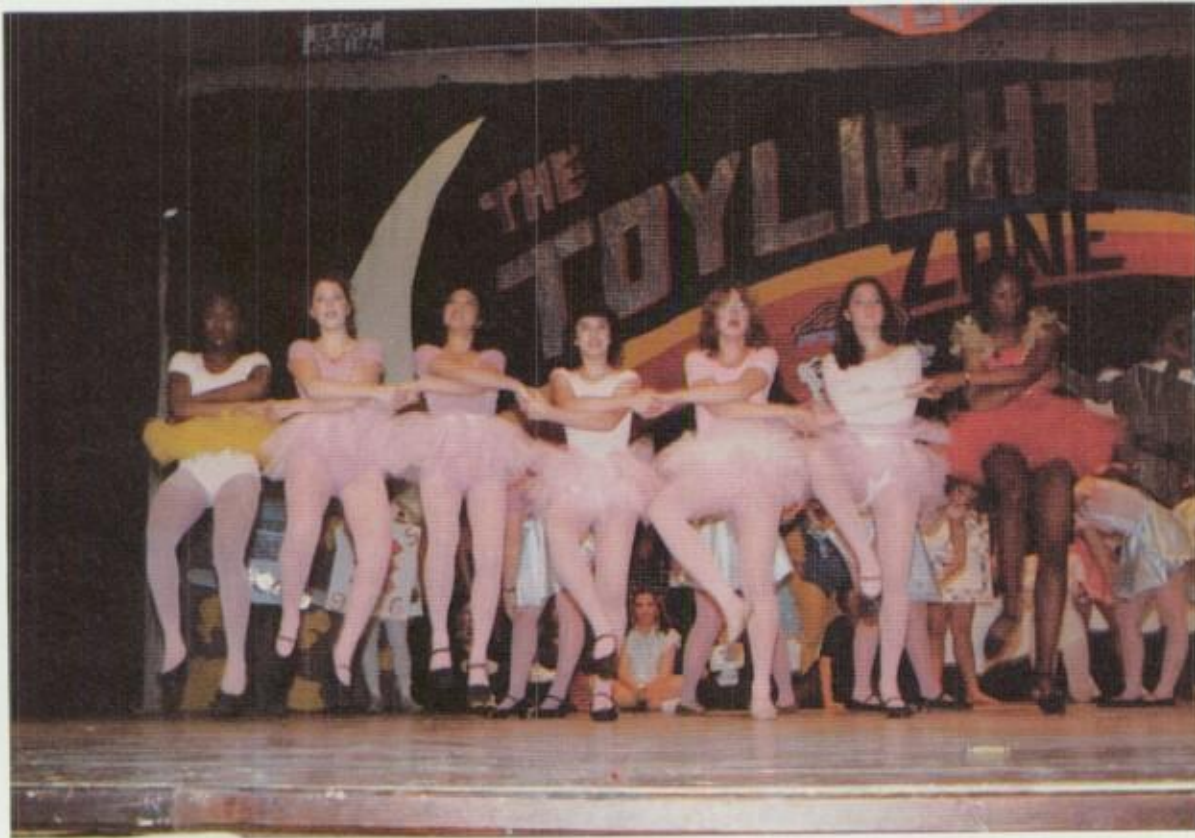


SPOTLIGHT ON SING

During our senior year, we had our third SING. It had already become a school tradition, and it attracted many participants. It gave us the opportunity to meet new people and make new friends. Many of us joined SING as an outlet for hidden talents. We could be writers, lyricists, actors or dancers. It also brought schizophrenic traits in all of us. From 8:20 to 2:20 we were mild-mannered students. — But after 2:20? We were all devoted Thespians.

After all the laughing, crying, cursing, screaming, and rehearsing, we can look back and say that SING was not only a pleasurable experience, but one of growth. We learned that winning was not the most important thing. *(But it sure didn't hurt.)*

JUNIOR VICTORY '80



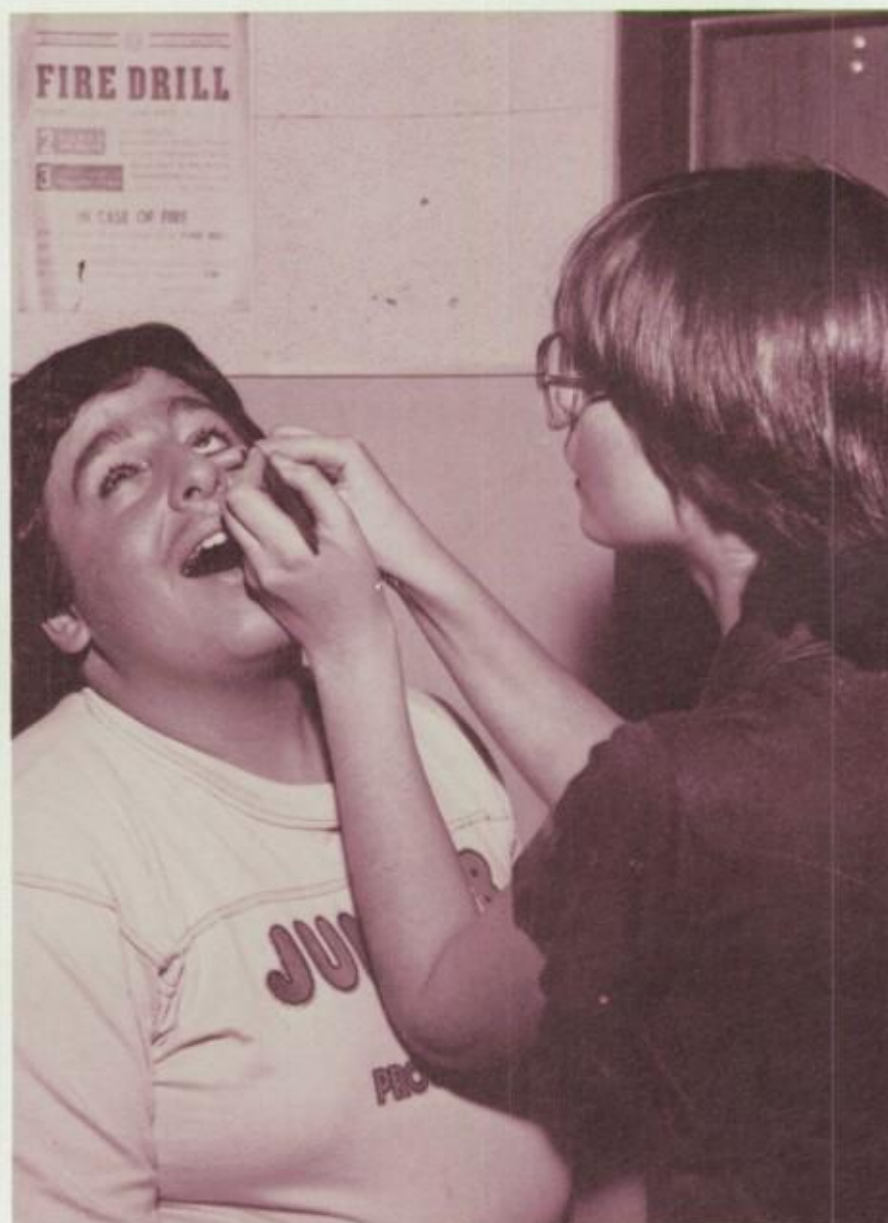
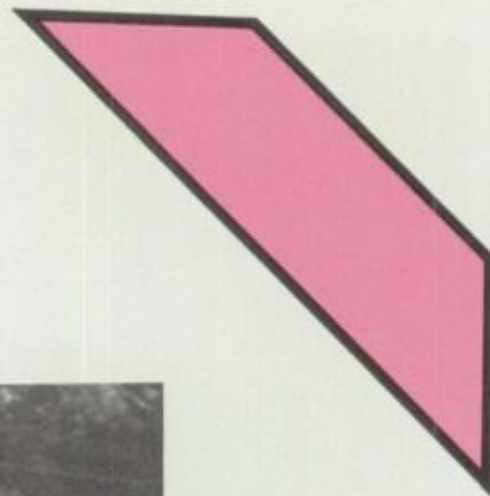


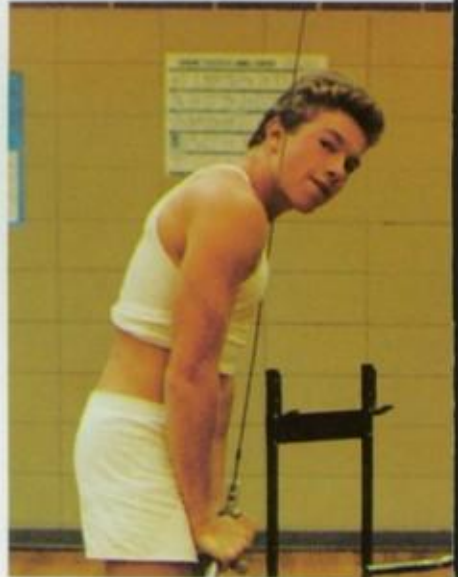
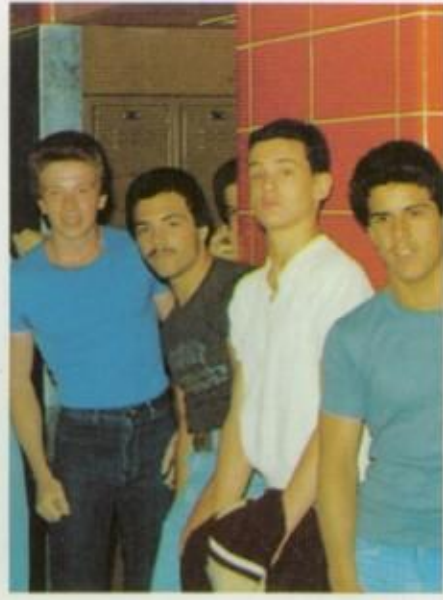
2,4,6,8
What took you so long
to graduate.

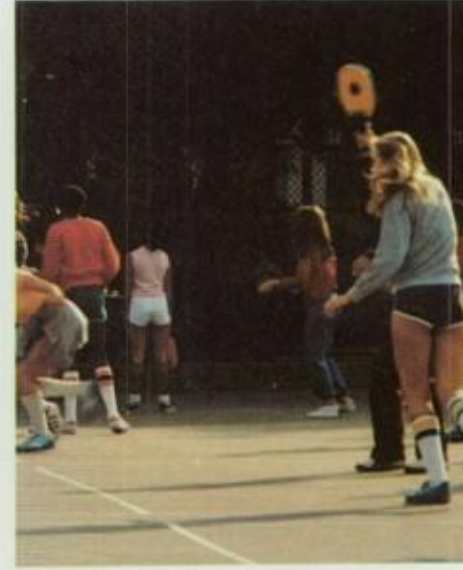


Best of Luck, Kevin Boyd









WHO SAYS MURROW

JOG IT



BASKETBALL



DOESN'T HAVE SPORTS?



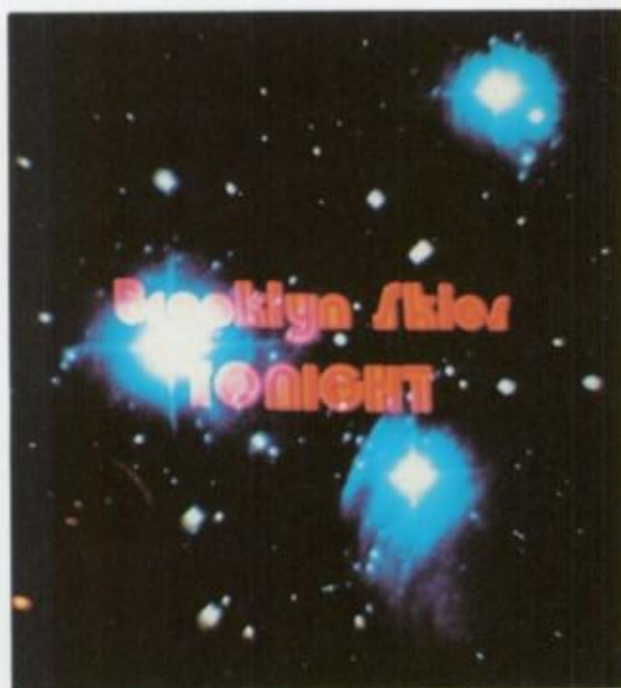
GYMNASTICS



AND SO ON, AND SO ON . . .



THE SKY ABOVE



As juniors we felt the excitement that spread throughout Murrow upon the January 1980 dedication of our planetarium, one of three in the New York City school system. The future astronomers among us reveled in the luxury of having the use of such a facility as high school students. Community groups and classes from other schools also had the opportunity to view the heavens. Actually, though, Murrow didn't need a planetarium to see the stars up close. At the end of a band they could be viewed pouring out of classrooms and into the "black holes" known as stairways.



THE MUD BELOW



Where were kids encouraged to "cut"? In the greenhouse, supervised by Messrs. Smith, Albenda, and Rothburd. Along with making cuttings, horticulture programees learned the art of flower arranging and the delicate skill needed to transfer plants from pot to ground or vice-versa. No one was squeamish about feeling the fresh dirt under his or her fingernails, since every student was there to receive practical horticultural experience.

Juniors and seniors in the program operated the greenhouse with a professional touch and much pride, since Murrow was one of the few schools in New York to have one. The greenhouse was a sanctuary of warmth in the winter (the heat was on!) as well as in the other seasons, due to the perennially popular partnership of plants and people.







CLUBS



ACCOUNTING CLUB

"Money made Murrow go 'round" is a very true statement. The Accounting Club, for instance, existed mainly to keep financial records of all student income and expenditures. In the process, members received real-life experience in the use of bookkeeping procedures.

ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE STAFF

The Administrative Office Staff assisted Mr. Aaron Silverman with his duties as Assistant Principal. They performed many necessary jobs, from organizing interdepartmental memoranda to arranging the morning announcements. Murrow might have one day overflowed with papers and red tape had it not been for this staff.



BIOLOGY LAB SQUAD

Remember sitting in the cafeteria one day during our junior year and hearing a buzzing noise in the air? It wasn't static from the loudspeaker, unfortunately, but a swarm of fruit flies escaped from the Bio Lab. That incident occurred before the Bio Lab Squad had been organized to the height of perfection it reached late on, when every earthworm and embryo was neatly labeled and laid in its place, and the agar for the petri dishes was to just the right degree of stickiness. The Bio Squad was certainly an irreplaceable asset of the Science Department.

CLUBS

CARDINAL NEWMAN CLUB

The Cardinal Newman Club was a Catholic group whose goals were to encourage the development and expansion of each member in terms of their intellectual, moral, and social interests. It offered opportunities for the growth of leadership, character, and companionship in a democratic society. The faculty advisor was Mrs. Sanfilippo.



CARIBBEAN CLUB

Without leaving the school the Caribbean Club explored the islands of that sea by studying the culture of countries from Jamaica to Trinidad to St. Vincent to Haiti. Mr. Gatherer was the group's "tour guide," pointing out (using various media) all the natural wonders of some of the world's most picturesque spots.



CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS LAB SQUAD

When we were ceremoniously served trays of equipment in lab, we had the Chem and Physics Lab Squad to thank for preparing them. And when we used the contents of these trays to turn the lab into a full-fledged disaster area, the C & P people were responsible for de-disasterizing it so that the next group of mad scientists could create a bigger disaster. Ms. DelFranco and her crew were definitely dedicated workers, and the Class of '81 hopes that the flames of their Bunsen burners shine brightly forever.



CLUBS



CHESS CLUB

Chess enthusiasts pitted their skills and knowledge against each other under the direction of Mr. Edelman and Mr. Trachten during Chess Club meetings. The group experienced a surge in popularity during 1980-81. As one member remarked, "We were finally given the chance to start a war without injuring anybody, except maybe a king, queen, bishop, or knight."

CINEMA CLUB

Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ellman's Cinema Club was involved with films, both the technical and artistic aspects of them. At meetings, the members either learned camera operation or viewed a movies. Field trips included traveling to see both the stage and screen versions of *The Philadelphia Story* to compare the two, an unforgettable experience for all involved.



COMPUTER CLUB

Led by Mr. Mell, the Computer Club (established in our junior year as the Murrow Computer Users Society under the supervision of Mr. Sambol) obtained a substantial membership. The members taught each other how to master the PET, exchanged programs, and saved countless quarters by playing "Space Invaders" on the computers in school rather than on the machines outside.

CLUBS

DRAFTING CLUB

Under the exacting eye of Mr. Kendall, the members of the Drafting Club exercised their skills in architecture and technical drawing. The fourth-floor hallways were often decorated with exhibits of their work.



FRENCH CLUB

Mais oui! The French Club was extremely active, viewing the movies, listening to the music, eating the food, and writing to the pen pals of the country known for its romance. The visit to the French Embassy and the "Booth on Broadway" at Murrow added cosmopolitanism to the group's adventures. "France would have been wonderful," agreed the members, "but the club was the next best thing to being there!"

GREEK AND LATIN CLUB

Where else could you have found a club that combined belly dancing, Greek food and the study of ancient languages? The relatively new Greek and Latin Club, supervised by Ms. Weliky, started out strongly and kept up its level of enthusiasm all year.



CLUBS

GYMNASTICS CLUB

Back handsprings, Russian splits and walk-overs were all part of the agenda for the *Gymnastics Club*. A very energetic group with Mr. Bernstein as an advisor, the club sought to develop skills in different areas of gymnastics as well as to promote school spirit.



HEBREW CULTURE CLUB

To its members, the *Hebrew Culture Club* meant more than viewing films and hearing lectures and making new friends; it provided a means to share their heritage with others. For example, Murrow's first Model Seder was conducted in the spring of 1980, and it was an enormous success, thanks to the generosity and cooperation of students, faculty members, and community organizations. Fond memories are held by all who attended. Mr. Rothstein was the advisor.



ITALIAN CLUB

One of the largest clubs at Murrow was the *Italian Club*. Its members were people who wanted to get involved — in culture, current events, tutoring, trips, picnics, magazines, and almost anything else imaginable. Even non-members looked forward to being a part of it — by eating the delicious home-cooked Italian delicacies offered at its food sales. The club's faculty-advisers were Ms. DiTuri and Ms. Demattia. No wonder it was such a lively group! Ciao!



CLUBS

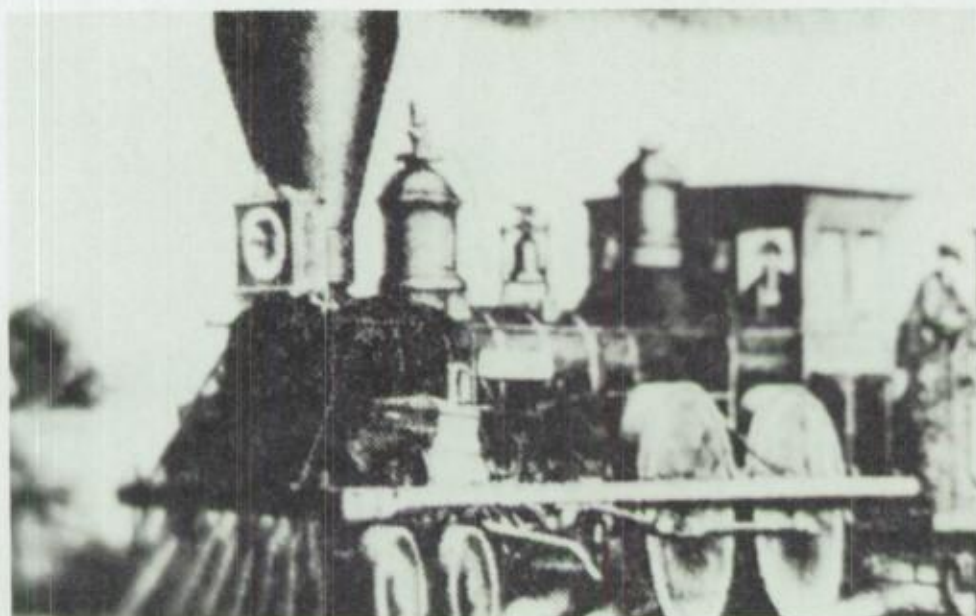
MATH TEAM

"... you have 11 minutes. Begin," were the only words that could sedate a psyched-up Murrow Math Team during a meet. But a little noise was a small price to pay for the outstanding performances of Murrow-trained brains, whose owners — coached by Mr. Kornblum — paved the way to third place city-wide as sophomores, and as seniors, broke longstanding winning streak records. Although the Math Team was the original (and, for a while, only) extracurricular activity of the department, its members were not square roots — just students dedicated to math, Murrow, and merriment!



MODEL RAILROAD CLUB

Escape for many students meant the weekly meeting of the Model Railroad Club. The worries of life almost disappeared for the members as they sold and traded trains and related paraphernalia. In addition, they and adviser Mr. Meltzner visited some of the finest railroad exhibitions. For some, model railroading became more than just a hobby. "I have decided to continue with train technology and make it my career," stated one active member of the club.



MOVIE CLUB

"Ratman" and "The Murrow Med Movie" were two distinctive examples of the Movie Club's and Mr. Sicular's warped sense of humor. These works of art were based on reality (?) though. Any student may have been unwittingly interviewed by Mr. Sicular and later found himself in one of the movies. A strange assortment of half-talented Murrowites starred in the semi-coherent, home-made, but extremely funny films.



CLUBS

OPTA SQUAD



The OPTA Squad consisted of dedicated kids who ran around from teacher to teacher, trying to get clubs started and running smoothly. But, in our senior year, they — and, in fact, the entire student body — suffered a terrible loss. The OPTA sheet passed away. Taking its place was the Murrow Update, a noble successor, but making paper airplanes was never again as much fun.

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Armed with cameras, lenses, and tripods, the Photo Club met to take pictures that would be used in its own exhibit. The members also viewed slide shows and other exhibits which gave them the opportunity to see photographic art at its finest. Certainly no Murrow event would have seemed complete if a Photo Club representative hadn't been there, clicking away.



SCIENCE FICTION CLUB



"Murrow Travels Through The Milky Way" would have been an appropriate motto for the Science Fiction Club, since it sponsored the school's second annual spaceship drawing contest in 1980. Twice weekly the sci-fiers met and discussed current books, movies, and upcoming conventions, such as those for specialized "Star Trek" fans. Ms. Joffe, faculty adviser, said of the club, "It gave people an opportunity to exchange ideas on a subject of common interest which they might not have had otherwise."

CLUBS

SIGN LANGUAGE CLUB

Members of the After School Sign Language Club discovered the joys of communicating with the deaf. Signing was truly another language to them, just like French or Spanish. Mr. Lependorf guided the group to excellence in the skill. Signing off now ...

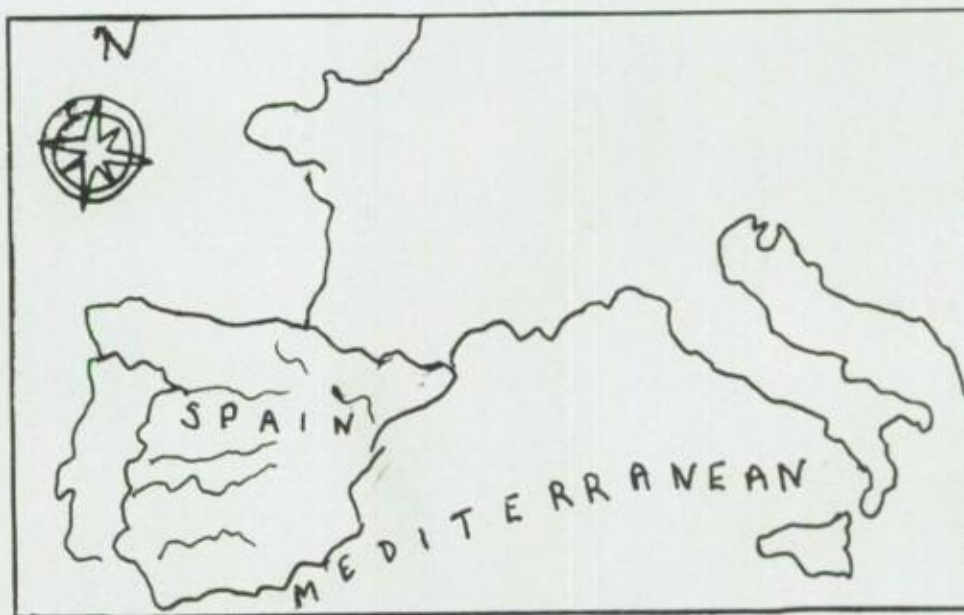


SKI CLUB

The Ski Club included members with widely varying degrees of ski ability, but they were all experts at enjoying themselves, both on the slopes and off. The trips they took to different snowy mountains were famous at Murrow, for reasons too detailed to describe here. Believe, though, that everyone involved had drifts of fun!

SPANISH CLUB

The goal of the Spanish Club was to further its members' knowledge of the culture of Latin American countries. The *amigos* and *amigas* visited a Mexican art exhibit, dined at a Mexican restaurant, wrote to pen pals from Spanish-speaking countries, and sponsored an international dance. Some even visited Spain as participants in the European trip program.



CLUBS

SPARK



If you ever needed a place to turn to, SPARK was the place to go. Originally, SPARK stood for School Prevention of Addiction through Rehabilitation and Knowledge. It was unfortunate that, even though the program changed, that "drug" image remained in the minds of the students who did not attend meetings. In our senior year, SPARK tried very hard to change that misconception. The program was expanded and was beneficial to many students by helping them sort out their problems and giving them someone to talk to. Often, just knowing that you weren't the only one with a certain problem helped more than anything else.

TENNIS CLUB

The Parade Grounds were not known for marching among Tennis Club members — that was where they enclosed themselves in a huge green bubble and proceeded to lob, serve, drive, and smash to their heart's content after school. The luxury of interior-designed locker rooms were enough to make some kids come back week once they got used to the slippery clay courts and the eeriness of hearing voices echo for what seemed like miles around, but most just loved the sport of gentlemen and women, tennis, and couldn't get enough of it.



USHERS



Having "Follow Me" printed on the back of a T-shirt didn't mean that the owner was making an illicit offer — just that he or she was a Murrow Usher. Those people in green guided us through the maze of seats at plays, directed lost parents to alien resource centers on Open School Days and Nights, and could have led Little Bo Peep to her strayed sheep if asked. They were a closely-knit group that held memorable Usher Feasts and Banquets after weekends of receiving abuse from not-always-appreciative audiences. "But you learned how to be tough and nice at the same time," reminisced one usher. "That made ushering worth it."

STAGE CREW



CARL LEFTON, Adviser

You could tell a Stage Crew member by his or her jersey, and you could distinguish a Murrow production from hundreds of others because of the work of the Stage Crew. The wonderful craftspeople who built the elaborate back-grounds under the leadership of Mr. Lefton earned a reputation of excellence over our years here, always adding another touch of professionalism to our renowned plays and musicals.



For *You Can't Take It With You*, the Crew authentically recreated a 1930's living room.



In *Fiorello*, Mayor LaGuardia's New York came alive on our stage.



1981

YEARBOOK

EDITOR-
IN-CHIEF

LISA SAFIER

CO-
EDITOR

JERRY COLONNA

YEARBOOK
ADVISER

BEN DACHS



ACT I, Scene IV

When we first entered Murrow we began a new stage in our lives. With jellied knees, nervous laughter and, here and there, an attempted swagger of self assurance, we prepared to perform in a totally foreign setting. During those first days, as we searched for the right classroom, during what was, hopefully, the right band we felt hopelessly lost in the long stretches of corridors and mesmerized by room numbers that led to dead ends. We reassured each other that, "Oh, well, maybe next cycle we'll have a class together" or that, miraculously, the program change to get you out of calculus and into algebra would be ready the next morning. We could overcome these obstacles because we had finally made the big time- high school- and our fright was mingled with pride and excitement.

Eventually we got used to our new roles and grew familiar with the setting. We began to play different parts, joining clubs, productions, and publications; we played supportive roles as teacher aides and tutoring assistants. We explored new areas of study, and as we gained confidence in our own abilities, we shared our knowledge and displayed our skills with others. Murrow's climate of freedom and our own growing independence allowed us to express and exploit our individuality. We learned to make our own decisions, mold our educational programs and take a director's control of our own development. We came into our own as players who each had a unique contribution to make toward the success of the whole production, and toward our individual success.

Along the way, we were shaped, stymied and stimulated by our teachers, so many of whom became friends and confidants. Before, during and after school hours they took the extra time to listen, to care and to guide us as we took new steps. They helped us form hesitant improvisations into solid, polished pieces. They were there to encourage exploration; they were there to comfort defeat, turn retreat into triumph, or, at least, to champion the conviction that you could triumph if you tried again. Mostly, they were there when we needed them, and we did.

Though Murrow has a relatively small "cast of thousands" the variety of players and the friendships that developed were among the strongest forces in helping us to home our roles and rehearse our beginnings for the large stage that awaits outside the secure doors of Murrow. We were introduced to many styles of performance, without judgement, and it was left to us to incorporate some and simply to accept others, while applauding the right of all to be exactly what they were. Shared memories and experiences for each of us will lead to classic friendships and fond reveries.

The years we spent at Murrow are immeasurable in their value. We transcended from "extras" to star billing, growing with each role into individuals with very special characteristics, coached by experts who cared and directors who fostered the projects in the wings and aided them in coming to life on stage.

Though we are exiting from center stage and becoming part of the legend of Murrow, we are carrying with us a challenge to achieve the best that is within us. Our gratitude will be a continuing commitment to help others as we have been helped. The next act- the future- can only build upon the Murrow legacy that is already implanted in our minds, bodies and souls.

The Future has a hard act to follow . . . but, if All the World's a Stage, Murrow has readied us to play upon it.

Exit,
Lisa Safier
Editor in Chief

ART

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SUSAN BERKOWITZ,
JOSEPH PETROLESE



STAFF

EDITORS

SALLY JO KAHR, JOHN
BONFIGLIO, HEATHER
CORMAN



STAFF

BUSINESS

L A Y O U T

EDITORS

DARLA LONG, MONICA
SAFRIN



STAFF

EDITORS

ALISA MARTIN, GAYLE
TURIM



STAFF

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EDITORS

LISA VITALE, SUSAN ROTH



STAFF

EDITORS

SCOTT ROSENBERG, ANDREA BONASERA



STAFF

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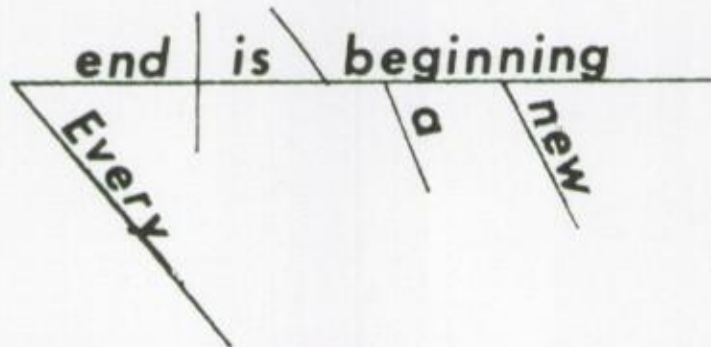
**Congratulations
and
Best Wishes
To The
Graduating Class
of
1981**

Saul Bruckner

**To Our
Graduating Class
of
1981
Congratulations
and
Best Wishes**

**From the
Parents' Association
of
Edward R. Murrow H.S.**

To The Class Of 1981



Good Luck And Best Wishes
For A Bright Beginning,
**THE COMMUNICATION ARTS
DEPARTMENT**

Problem:

Getting through 4 years of high school science

Observation:

9th grade — Always in class, many M.I.L.E.s, never in halls

10th grade — Often in class, fewer M.I.L.E.s, sometimes in halls

11th grade — Sometimes in class, rarely a M.I.L.E., often in halls

12th grade — Is he absent today?

What's a M.I.L.E? Can be found in the bagel store on Ave. M.

Conclusion:

The Class of 1981 did it all!

Congratulations from the Science Department

The Staff of *The Murrow Network* wishes the Class of 1981 happiness, health and success. May all your lives be as enjoyable as the funnies of the *Sunday News*, as respected as *The New York Times*, and as literate as *The Murrow Network*.

SPARK CLUB

Originally organized to prevent drug abuse, SPARK, headed by Andrea Cohn, later branched out to help students with their various problems.

SPARK congratulates the
class of
1981

Congratulations to
this year's best
graduating class!!

Aaron Silverman

BEST WISHES FROM THE GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

E. Beckoff
S. Berger
C. Bomzer
N. Boord
A. Cohn
D. Forman
A. DeMattia
J. Friedman
P. Gelb
S. Gottlieb
C. Jahre

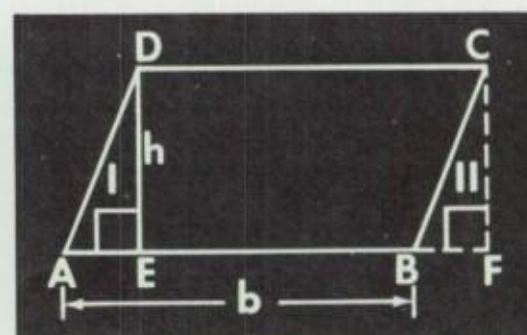
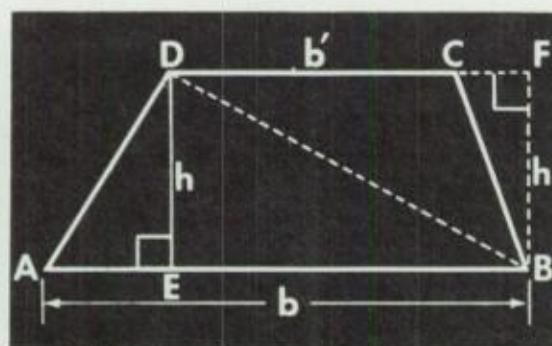
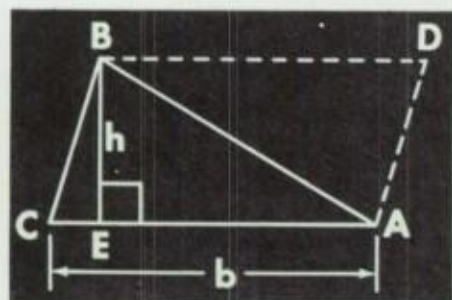
T. Joffe
L. Lerner
J. McHugh
L. Morris
M. Nussbaum
B. Oster
J. Sanfilippo
J. Schein
A. Shapiro
H. Tishcoff

RITA S. PALERMO
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
ADMINISTRATION-
GUIDANCE

The Mathematics Department

Our wish for the class of '81:

**IN EVERY AREA THAT YOU ENTER,
MAY YOU REACH NEW ALTITUDES.**



Denise: Love and Luck always. Mom & Dad
 Ronda: Friendship — with you it's what it's cracked up to be. Love Denise
 Alana: Feel a little parched? Love ya, Denise
 Alana: I'll call you at 7 ... even with the miles between us. Love ya, Denise
 Ronda: Eventually you'll find your (k)night. Love ya, Alana
 Denise: In 4 years our friendship has really developed — some parts more than others. Love always, Alana
 Denise: Finally, my own phone, but we'll really miss you. Love and Luck in college. Cheryl and Steve
 Ronda: For once I can't come up with a line. Love ya, Denise
 Denise: Won't you see the show again. Love always and forever, Rob
 Denise: Fred and I will always be there for you. Love always, Rob
 Denise: Eating, Drinking, Laughing, Crying. What else is H. S. made of? Love ya, Ronda
 Alana: I know our friendship will continue across state lines. Love always, Ronda
 Denise: Shelve it, straighten it, but stick it in the right place. Ronda
 Alana: Florida is a hop, skip and a jump and so is my tan. Love ya, Ronda
 Ronda: Love and Luck always, Mom and Dad. P. S. Clean up that room.
 Ronda: All of our Love and Luck. Arlene & Larry
 College Office: Thanks for your help and patience. Ronda & Denise
 Amy: Love and Luck from the both of us. Ronda & Denise
 Barbara & Lisa: Haven't these high school years been great? Remember Kutchers! Love, Ronda & Denise
 Denise: What have you ever come up with? Ronda

To all my friends and acquaintances, Congratulations!
 Although I wasn't here this year, it's been great knowing you all. Best of Luck!
 Anthony S. Bonfiglio

GE 4-3430
 GE 4-3445
 859 5474



Grillos Sea Food

"TOPS IN SEA FOOD"
 19 NEWKIRK PLAZA
 BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11230

TOM GRILLOS

ANDREW GRILLOS

**Dear Graduates,
 May all your studies be
 more than social.
 You guessed it!**

**Love from,
 The Social Studies
 Department**

The Foreign Language Department

Wishes the class of 1981

*Bonne Chance
 Buena Suerte*

*Buona Fortuna
 Mazel Tov*

*Optima fortuna
 The Best of Luck*

Department of Health and Physical Education



Thanks for being great!

*Congratulations and Best Wishes
 to the Graduating Class of 1981*

*The Music Department:
 John Finelli
 Felix Royce
 Bunny Goldstein*

Best Wishes to
the class of 1981

The College Office
Hazel Tishcoff

Anita DeMattia
Pearl Gelb

June Friedman
Mary Sullivan

Be reading, willing and able.

Good Luck

**The Staff of the Library Media
Center**

**Best Wishes From
The Special Education
Section of Edward R. Murrow**



Farewell to the
1981 Graduates

Attendance Office

**CONGRATULATIONS TO THE
CLASS OF '81.**

ALL MY BEST WISHES FOR
EVERY FUTURE SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS

SINCERELY,
KENNETH DUGGAN
ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

**Career Education Department
To The Class of 1981:**

**We Will Miss You,
Much Success And Happiness**

D. Pitkoff
J. Anzalone
J. Friedman
R. Gatherer
N. Horstman
J. Holmes

C. Jahre
H. Kazer
J. Kendall
J. Lacky
G. Lerner

M. Levinson
O. Marton
G. Pallotta
J. Rudin
G. Tobin
G. Zhoroff



CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CLASS OF 1981

GREENBERG - BIELLO STUDIO

Jerry Lamonica

Account Manager

BEST WISHES
TO THE
GRADUATING CLASS
OF
1981
FROM

Steve Greenlick

representing

JOSTEN'S AMERICAN
YEARBOOK CO.



"Heya Fellas,"

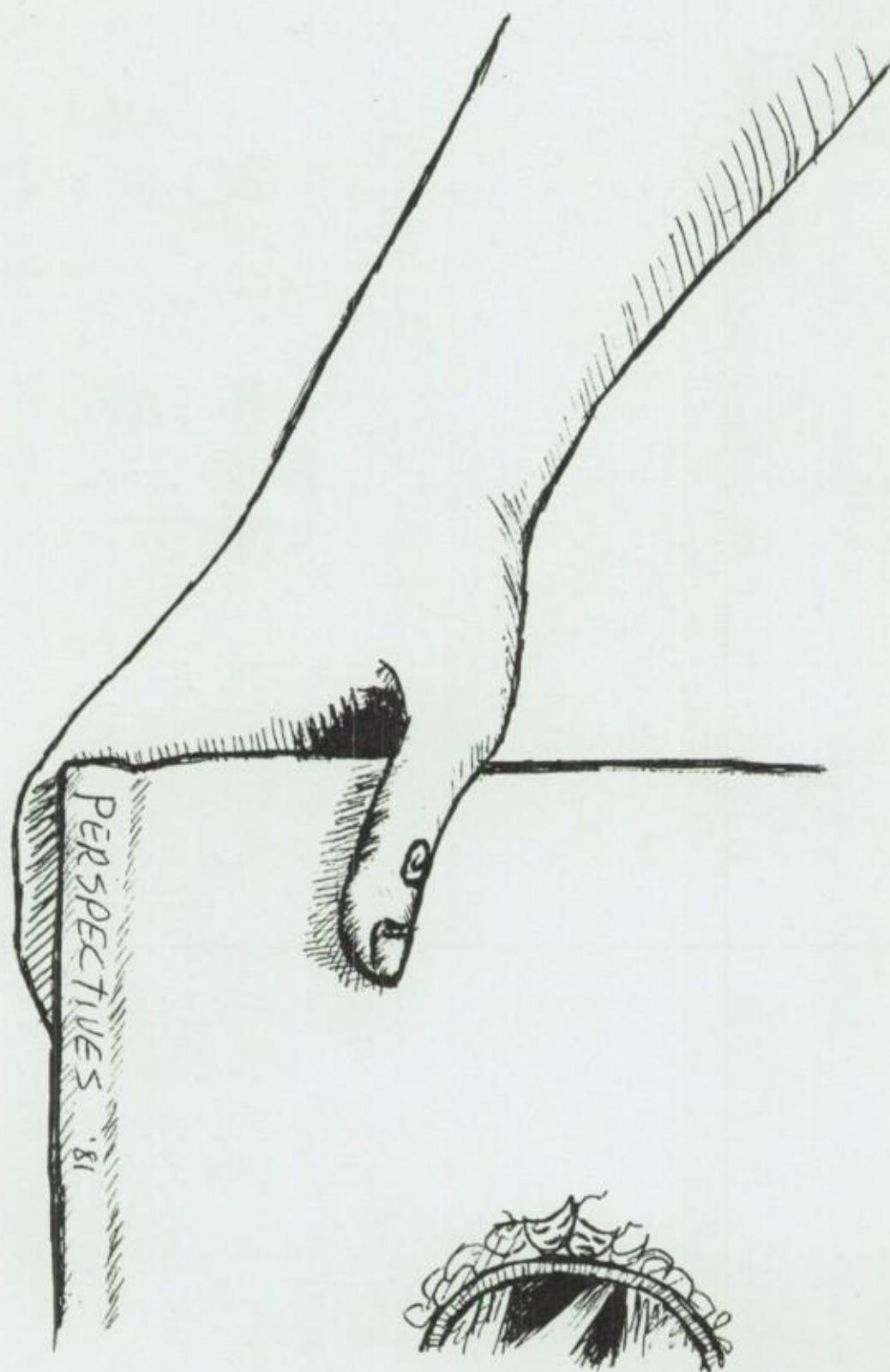
"Thank you" — small words with a very big meaning. Your generosity and affection have not only filled our hearts with love and joy, but have shown us how much you really cared. We would have never made it through the day without your warmth and precious smiles. Now that we've come to the end of our rainbow, the "moments" we will cherish with every beat of our hearts. There's nothing to keep us apart. We love you.

Your favorite chicks.

"To Our Girls,"

Not enough could be said about *Our Girls*; their sweet laughter, sparkling eyes, and soft voices can always bring a smile to our faces. Their caring and loving will always be with us wherever we are, and we'd like to tell them "WE LOVE YOU!"

Loving You Always,
The Boys



SPK
81

Best wishes to the
Class of 1981 from
the Yearbook Editors



**CONGRATULATIONS
AND
BEST WISHES
TO A WONDERFUL
CLASS!**

**MR. DACHS
AND THE YEARBOOK
STAFF**



Best Wishes

from the
S. A. Store

**THE
1981
GRADUATING CLASS
WOULD LIKE TO THANK
ALL OF THEIR TEACHERS,
GUIDANCE COUNSELORS,
SECRETARIES AND
CUSTODIANS
WHO HELP TO CREATE
THE
WARM AND WONDERFUL
ATMOSPHERE AT
MURROW.**

BOOSTER SHOTS

I'll miss all of ya- Wendy
 Gymnasts are better than people. — Grace Howe
 Good luck to Tillula and Banana- Dean, Lisa & Maria
 Gray, I Never Knew Love Like This Before.
 Stuffie-Remember-September 14, 1990, Avenue M at
 2:00 PM Snubbie
 Snubbie- Doesn't matter!- Sister Stuffie
 Spiffy- Remember the Onion Rings- Stuffie
 MICHELLE: Much love and happiness to the best
 sister anyone could have.
 Love, ELLAYNE
 CLORIS LEACHMAN EATS PAMPRIN- IVAN
 From Arnold Bauman, With Love
 Lauren, Wish you were here for this. Love ya, Dom
 A PENCIL IS POINTLESS WITHOUT A
 SHARPENER.
 Dear Dom - Your Mother, Rich
 Sid Vicious Loves Lee Huttner.
 Beiber- Take It Easy- Larry, Curly, Moe
 Good Luck - Mrs. M. Feuerman
 Girls Selling Boosters Are Beautifull
 (THE BEST TO THE BEST!)
 Barrie, How's your crocodile? Debbie
 Good Luck in college Vinnie — Marilyn
 Congratulations lady - Compliments of Bedrock '81.
 Jeff - May You Climb Every Mountain! - Ivan
 Mom and Dad - You're the best. Thanks, Dom
 Linda, with all my love, you're something special to
 me. Tony
 Tony, love you a lot, you're something very special to
 me. Linda
 Hooray for Murrow's Seniors - 81! Mike Edelman
 Sally Jo - My Very Best Friend - Heather René
 Heather René - My Very Best Friend - Sally Jo
 Lisa: We've been through a lot, now it's time to go our
 own separate ways. Friends Forever! Love always, Joy
 Amy, thanks for always being there. Robert
 HPA wishes the "Kutshers Girls" luck.
 Best of luck to all my friends! Donna A.
 There are only a few G.Q. Jason
 Many are called few are chosen. G.Q.
 Lisa, ALWAYS & FOREVER - Love, John
 Mom & Dad: Love you always. The "Klutzy"
 Lisa — Ba-a-a-ah! Was Elsa "born free"? Love, The
 Sheep
 Gymnasts are better than people. — Grace How
 Network Newsbreakers-#1! Love you guys! Sue, Suzie,
 Beth Rottenface, Ms. Roth, Slinky

Best wishes Dawn. Love Mommy Asila — We
 should've had a frog blurb — Elyag
 To Amber, from big brother - Jason
 To Jason, Best wishes. Love, Amber
 The Rosen Clique - I loveyou - Shari
 Crocodiles, Bunnies, Ducks, A&A in bathtubs forever
 Rob, My very own chief - Sally Jo
 To Lloyd - Joikyerboid from Rob, Steve, Abe
 Go For It! J.B.
 John- "it was a wonderful and enriching experience
 working with you" HRC & SJK
 To John Finelli- Thanks for being a good friend-
 Lorenzo
 Paula- Here's to Artie's L.D.
 Sarah McCrary, CAN'T WAIT 'TIL WE GET
 MARRIED! Mr. Shimmie
 Mr. McHugh- Thanks for 3 great years. Trigger
 Take it Easy Mikey Botz! H., JS., JS., B.B., from E.W.
 Sally, For all the great times in the village & Soho.
 Good luck Love Dana
 Dana-Doo Me, you and "the Girls". Love, Sally Jo
 Eddie & Joe - Love, Shari
 Congratulations Class of 81! Phil Chin
 S.R. - Send me your college Comjnbhtnky HS;ppifgns
 — Love Gayleepoo
 Eddie - Network #1 - Quickest Murrow Razor
 Chris - Cheer up! L.D.
 Francie, Dom, Lisa, We'll miss ya! Love, MaryAnn,
 Lia, Graceanne
 We'll always treasure the great times we shared and
 we know that our friendships won't end here.
 School won't be the same without you all. Love
 Fran, Dom, Lisa
 Mary - Gimme, gimme some ... BAFA
 Hi Amy - Tennis anyone? - Gayle
 To Goldenfingers - You're just our type - Lisa & Susan
 To the Video Crew - Thanks for the memories. Love,
 Cris
 John & Paul - The reigning Presidents of your fan
 club - Sally & Heather
 Best Wishes & Good Luck to the class of '81. Ivy
 Lashley
 Bringing it up the rear KGS
 Dearest Amber, Much Success Love, Mommy
 Aim — Are you sick of me yet? I love you always, Sue
 Gayle & Eddie — Remember all those nights at the
 printer? Thanks for being there. Love, Beth
 Rottenface

FOR SENIORITIS

Dad, Mom, Bruce & Michael Love Shari
 Lia, BE MY ANGEL
 Gerard - Thanks for the times that you've given me.
 Lia
 To my very best friend, Thank you!
 Ti amo, che ora é, ma perche! Love "Silly"
 Bubbles, It's your turn, Lia
 A.R.- Just wait until Merv Griffin - we'll show them!
 Love, HRC
 Dear Stacy, We wish you the best in life. Love, Mom,
 Dad & Lauren
 Best Wishes - Mr. John Harman
 ... "May memory restore again and again the
 smallest color of the smallest day: ..." - To
 Murrow '81
 Lots of good luck to the class of '81 - Ron & Fran
 Weiss
 HEAVY METAL RULES Ira Cohen (Gus)
 Sheryl - And everybody's wrecked on MacDougal St.
 Lisa
 To Suzette, Success forever. We love you. Love,
 Mother & Dad
 Thanks for being a "real" friend.
 To Debbie & Monica (the bestest friends). Love, Shari
 Mr. Dachs, Thanks for putting up with us. Heather,
 Sally & John
 Debbie- We have grown! Love Graceanne, Maryann,
 Lia
 We started off so great because of you. Our life won't
 be the same without you. Love you all, Debbie &
 James
 Poopsie, Thanks for everything, I love you- Sweet
 Knees
 Michelle Darling, the best always for a wonderful
 daughter. Love, Mom
 Class of 1981: This is the end of the beginning. Lots
 of luck to all. Love, Stacy
 "Whatever ..." Mr. Schein (an English teacher)
 Louie, You've made my senior year the best. Thanks
 for caring & standing by me the times I needed you.
 I love you! Love forever - Suzette
 Mark, With you life has a special purpose. Loving you
 forever, Gra
 Gayle — It's not easy being ... (smile) Alisa
 Daris — Remember the Jazz Singer? Love, Alisa,
 Reggie, Jay and Cindy
 To Mr. Levitsky & the Sr. A. P. Eng. Lit. Class —
 Ain't it a purty hum? Ay-eh! — Anonymous

To all my close friends- Good Luck & Stay Cool. Love,
 Cris
 "The video killed the radio star." HRC
 Marcella-Friends are our windows to the world. Love,
 Lia, MaryAnn, Graceanne
 MaryAnn, Lia, Our friendship is a precious jewel that
 I'll treasure always. Love, Graceanne
 GraceAnne, Maryann; Good Friends are Forever
 Friends. Love, Lia
 Lia & Graceanne, Friendship is a bouquet of beautiful
 moments - Love, MaryAnn
 Best wishes for graduating class. W.C.
 Mom — Thanks! You made it all possible. Evelyn
 To my first grandchild, Stacy: A bright & shining life.
 Love, Grandma
 Amy, I'll be on time if you promise to be on time-Lisa
 Congratulations to the Class of 1981-Phyllis and
 David Roth
 Hi Mr. Z! Thanks for everything. Love, the Notorious
 Note Leaver
 Lisa- You know it all. I'll come over to your house
 later, okay? You-know-what, Sue
 Gayle, I know I owe you an ode, but it turned into a
 toad. Salve- Lisa
 (Don't be upset, you wouldn't like what you'd get!)
 Evelyn- Your fingers are truly golden. You're adorable!
 Love, Susan
 Janet, Do you do house calls for sick cameras? -Lisa
 Miss Carla Gahr!-Chocolate kisses and a vanilla hug
 for you always. See you later! I love you, Slinky
 Gayle- I guess we covered the *entire* journalism
 sequence- from the class, (with Hanley, of course) to
 Courier-Life, to Network. It was a blast! Love you,
 Sue
 Dear Twit and Slim, It's been great! The year wouldn't
 have been the same without you. J.B.
 Susan, Gayle, Monica-Who'll pay more for us- Parker
 Brothers or Milton Bradley?, Lisa
 Good Luck class of '82
 Barne — Yankees #1 Forever — Gayle
 Susan — Meeoow — Love, Elsa
 Iggy — Help! I'm being held prisoner in my own
 school! Take me away ... Love, The Happy Pig
 To my siblings — You're better than real brothers and
 sisters, even if we drove each other crazy sometimes.
 'Twas great — Love always, Gayle



David Weinberg 81

